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FORGIVE AND FORGET,

A TALE,

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH,

ROSANNA,

BY THE SAME.

TRANSLATED INTO IRISH

FOR THE

ULSTER GAELIC SOCIETY,

BY THOMAS FEENACHTY,

Teacher of Irish in Belfast.

BELFAST:
SOLD BY SAMUEL ARCHER, AND BY WILLIAM M'COMB.

DUBLIN:
SOLD BY WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. & CO. SACKVILLE-STREET; AND RICHARD COYNE, CAPEL-STREET, DUBLIN.

Printed by M. Goodwin & Co. 29, Denmark-street.

1833.

NAIT AZUS DEARNAD,

Széul beaz

d'ar b'uždar

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

ROSANNA,

ón uždar ċéadna.

Air na d-tarrvnz zo fírsñeaċ ó Bhéurla zo Gaoiďeilz, air sarratas ⁊ fa ťearmoñ na Cuideaċta Gaoiďeilze Ulaď a m-Béul-fearsaiďe

le

Tómas O Fíañaċtaiž.

Oiďe Gaoiďeilze a m-Béul-fearsaiďe.

Cloď-ďuailte a m-Baile-ať-cliať.

1833.

TO THE MOST HONORABLE

THE MARQUIS OF DOWNSHIRE,

&c. &c. &c.

My Lord,

Permit us, in the name of the Ulster Gælic Society, to inscribe this little work to your Lordship, as a sincere but inadequate token of their respect for the patriotic interest you have taken in the resuscitation of our long lost national literature. Actuated by that zeal which you have always shown for the promotion of education, your Lordship no sooner heard of the existence of our Society, than you came forward without solicitation, and added your name to the list of its members.

Small though this volume is, we cannot but hope that its publication will form an era in the history of the Celtic Literature of Ireland. Under less favorable circumstances, and with a far narrower field of usefulness, the cultivation of the aboriginal languages of Wales and the Scottish Highlands has advanced with a rapidity, which the most sanguine of its first promoters never expected; and has been the means, in each of those countries, of introducing improvement of every kind among a secluded race, whom it could not have reached through any other channel.

The Society felt no hesitation in determining, that one of the first steps in their operations should be to render some of Miss Edgeworth's admirable lessons of prudence and morality accessible to a class of her countrymen hitherto debarred from them: the only difficulty was to make a selection, where all is so excellent. We hope that the tales which have been fixed upon will be thought not unsuitable to the peculiar state of Ireland; and we know your Lordship will join us in wishing that the humblest of our countrymen may attain the independence and comfort which rewarded the industry of the farmer of "Rosanna;" and that men of all parties, laying aside their animosities, may learn to "Forgive and Forget."

We have the honor to be,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient servants,

R. J. BRYCE, } *Secretaries.*
R. S. Mc. ADAM. }

Chuṁ a ḟaṗ-oṅóiṗ-ṗaṅ Mapcuiṗ Coṅdae an Dúiṅ,
ꝛc. ꝛc.

A Shaoí.

Ceadaiġ ṅṡṅ, a ṅ-aiṅm na Cṅdeaċta Gaoḋeilge Uladh, an beag-ḟaoċaṗ ro, do ṫionṗġṅaḋ ċum maiṫ-eaṗa luċd aṗ d-ṫíṗe, do ṫoiṗḃiṗt ṗa ċomaiṗce do Chiġeaṗṅaṁlaċta le moṗ-uṁaim maṗ ċoṁaṗṫa ṫreaṫ-laġ aiṗ a móiṗ-ṁeaṗ dod' ḋíoġṁaṗ-ṗa a ṅ-aiṫ-beoḋaḋ aṗ d-teaṅġa ṁíṅ ṁiliṗ ṁaṫaṗḋa a léiġeaḋ a b-ḟaillíġe le ḟada. Iṗ móṗ an ṗaṗ ċum ḟoġlṁ do ċuṗ aiṗ aġaiḋ a g-coṁṅṡde ċu, ꝛ da ṗéiṗ ṗiṅ, coṁ luaṫ a'ṗ ċualaiḋ tu tṗaċt aiṗ aṗ g-cṅdeaċt-ṗa a beiṫ aiṗ buṅ, ċaiṅiċ tu uaiṫ ḟéiṅ, maṗ buḋ cṅḃe do ṅṡṅe oṅóṗaċ, ꝛ ḋéoṅaiḋ tu d'aiṅm a ċuṗ ṗíoṗ maṗ ball dí.

Gíḋ ṅaċ b-ḟṅl aṅ ro aċt leaḃṗaṅ beag, ta ṗṅl agṅ 'ṅa ḋíaiġ ṗiṅ go m-béiḋ ṗe ḟéumaṁṅl d'aṗ g-coiṁ-ṫíoṗaċṅḃ. A meaṗg na m-Breaṫṅaċ ꝛ na ṅ-Alḃaṅaċ Gaoḋalaċ, gíḋ ṅaċ b-ḟuil an ċaoí ċeadṅa aca a ta agaiṅe, iṗ móṅ tá ṗíad a' cuṗ teaṅġa a ṗíṅṗíoṗ aiṗ aġaiḋ, ꝛ a' taḃaiṗt oideiṗ ꝛ ḟoġluime do luċd an aiṅ-ḃṗíoṗa aiṗ an moḋ ro ṅaṗ b'ḟéidiṗ leo ḟaġail aiṗ ġléuṗ aiṗ bíṫ eile.

Do ṁeaṗ an Chuideaċt ṅaṗ b'ḟéidiṗ leo ṗuad aiṗ bíṫ a ḋéaṅaṁ aiṗ d-táṗ, ċum an ṅíḋ do ċuiṗ ṗíad ṗompa a ċuṗ a ṅgníoṁ, ṅíḋ b'ḟeaṗ ṅa ṗoiṅ d'oiḃṗeaċaiḋ Maria Edgeworth (an t-uġdaṗ oiṗḋeaṗc ṗiṅ, a ċeaġ-aġṗaṗ go h-éaġṅa ꝛ go móṗalta) d'aṫṗuġaḋ go Gaoiḋ-eilg, ꝛ a ḋeaṅaṁ ṗoilleiṅ ṗoċaiġṗíoṅaċ do móṗaṅ d'a luċd a h-éiṅ-ṫíṗe. Iṗ doiġ leo go ṁeaṗḟuiġeaṗ ṅaċ b-ḟuil an dá ṗzéul beaġa a ċoġ ṗíad neaṁ-oiṗeaṁṅaċ do ṗcaiḋ laċaiṗeaċ ṅa h-Éiṗiṅ. La muiṅiġiṅ láidiṗ aca go leaṅḟuiḋ móṗaṅ da léiġḟiḋ an beag-ḟaoċaṗ ro ṗompla an ḟeilmeoiṗ ḋuċṗaċtaiġ Roṗaṅa, ioṅuṗ go m-b'ḟéidiṗ leo a m-beaṫa do ċaiṫéaṁ go ṗoṅa ṗéuṅṁaṗ. 'S é a ṅ-doiġ, maṗ an g-céadṅa, go ṗuaġḟuiḋ ꝛ go ṅ-díbeoṗaiḋ ṗíad aṗ a ṅ-iṗṫiṅ ġaċ uile ġṅé ṁíoṗġuiṗ ꝛ ṁío-ṗúiṅ do ṁéudaiġ go móṗ olc aṗ d-ṫíṗe go d-tí ro, ꝛ do ċaṗṗuiṅġ mí-ċlú uiṗṗi; ꝛ go leaṅ ḟuiḋ ṗíad, aiṗ ġaċ ṅle ocaiḋ, gṅáṫlaḃaiṗt Mhṅṗiṗ ꝛ. "Maiṫ ꝛ Dearṗmad."

Iṗ ṗiṅ-ṅe, A Shaoí,
le móṗ-uṁaim do ḟeiṗḃiṗiġ ro-uṁal, bíṫ-ḋíliṗ,
R. E. BRISE,
R. S. MAC ADAM.
Sgṅíḃneóiṗíḋ na Cuideaċta.

A m-Béul-ḟeaṗṗaide, 1833.

TUBUIR NUILEUNNUS

AZUS

DEUN DEURNUD.

Do bí zarrdadoir 'na ċóṁnuiḋe añ san z-coṁarxanaċd do baile añsa taob ṙíar do Sacsain az a raib aonṁac d'ar b'ainm Nuirir, air a raib sé roċeanaṁuil. Do ċuir a aṫair é la airíḋe zo baile naċ raib a b-fad uaid, do ċeañaċ síola zarrdaid dó. Anúair ṫainic Nuirir zo siopad an t-síl, do bí sé lan do daoinib ⁊ bí déifir air zaċ aonduine ċum é féin do ríar air d-túr. Do ċúaid fear mór ard an ċéad úair roiṁe le fóirneart, ⁊ añsin bean ṁór raṁar: do ṙear seision zo foiżideaċ a b-fozur don z-contasóir, az fanṁuin no zo m-bíad foill az neaċ éizin na síola bí sé iarraid ṫabairt dó. Fa deireaḋ a núair a fúair an dream eile zo h-iomlan a bí sa t-siopad na neiṫe bí air iarraid uaṫa, d'ḟill fear an t-siopaid ċum Nuirir ⁊ dubairt sé leir, "créad ṫearduiżear uaitse ózlaiż biz ḟoiżidiż." "Tearduiż na síola so zo h-iomlan uaim do m'aṫair," ar Nuirir, az tabairt sżríbiñe do ḟear a t-siopaid añ a raib cuntar air ainmneaċaib na síol, "azur do ṫuz mé airziod liom ċum díol air son an iomlain."

Do ċuartaiż an síoladóir na síola zo léir a bí tearsdail ó Nuirir, ⁊ ċeanzail se fúar añ a bpaipéar iad. Bí se az ceañzal fúar pir breaża áluiñ iomdaṫaċ, an tan céadna sin ṫainic fear mór timpċiollaċ zairbéadanaċ a-steaċ ṫrid ċúl-doras a t-siopaid ⁊ coṁ luaiṫ 'sdo ṫainic se a-steaċ, do żair se a-maċ, az rad, "an b-fuil na síola a d'orduiż mé réid;

ta gaoċ ⁊ muinlionaḋ liñ, ba ċóiṁ dóiḃ a ḃeiṫ ann bonn luinge a-ne. Agus cait a b-fuil mo ċiolṫann Ṫhina, b-fuil fé ḟacaiġ fúar, ⁊ ann na ḋíniúgaḋ?"

"Ta fé ann a g-clan fin ḟúar ór cionn do ċiñ, a ḋuine úarail," an an fiolaḋóin, "ta fe no-ḟabalta, do ċíd tú, acht ní ḟúanamun foill a ḟacail fór; déanfan a-niúg e, ⁊ do ġeabamoid na fiola ṗéid ḋuit gan moill, a ḋuine úarail."

"Gan moill! connuiġ leat man fin, ní ḟacalfuid na fiola iad feiṁ fúar; déan déifin, guidim tú."

"Ann an m-ball, a ḋuine úarail, com luaiṫ 'roo ḋeanfad fúar é ro 'na ceangaltan don m-búaċal beag ro."

"Ṫnéad an bníġ a ta a g-ceangaltan an búaċail big ro; ir féidin leifean fanmuin, ⁊ ní féidin liomra. Aṁ ḟanmuid cóir ġaoiṫe no líonaḋ ⁊ tnaġaḋ na mana le duine ann bíṫ. Gab ro ṫuġaḋ, a búaċail, ⁊ bí ann fiúbal," a dubairt an fean neamḟoiġideaċ, ⁊ ann na naḋ ro dó, do ṫóġ fé fúar na fiola don g-contarḋinn, a-núain a ṫnom fean a t-fiopaid fior aġ iannaid fúaid ḟairfeir nuaid namain, ⁊ cónda ċum an ceangaltan d'ḟarġaḋ. Aṁ naib an ceangaltan acht filte fúar go bog, ⁊ ann a ṫóġbail fúar don b-fean neaiṁḟoiġideaċ, do naobaḋ an fairfean le meaḋaċan na fire a bí taob artiġ de, ⁊ do rgeiṫ na fiola go léin ann feaḋ an uilainn, ⁊ Muinir ag finead amaċ a lama ag iannaid a n-gabail, 'rgan maiṫ dó añ. Do rgab an fir ṫnid an t-fiopaḋ go h-iomlan; do bí an fean neaiṁḟoiġideaċ ag earġaine onnta; act do ṫionrgnuiġ Muinir a ḃeiṫ da g-cruiñiuġaḋ a gceañ a ċeile, com tapaid ir b'ḟeidin leir, gan a ḃeiṫ feangaċ dó.

Ann m-beiṫ dó gnoċaċ man ro, ḟúair an fean na fiola bí ann iannaid uaiḋe, ⁊ ann m-beiṫ dó ag tnáċt onnta, ṫainic mainnealaċ arteaċ fan t-fiopaḋ, ⁊ a dubairt, "a Ṫairtin, d'aṫruiġ an ġaoċ a n-iompóḋ láime, ⁊ ir cormuil go m-biaḋ dnoiġfion again."

"Ta go maiṫ, ir maiṫ liom fin," a dubairt an fean gainḋeadanaċ, a bí 'na ċairtin ann a loinġ; "ir ait liom fanmuin la éile a g-cúan, ⁊ ta obair go leon agam á lam."

"Do ċuaiḋ an Ċaiptin ain aġaiḋ go dana go donar a t-ríoraiḋ, do coṁaipc Muipir, an tpaċ ḃí pé ain a ġlúinib ain a d-talaṁ aġ cnáiṁiuġaḋ a ṙíola, go raiḃ cor a Ċaiptin a n-aċpan le conda eiġin a ḃí ain rileaḋ ríor ón g-ċlár ain a raiḋ an ciolċarn Ċhiṙa 'na ṙearaṁ. Do ċuġ Muipir ṙa dearra, da raċṙaḋ an caiptin aon ċoiṙceiṁ amain eile ain aġaiḋ, nar b'ṙéidir ḋó ġan a conda do ċarnuinġ, ioṁur go leaġraḋ pé ríor a ciolċarn, do bríġ go raiḃ an conda ċartaiḋ timċioll ain a jaċdar. Ain an m-ball do ruġ pe gneiṁ ain ċor a Ċaiptin, ⁊ do rcad ó ṙúḃal é. "Stad!" ṙan do ṙearaṁ, a ḋuine uaral," ar pé, "no bpiṙṙir do ciolċarn Ċhiṙa."

D'ṙay an ṙear 'na ṙearaṁ go rócair, d'amarc pe ⁊ do connaipc cioṁur d'ṙarcuiġ a conda do ċlarra a bróġe, ⁊ cioṁur a ḃí a ciolċarn bréaġa Ċhiṙa a g-conraḃaipc tuiṙim a-núar mar ġeall ain.

"Go ṙiṙiṁeaċ raim no-buiḋeaċ ḋíor, m'óglaiġ ḃíġ," ar pe; "do ṙabail tú mo ciolċarn, nać m-briṙṙiṁ ain ḋeiċ b-ṙíora ḋín, oir ir dom mnaoi é, ⁊ ċuġ me liom raḃailte é, ó ċnioċviḃ coiġcriċe a ḃ-raḋ ón m-baile, buḋ mór an trúaiġé da m-briṙṙiṁ é car eir a ċaḃairc a d-tír raḃailte. Go deimin raim noḃuiḋeaċ ḋíor, ḋġanaiġ ḃíġ, ba h-é ro maiṫ do ḋéanaṁ a n-aġaiḋ an uile. Goilliḋ pé go mór orm gur leaġ me ríor do ṙíola, do bríġ go b'ṙúil tú ad' ḃúaċal ḋeaġnaḋunċa," ċlaon cum maiṫeaṁnar do ċaḃairc uair. "Ní com maiṫ rin," ar pé aġ iompoġ-ġead ċum ṙir an t-ríoraiḋ, "'na ciolċarn rin a ṙíneaḋ a-núar dam."

Do ḋóġ ċoṁeadaiḋe an ḋíol-ċuain a-núar an ciolċarn go nóċúrnaṁaċ, ⁊ do bain an caiptin an ṙalaċ de, ⁊ do ċarnuinġ a-maċ ṙréamaċa éiġin láile; "ir cormuil dúir le méid an t-ríl a ṙúair tú, gur le garrḃadoin ċú. An b-ṙúil dúil aġad a n-garrḃa-doinneaċd," ar pé le Muipir.

"Ea go deimin dúil anmór aġam ar, a Ḃaoi," ar Muipir: "oir ċa m'aċair 'na garrḃadoin, ⁊ ceadaiġ pé damra ṙáḃcan do ḋéanaṁ mar aon leir, ⁊ ċuġ pé garrḃaḋ deaġ dam ṙéin."

"Ag ro dá ḟréaṁ lajle duit, ma beiṫeaṅ tu aiṁe maiṫ dóib, m'ḟocal duit go m-bíaḋ na laile ir 'aille a Sacran agaḋ aṅ do ġamḋaḋ beag. Do ḟuair me na lail ro ó ċeaṅaiġe Fléimionaċ, a dubairt liom, naċ raib cineal air bíġ a Bolanda b'aille ⁊ ba doṫaġala 'na ġad. Ḃiocṫa ríad air, agaiḃ agadra mur n-gailiġ ġaoṫ no ríon anṁa."

Ḃuġ Mairir buiḋeaċur don duine úaral, ⁊ d'ḟill ré ċum baile, air m-béiṫ dó ṫoiṁar a ṫréaṁa bneaga laile do ṫairḃeunaḋ d'a aṫair, agur d'a ċompánaċ i. mac Gairṁdaḋóirne a bí 'na ċoṁnuiḋe a b-ṫoigur dó; 'ré ainm a bí air mac a Gairṁdaḋóirne, Arcur.

'Sé an ċéud ní ríṅe Mairir, ṫar éis a ṫréaṁa laile do ṫairḃeunaḋ d'a aṫair, d'imṫeaċt air ríúbal go deirireaċ go Gairṁdaḋ Arcuir da ċóirneaċt. Bí balla cloiḋe íriol deanta gan moirṫéal air bíc 'na ṫeóṁan idir a n-Gairṁdaiḋ. "A Arcuir! a Arcuir! ca b-ṫuil tú? B-ṫuil tú aṅ do ġairṁdaḋ; ta ṫém agam-ort." Aċt níor ṫréagair Arcur air aon ċor, ⁊ níor ṫáinic ré go h-éarġaiḋ do ṫeagmail le na ċaraid mar ba ġnaṫaċ leis. "Ata a ríor agam ça b-ṫuil tú," ar Mairir, "agur ta me ag teaċt ċuġad com luaiṫ ir ṫéidir liom a dul ṫríd na ṡgeaġa ṡubcraob. Ta puaiḋeaċt maiṫ agam duit, níḋ eigin do ṫaiṫneóċar leat d'ḟaicṫin, ta mé ciṅte;" ar Mairir baċt, ⁊ an n-dul ṫríd na ṡgeaġa ṡubcraob dó, ⁊ ⁊an d-teaċt aṅ amaṁc a Gairṁdaiḋ ṫéin dó, ċoṅaire a ċlog-ġloine, a ċlog-ġloine ionṁuin a raḃadar a ċularáin ag ṡár ṡaoi ċoṁbneaġa ir rin, a aon ċlog-ġloine bairte 'na ṁionuiḃ.

"Ir aiṫṁéalaċ liom é," a dubairt Arcur, do ṫear 'na leaṫluiġe air a ṡrad aṅ a Gairṁdaḋ ṫém, "ta eagla orm go m-biaḋ ṫeanġ anṁór orr liom."

"Aċt ay ṡura, a Arcuir, a bair mo ċlog-ġloine? Oċ! cionnur b'ḟéidir duit rin do déanam?

"Bí mé ag cairṫeaḋ ṡiaḋaille, ⁊ taċair ṫar an m-balla, ⁊ go mío-ṫapaċ do ṫuit cnap móir ṫéir lán do ċlocaiḃ beaga air, rileaḋ ríor ar a ṫréaṁaċaiḃ, air do ċlog-ġloine, ⁊ do bair é, mar ċíd tu."

Do ṫóg Mairir ṡúar an cnap ṫéir a ṫuit ṫríd, a n-gloine bairte air a ċularáiniḃ, ⁊ d'aṁarc ré air

ꝓeaḋ tamuill air a ċulaṙaiṅiḃ 'na ꝓoċt. "Ꝓċ! mo ċulaṙaiṅ bóċta! ir éiżiṅ daoiḃ ḃar d'ꝓażail a noir. Ċiꝓiḋ mé ḃur m-blaċa buiḋe cṙiṅ a maṙaċ, aċt aċa ꝓe déanta ⁊ ní ḃ-ꝓuil neaṙt air, niop ḃ'ꝓéidiṅ a ꝓaḃail: uime ꝓiṅ, Artuiṙ, na ḃ-abraṁoid ṙior mó 'na ṫimċioll."

"Ata tú nó maiṫ; ꝓaoil mé go m-béiḋ ꝓeaṙg ort liom. Ta mé cṙiṅte go m-béiḋ ꝓeaṙg aṙmór ormṙa leatṙa, da m-bruiṙṙaṙa gloiṅe liomṙa."

"O! maiṫ ⁊ déanmad, maṙ a deiṙ m'ataiṙ a g-comṅuiḋe, 'ré ꝓiṅ ꝓliże ir ꝓeaṙṙ.—Feuċ cṙéad do ꝓuaiṙ mé ḋuiṫ."

Aṅꝓiṅ d'iṅiṙ ꝓe d'Artuṙ an ꝓżéul a d-taṙḃ Ṫaiṙtiṅ na loiṅże ⁊ an ciolṫaṙṅ Ṫhíṅa ⁊ ꝓżaiṙeaḋ na ꝓíol. D'aiṫniṙ ré ḋó maṙ an g-céadṅa a d-timċioll na ḃ-ꝓréaṁa bneażą laiḷ a ṫużaḋ ḋó, ⁊ ꝓa ḋeiṙneaḋ do ṫaiṙg Muiṙiṙ aon do na ꝓréaṁaċaiḃ ceaṅaṁla d'Artuṙ, noċ do ṫuż buideaċaṙ ḋó le luṫżaiṙe mór, ⁊ a duḃaiṙt aṙiṙ ir aṙiṙ:

"Ṫad é ċoṁ maiṫ ir ḃí tú, żan ꝓeaṙg a ḃéiṫ ort liom air ꝓon do ċloż-ġloiṅe a ḃruiṙeaḋ. Ṫaiṁ go mór niop ḃróṅaiż ꝓa n-a ḃruiṙeaḋ, 'na da m-béiḋeaḋ ꝓeaṙżaċ liom."

"D'imṫiż Artuṙ a noir do ċṙn a ꝓréaṁ laile, ⁊ ḃí Muiṙiṙ aż taḃaiṙt ꝓa deaṙa na leabaċa a ḃí a ċompáṅaċ aż noṁaṙ, agur żaċ uile niḋ do ḃí teaċt ꝓúaṙ aṅ a żaṙṙḋaḋ. "Ail a ꝓior agam cṙéad ir cṙall dó," aṙ Artuṙ, "aċt ir corṁuil duiṫ a g-comṅuiḋe a ḃéiṫ coṁ lúṫżaiṙeaċ aż ꝓaicṙiṅ na neiṫe aż teaċt ꝓúaṙ aṅ mo żaṙṙḋaḋṙa coṁ maiṫ agur da m-ba leat ꝓéiṅ go léiṙ iad. Ṫaiṁ go mór niór ꝓona ṅn d-tṙaṫ ꝓaṙ ṫaiṅiċ m'ataiṙ aż cṙṁuiḋe aṅṙo, agur ó léażadaṙ duiṫre ⁊ daṁṙa obaiṙ ⁊ caiṫiom aimṙiṙe a déanaṁ a g-ceaṅ a ċéile, iaṅa ḃí me 'ṙiaṁ 'noime: oir ir éiżiṅ duiṫ a ṫuiżriṅ, ꝓul a d-taiṅiċ ꝓiṅ do comṅuiḋe aṅṙo, go raiḃ ꝓeaṙ-żaoil aṅ aon teaċ liom do búadaiṙiżeaḋ mé a g-comṅuiḋe. Aṙ raiḃ ꝓe a n-żaṙ do béiṫ coṁ deażṅadúṙṫa leatṙa; niop ḃ'ail leir aṙiaṁ aṁaṙc le ꝓleiṙiuṙ air mo żaṙṙḋaḋ, no air niḋ air ḃiṫ a ꝓiṅe mé, ḃí déanta go maiṫ, ⁊ niop ṫuż ré 'ṙiaṁ noiṅ air ḃiṫ ḋam d'éiṅneiṫe da raiḃ aiże; uime ꝓiṅ niop ṫaiṫniż ré liom:

cionnur b'féidir dam taitneam a beit agam air? Acht creidim go n-déanann fuat a beit agaibh air các eile neamhfonn rib; oir is fior dam nach naib rólar air bíd ann mo beatha agam, an tan a bí mé ag ciapail leisréan; ⁊ tairim á g-comhnuidhe go maith ad' cuideachta, a Mairir, oir ta á fior agad nac m-biodhmoid a á n-imhreat ne ceile ann am air bíd."

Bádh maith don uile duine, da m-b'féidir a cúir á g-ceisd sóid, mar Artur, go m-b'feann muinteanar do ghnáthughadh ⁊ do ćoćughadh, 'na á bheit á n-imhreat. Bádh maith dóin domhan go léir da leanfaidh riad romhfhad Mairir, ag tabairt maitheamhnuis uatha, ⁊ ag déanamh deanmaid, anúair á déantar, no mearaid go n-déantar eagcóir orrtha.

Do bí Maighistir Oaćla, athair Artuir, fear an gharrdaid altna, claon ćum loćt do tóghail do nid gan bríg, ⁊ anúair á mearfadh re go n-déanna aon-duine da comhfhanaibh dhoićghnioth air bíd air, bí re nior uaibhrigh iona go n-iarfadh re orrtha adhbar á n-oilheim á tairbéanadh dó; uime rin is minic do bí re mealta ann á bhanamhuil orrtha. Do faoil re gur tairbéan re rhiothad, i. á bheit cuimneach mochuigtéach fá marlad, ⁊ air an adhbar rin, air ron nach naib re 'na duine dhrochadúrtha, do tarruing an bhanamhuil mealltach á bí aige á d-taobh meirrigh no rhionaide air úairib é cum néitte dhrochadúrtha do déanamh. Bá ghnáthach leis á fhad go minic, "canaid cumhachach, agus namhuid fíochmar," ⁊ do bíodar á namhuidhe nior iomadamla iona á tairbhe. Ní naib re no-faidhbir, acht do bí re uaibhreach, ⁊ ba h-é á gnáth-labairt, "is fearr fuat iona fíorchruaighe." Anuair tainic re air d-túr do chomhnuidhe á b-fogur do Maighistir Grant, an garrdadoir, do bí re claon ćum fuat do bheit aige air, do bríg go g-cuala re gur b'Albanach Maighistir Grant; ⁊ bí drochbhanamhuil aige air muinntir Albain go h-iomlan. Do mear re go naib riad go léir glic ⁊ fantach, do bríg gur meall ceanghe feachain Albanaigh éfean aon úair amhain. Do claoid ribhaltach Maighistir Grant á g-céim éigin an neamhclaonadh ro, acht fór do bí amhur aige á n-iontigh féin "nach naib aghra t-ríbhal tach ro," (mar á dubairt re) "acht dat no cor-

mulaċd, ⁊ naċ raiḃ re, no ṅar b'ḟéidir dó a ḃéiṫ, iar m-béiṫ 'na Albanaċ dó, 'na ċaṗaid ċom ṡíriṅeaċ le ṡíor-Sacranaċ beanṫa." Ḃíodar rubċraoba robreaġa az Granṫ, bí an coṗaḋ com mór rin, ioṅur ġur mían le duine a ḟaicsin. Anúair a bí riaḋaiṙċíḋ, ṫanġadar mórán do ċoimḋeaċaiḃ ón m-baile a n-ġar dóiḃ do bí a n-ionad ioṅlata, ċum na rubċraoba ro d'ḟaicsin da n-ġoirṫean bruḃdiġnaġ i. ṗaṫaċ.

"Cioṅur ḟuair tu, no ṫainic tu ċum na rubċraoḃ breaġa ionġanṫaċa ro, aiṫċim, ort, a ċomanraiḋ Granṫ, ma ḟéadaṅ duine ḟiarruiġe," ar Maiġistir Daċla leis an ġarḋadóiṁ ṫraṫnóna aimḋe.

"Sin rúṅ" ar Granṫ, le mionġaire cneaṁainḋe.

"O! ma'r rúṅ é, ní ḋearṡa mo ṡior mó, ort ní ḃíaṅ roiṅ air bíṫ agam le rúṅ duine eile naċ m-biaṅ dúil aige a rúṅ a nocḋam ḋam, Acc do b'ḟeaṙr liom go g-cuirfeaḋ uaiṫ an leaḃar rin; ḃíaṅ tu a g-comnuiḋe az déanam rruiḋéir go h-aiṙeaċ air leaḃar éigin, anúair a ċíg duine air bíṫ an cuairt ċuġad, níḋ naċ b-ruil aṅ no baraṁailfa (gíḋeaḋ naċ b'ruil ioṅam acc duine rimpliḋe codarmanta gan ḟoġlum, a cuġad rúar ⁊ do ruġaḋ a Sacran) com ríġialta ⁊ com caṙṫanaċ ir b'ḟéidir a ḃéiṫ.

Do ḋṅ Maiġistir Granṫ a leaḃar go tapaiḋ, acc dubairt re az aṁairc go géur air a mac, "ġurab 'na leaḃar rin a ruair re a rubċraoba Bruḃdiġnaġ."

"Arê do ċoil a ḃéiṫ gneanṁar leoran naċ b-ṙul a ṡéun orṁa a ḃéiṫ com leaḃar-ḟoġlumṫa leatra, a Maiġistir Granṫ; acc mearaim, (ian m-béiṫ dam am' ḟear Sacranaċ gan comraḋ ḟoġlumṫa, man a dubairt me a roiṁe,) go b-ṙul re go h-iomlan com cormul do ḋṅe, rubċraoḃ ḟaġail aṅ a ġarḋaḋ le n-a leaḃar, a Maiġistir Granṫ."

Az tabairt ṡa ḋeara do, Granṫ ġur labair a ċomanraḋ go bodaċamul, ṡíor dubairt re nó air bíṫ a n-aġaiḋ, air m-béiṫ dó 'na ḋṅe ċraḃṫeaċ ⁊ eolaċ go maiṫ air an rgríobṫúr ḋíaḋa; (man ṡa ar ċad ir mó do mḋuṫir Albain, noó a ṫullear mear mór dóiḃ féin;) do bí a ṡíor aige go g-corcaṅ ṙneaġnaḋ mín boile, ⁊ d'ṙneaġairr re a n-ġuṫ ḋeaġaigeanṫaċ, "clnoim, a ċomanraiḋ Daċlaḋ, ġur cormul dṅt

mórán airgid do déanam dod' far-crad an blíadain so. Ag so, fa cuairim do fláinte agus flainte an té is leatsa, ní ag déanam déanmaid do ná plandugib noc a cím ata ag teacht air a nagaid go breaga."

"Do béirim bhdeacur ó cnoidhe dhúc, a comaindaid, ta na plandaid teacht air a n-agaid go mearaidha, ta rin cinnte, agus ag so, fa cuairim do fláinte mait, a Maigistir Grant, cú féin ⁊ do cúram maille le do fubhraobaib—cionnur ainmnigear cú iad." D'ól sé ⁊ tar éis stad do déanam, ag tógbail súar an comnaid arís, dubairt se: "Ní b-fuil cormulacht air bíd orm a béid ag iarraid deirce, acht da m-b'féidir leatsa cabairt dam"——————

Ainro do cuireadh coinmeasg air Maigistir Gaclad le teacht arteach comhdóig éigin, ⁊ nion chíocnuig se a achcunge do déanam cum Grant Ní raib Maigistir Gaclad claon, mar dubairt se na caob féin, cum comaoineacha d'iarraid air éinneach, ⁊ nion b'féidir le nió air bíd acht le rocnoideach Grainc amain, buaid do bheid air a neamhclaonad com rad rin, ionnur go m-b'féidir cabhrugad do chur air, comaoin air bíd d'iarraid air Albanach. Do bí se air cí cud do na plandugib rubcraob Bhoddignag d'iarraid.

An la na dhaig rin do rhuainig se arís air na rubcraobaib; acht air m-béid dó 'na dhúne nainneach, nion mian leis féin a dul da n-iarraid, ⁊ d'iarr sé air a mhnaoi, a bí go dineach ag dul gur an marigad, do glaodhach ag geatad Grainc, ⁊ ma bí se ag obair ann a garridhad, beagan do plandugib rubcraob d'iarraid air. Ba h-é freagrad cug bean Gaclaid cuige, "nach raib planda air bíd rubcraob ag Maigistir Grant a bearfad se dó, agus da m-beidir com iomadamhail ir b'féidir aige, nach d-tabarfad se aon uaid do dhúne air bíd, acht da mac féin. Do glac fearg mór Gaclad 'nuair a cúala sé an teachdairneach so; dubairt se go m-ba clear mí-nainneach truaillid é, ⁊ nar b'féidir rúl do beid le nió air bíd eile ó Albanach. Dubairt se nach raib ann féin acht rucaire inmeallta dairlisticneach, fa dotchur do chur arsam a m-brisachub fíbialta Albanaig: do

ćuz ſe móide, zur luaiġe do ġeaba ſe bar a d-teaċ-oibre an ꝑarairce, ioná d'iarrꝓaḋ ſe comaoin da laiġiod air Albanaċ. D'aiċṁir mile uair da ṁnaoi an ġleur ar ṁeall an ceaṅṁġe Albanaiġ é deiċ m-bliaḋna ó ſoin, ⁊ ꝑa deóiġ, ćuz ſe mioṅa naċ m-beiṫ naiṅ air bíṫ aige le Naiġirtin Grant, do le aondune ba leir, ó rin amaċ.

"A ṁic Artur" ar ſe, az labairt ſair an m-buaċal a ċáinic arteaċ air an uair rin go dírneaċ ó obair; "a ṁic Artuir, a z-cluṅeaṅ tu mé, na ꝑaicim coiḋċe anír tu a z-cudeaċd Ṁuṁir Grant."

"Az-cudeaċd Ṁuṁir a ać̇air?"——

"A z-cudeaċd Ṁuṁir Grant, a deirim. Troirim ort ón la ⁊ ón uair ro amaċ roiṅ air bíṫ a beiṫ azad leir."

"A ać̇air ionṁain, créud ꝑa?"

"Na ꝑiarꝓraiġ ceird air bíṫ diom, acd déan mar deirim leat."

Do bríd Artur amaċ a n-zul, ⁊ dion labair ꝑocal ać̇t ro ainm: "Ateaḋ, a ać̇air, déanꝓaḋ mar deir tu liom go deiṁin."

"Cad é ro ainm? créad ꝑa n-zuileaṅ an t-ózlaċ? An mearaṅ tu, a amadain, naċ bꝓil aon ḃuaċal eile le ꝑaġail, do déanꝓaḋ ꝑuzraḋ ad'ꝑoċair ać̇t mac an Albanaiġ ro? Do ġeaba mire amaċ comꝓadaiġ eile ann, a leinḃ, ma 'ꝑé rin a t-iomlan."

"Ní h-é rin an t-iomlan a ać̇ air," ar Artur, az déanain a díċċioll é ꝑein do conzbail ó ornaiḃ; "Ać̇t ir aṁla ꝑa an car, ní béiḋ a leiċid do comꝓada coiḋċe anír azam; ní béiḋ aon ċaꝓaid eile go bꝓaċ azam mar Ṁuṁir Grant."

"Ó! a amadain boiċt!" ar a ać̇air, az ꝑarzaḋ eiṅ a ṁic ćuze, "biaḋ go dírneaċ ċoṁṁil le d'ać̇air, roṁeallca le bꝓaċꝓaiḃ bréaġa no mar rin. Ać̇t aniṁair a biaꝓ tú beo coṁ ꝑada liomꝓa, ġeaba tú amaċ, naċ bꝓiḋ caṅde ċoṁ iomadaṁail le rméuraiḃ, ⁊ naċ b-ꝑaraid air zaċ aon cum."

"Ní heaḋ, go deiṁin, ní mearaim go b-ꝑaraid," ar Artur, "ní naiḃ aon ċaꝓaid 'níam 'noṁne azam, ⁊ ní béiḋ coiḋċe anír mar Ṁuṁir Grant."

"Ać̇ mac mar ać̇air—ꝑeudaṅ tú a ꝑaḋ, zur ċaꝓlaiḋ ann go maiṫ a béiṫ réiḋ leir."

"Béid leis, a athair! ⁊ nach raichfeadh doibhche airis chum oibhre sair a ghaillbhéadh, ⁊ nach fhéidfidh leisfean a theacht chum mhó ghaillbhéidhfhe."

"Ní fhachain," an Ghaclaidh go ceannbhaidhe; "do rinne a athair cleas dhanamhta orrmsa, ⁊ ní dhéanfaidh aonbhuine a leithéid do chleas orm fa dhó —— beirim nach n-dhéanfaidh—fsuaidh rúair an treatlach so, a bean —— a bhuachail, na bí ad'amadán, acht sé do chuid bagairt ⁊ gabhairde ⁊ na cluineamoid uisce mó a d-taobh Mhuirisc Bhraine."

Do ghéall Antuin a bhéith umhal da athair; uisin fhairr sé acht teadh labhairt lé Muirisc aon uair amháin, ⁊ fiosc a thabhairt dó, gur do néirr ordughadh a athair do rinne sé so. Do fhuair sé an achtuighe so; acht anuair ba mhian le Antuin fiosc d'fhaghail ór a chion rin, gad é an réafún do bearfaidh se fa'n fsgannamhuin so, do dúltaigh a athair a réafún d'inrinn. Do ghlac an da chairdeas ceadh le chéile go rodoilghearach.

Anuair a chúalaidh Maighistir Bhraine so go h-uile, rinne se a dícheoll d'fhaghail amach, créad a d'fheudfadh oilbhéim a thabhairt d'a chomairean, acht uisin b'fhéidir leis rin d'fhaghail amach, do dhíoghaidh Ghaclaidh a bhéith go ceannbhaidhe 'na fhóchd.

Anoir uisin b'ionann an teachdairéacht a chuir Bhraine uaidh, 'sa fsgeul a fhuair Ghaclaidh. Ba h-é so an teachdairéacht, nar le Maighistir Bhraine na rubhcaoba, da bhrigh rin nach raibh ceart aige a d-tabhairt uaidh: go m-ba le n-a mhac Muirisc iad, ⁊ nach é so an t-am cóir don bhliadhain chum á b-phaindughadh. Do mhíothuigeadh an teachdairéacht so go mhío-fhortunach. Luigh Bhraine a fhéagraidh d'a mhaoi, ⁊ iri do chailin reirbhire Bhréathach, nar chuig go beacht canamhuin leachan Albain do labairt a maighistreair; ⁊ uisin fhéadh risi fór a chur a g-céill go maith do Maighistreair Ghaclaidh, a d'fhuathuig blar cairde na m-Bhréathach, ⁊ d'a raibh a h-aireachar, (amhain a bí an cailin reirbhire ag deanamh na teachdairéachta,) go prioghrapálta tógha rúair le ceanruigheadh á h-eis. Air m-beith don n-each, air a raibh Maighistreair Ghaclaidh air marcuigheacht an lá so, dhochmhuice, ní fhanfadh se 'na fearam go rocair ag a n-geatadh, ⁊ bí siri neamhfoidheach fhéa-

gnaḋ d'ḟaġail ⁊ ṁṫeaċt ann a h-aġaiḋ gur an mar-gaḋ.——Ann veiṫiḃ ṡeamṫaḃaċḋaiġ don t-ṡamuil ro ennuiġiḋ ceaḋannce comannan go minic.

Anuair a ċuin Ḋaclaḋ roime aon úair amain fuaṫ a beiṫ aige ann a ċomannaḋ Ġnaiṁ, nion ḟeúd re a beiṫ a b-ṡaḋ gan cúir ċum ġeannan do ḋéanam. Do bí cnaṁ fluiṁbir a n-gamḋaḋ Ġnaiṁ, a bí cuṫa a n-gan doṁ m-balla cloiṫe ṡaoilte, (i. naċ raiḃ ceangalta d'a ċéile go daingean,) do bí 'na ṫeóran iann an gamḋaḋ ⁊ na ṡar-ċnaṁa. Do ċanla don talam aṁ a raiḃ an cnaṁ fluiṁbir cuṫa, gan a bḟiṫ ċom maiṫ go h-iomlán leis úd a bí an taob eile don m-balla, ⁊ ċuaiḋ fréam an ċnaṁ fluiṁbir ṫríd an m-balla le ḟóinneamt ⁊ do ġlac realb céim ann céim ann an áit is ṡeam a ṫaiṫniġ leis. Do ṁear Ḋaclaḋ, do bríg go m-ba le Naiġiriṁ Ġnaiṁ an cnaṁ fluiṁbir, naċ raiḃ ceanc ann bíd áige a beiṫ ann a ċuid talmanan: d'iṁir aḋbocóid dó go m-b'ḟéidir leis ċum d' ḟiaċaiḃ ann Ġnaiṁ a ġeamaḋ ríor. Ní ġeamaḋ Naiġiriṁ Ġnaiṁ a ċnaṁ fluiṁbir ríor do réir oiṁṡúgaḋ an aḋbocóide, ⁊ ċomanluiġ an t-aḋbocóid Ḋaclaḋ ḋul ċum dúige a d-taob an ṡair, ⁊ ċuaiḋ an t-aġaḋ dúige ann aġaiḋ ann ṡeaḋ tamall maiṫ. Aġ deireaḋ na h-aimsire sin, ṫainic an t-aḋbocóid ċum Ḋaclaiḋ aġ iarraiḋ ainġid air, ionnur go m-b'ḟéidir leis an dúige a ċur ann aġaiḋ, aġ deanamaġaḋ dó, go g-cnoiḋcnoċuiḋ an car gan maill aṁ a leiṫreann. Do ḋíol Ḋaclaḋ deiḋ b-fíora 'oir ne na aḋbocóid, ċuig re fa deara, go m-ba mór an t-ruim ainġid dó a ḋíol, ⁊ nar b'ḟéidir le nió ann bíd aċt gnaḋ an ċeirt amain, ċum d'ḟiaċaiḃ ann ḋul ann aġaiḋ go buaindearmac ran éiriom n-dúige so, man ġeall ann ġréim talman "naċ fiu dá ṗiġin," an se, "tar éis an uile nió. Is beag an díoḃail do gniḋ an cnaṁ fluiṁbir dam, aċt ní mian liom go meallfaḋ Albanaċ mé." Do ċuig an t-aḋbocóid fa dearaḋ fuaṫ Ḋaclaiḋ a n-aġaiḋ luiṫ na h-Albann, ⁊ do ṁear se tainḃé do déanam dó: ⁊ do ċuir se a g-ceill dó, ionnur go d-tairbéunfaḋ se ṫríomad ṁór Sacranaiġ, go raiḃ se níaċdanaċ dó ḋul ann aġaiḋ leis an g-cúir, gió b'é ann bíd ċoireóṁaḋ se dó.

Ba ḟaṅ a n-dṡaiġ aṅ comṅaiḋ ro leis an aṁbocóṙe, ġo naiḃ Ꝑaclaḋ aġ ṡiubal le coiṙceimniḃ meiṙneaṁla ġur aṅġ-cṅaṅ pluimbir aġ naḋ leis féin, "Da ġ-coiṙeóṙaḋ ṙe ceud ponca dam, ní ḟuḃaṅġṙad don Albanaċ ġlic ro, buaiḋ d'ḟaġail orm."

Do ċuir Aṙcur coṙṁneaiġ aiṙ ḋaiṙe mícéillide a aċaṙ, aġ ṡíneaḋ amaċ a lanṁa ċum leabair ꝛ planduiġ ġza éigin a bí leaġca air an m-balla. "Gaoiṙṁ, a aċaṙ," ar ṙe, "ġur ḋurṙe aċaḋ na neiṙe ro, ṁ'ata ṡṡríbiṅ beaġ díriġṫe cuġaṙa a laiṁṙġṁoḃaḋ Mairir. A m-beanṙaḋ me ḋuġaḋ é."

"Beir, leiġ dam a leiġeaḋ, a leiṅb, ó ṫaṅla ġo ġ-caiṫṙe me."

Bí na ḃṙiaṫṙa ro ṫaṅ.

"Maiġiṙtir Ꝑaclaiḋ ionnuir."

"Ail a ṙior aġam cṅeaḋ ṙa n-beanna ṫu imṅear
"ṙne; tairṁ no-ḋóilġiṙiṙaċ man ġeall air. Acc arṁ
"ṙoṅ ġo ḃ-ṙuil ṙeanġ onṫra liomṙa, ní ḃ-ṙuil ṙeanġ
"orṁra leatra. La mṁnġin aġam naċ n-ḋiulcóċaiḋ
"ṫu cuiḋ do mo ṙlanḋuiġiḃ ṙuḋcṅaoḋ Brobḋiġnaġ noċ a
"d'iarr ṫú tamall ṙada ó ṙoṁ, anúair a ḃaṁur ġo
"leir 'nar ġ-cairdiḃ dilir. Mion b'é rin an t-am
"coir don ḃliadaṁ ċum a b-planḋuġaḋ, ꝛ ṙ uṁe
"rin nar cuireaḋ ċuġaḋ ṙad; acc ata ṙé anoir ġo
"dírneaċ aṅ am coir le na ġ-ṫur, ꝛ cuirṁ an
"leabar cuġaḋ aṅ a b-ṙuġiḃ ṫú ar ṙaṫ ṙa ġ-cuirṁṙo
"luaiṫ ṙeamnaiġ a ġ-coṁnuiḋe ṫiṁeoll a b-ṙreanda,
"ꝛ ṙuair me luaiṫ ṙeamnaiġ éigin dnoṙe a ṫa a b-ṙoda
"na m-blat air an m-balla. Mion ladair me ṙe
"Aṙcur, no éṙean liomṙa, ṙiam ó ḋuḃairṫ ṫu liṅ
"ġan ladairṫ ṙe ceile. Mar rin, aġ ṡaṁaiḋ mar
"aċcuiṙġe do ċuid ruḋcṅaoḋa Brobḋiġnaġ do ceaċt
"ċum ḃeiṫ coṁ maiṫ le ar ġ-cuiḋne, ꝛ aġ inṡaṅaḋ
"riṅ do ḃeiṫ ġo leir 'nar ġ-cairdiḃ arir, ir me,
"le ġean d'Aṙcur ionnuir ꝛ ḋairṫe,

"Mac do comairṙan ċumaṅaiġ,

MAIRIRTIR CUMAIRT.

"Luille eile. La ṙé anoir ceiṫṙe iní ó ṫaṅla an
"t-imṅear, ꝛ ir anṙada an tamall rin."

Bí noiṅ mór don ṡṡríbiṅ ro ġan éireaċd aġ Ꝑaclaḋ, do ḃriġ naċ naiḃ ṙe noieḋlaċ air leiġeaḋ ṡṡríbneoraċda, ꝛ ir air éigin d'ḟéud ṙe na liṁṙe

do aithmhiúgad ⁊ do ċur ne ċéile go ceann. Líd b'é ain bíd é, ba ċoṁhul dó a beiṫ coṁhuṡṫe ruiṁ, ⁊ dubairṫ se; "Cneidim go bfuil geall mór go leor "ag Mhuirir so ort, a Airtur, ⁊ is coṁhul dó a "beiṫ 'na ṡóṁ buaċaill maiṫ; aċt a d-taob na ru-"beannaob, meadaim nać b-fuil act leiṫṡgeul ra méud "a deir sé 'na d-timċioll, ⁊ ain noḃ ain bíd, ó ṫainig "nar b' ṡéidir liom a b-fágail anuair a d'iarr "mé sad, ní ġlacfad anoir iad.—An g-cluineann tú "mé, a Airtur, a deirim, cad é ta tu ag leigeaḋ "ainiu?"——Do bí Airtur ag leigeaḋ leaṫanaiġ no taoiḃ dhalleóige do bí dúbairṫe sior ran leabair, noċ a d'fág Mhuirir air an m-balla man aon uir na planduġiḃ rubcnaob. Do léig Airtur go h-ard man so síor.

(Gineiṡde mioraiṁil, an t-oċtmaḋ la ain ṡíċċid den dana mí geimriḋ, leaṫanaċ ceiṫre ċéad ir aoiṁaḋ-ain-ṡíċċid.)

"Tainṫan cineal rubcalmhin ag Éirre, a folaiġṫean "beagnaċ le ṡeannaiġ sa n-geimreaḋ, ain an "mód g-ceadna a b-folaiġṫean iomad de ṡlan-"duġiḃ a Sacran le h-aoileaċ ṡeabla, bíd na "rubcalmhuna so go coṫéiṡiḋ timċioll méid aprícoit "den méid meadonaiġ ⁊ biaḋ blár anmhir oirṫe: "An Iernre agur Gernre, ruiġte aon ċéim amain "ain éigin nior ṡoiġre gur an ard a n-dear iona "Cornuall, bíd gać uile ċineal conaiḋ, póṁaire, "pir ⁊ ṡór gać nid ionṡair a roġrun aḋ a n-am "ṡein caocaiḋir no tri ṡeaċdmain nior luaiṫe iona "a Sacran, ṡiú ain bruaċ na ṡainge gur an ard "a n-dear, agur is ain éigin a maireann an ṡneaċta "ceiṫre h-úaine ain ṡíċċid gan leaġaḋ ain an "d-talam. Gideaḋ gur ṡéidir don ardean ṡaillte "agur uime sin ṡluaġ, a ṫimċiollar na h-oileanro, "béiṫ 'na aḋbar aige so; ain a ion sin is ṡéidir "ṡór cuid de ċur a leiṫ na luaiṫe ṡeannaiġ a n-dean-"tar ṡeim de man leaṡuġaḋ."

"Agur ag so," an Airtur a-ris, "nid éigin "sgniobṫa le cleiṫean ain ġreim beag paipeir, "agur is é sgriḃneoireaḋ Muirir é. Téigṡid mé "duit é."

"A-núaiṡ a lêiġ mê ṡan leaḃaṡ ro an ṅíḋ deiṡċeaṡ
" a d-taoḃ ṡaṡ na ṡuḃcalmuiṅ coṁ mór le aṡṡicóṡcib
" (.i. cineal noṡaiḋ,) dêiṡ iad a ḃêiṫ ṡolaiġṫe or a
" g-ciṅ le luaiṫ ṡeamnaiġ, do ṁeaṡ me go m-b'ṡêiḋiṡ
" go n-dêanṡaḋ luaiṫ ṡeamnaiġ maiṫ do ṡuḃcṡaoḃaiḃ
" m'aṫaṡ, agus d' ṡíaṡṡaiġ me ḋê, an d-taḃaṡṡaḋ
" ṡe ceaḋ daṁ ṡṡoṁaḋ do ḋêanaṁ. Do ṫug ṡe ceaḋ
" daṁ, agus aiṡ an m-ball do ċuaiḋ mê agus
" ċṡuiṅiġeaṡ a g-ceaṅ a ċêile ṡeamnaċ êigin do ċuiṡ
" an t-anṡa a d-tiṡ, agus do ṫiorṁaiġeaṡ ⁊ loiṡġeaṡ
" ê ⁊ aṅ ṡin leaṡuiġeaṡ na ṡuḃcṡaoḃa leis, agus an
" bliaḋain na ḋiaiġ ṡin, d'ṡáṡaḋaṡ na ṡuḃcṡaoḃa
" ċum beiṫ ṡan ṁeiḋ ṡin aṅ aṡ ċoṅaiṡc tú iad. Anois
" 'ṡê an ṡaṫ ṡa n-iṅiṡim ro ḋuit, aiṡ d-túṡ, ċos go
" m-bêiḋ a ṡiosṡ agad do ṡuḃcṡaoḃa do ċuṡ a n-eagaṡ
" no do leaṡuġaḋ; agus ṡan ḃaṡa h-aiṫ, do ḃṡíġ
" go g-cuṁniġim guṡ ṡêuċ tu go ṡo-ċṡomḋa, aṁuil
" is naċ naiḃ tu ṡáṡta le m'aṫaiṡ, a-núaiṡ a d'iṅiṡ
" ṡe ḋuit go m-ba núi an t-sliġe le a d-tainic
" ṡe cum a ṡuḃcṡaoḃ Bṡoḃḋiġnag: do b'ṡêiḋiṡ guṡ
" b'ê an ṅíḋ ro do ṡiṅe coṁ ṡeaṡġaċ ro ċu liṅe go
" h-uile, oṡ ṅíoṡ ċainic tu 'ṡíaṁ ôn ṫṡaċnôna ṡin
" d'ṡêuċaiṅ m'aṫaṡ. A-noiṡ d'iṅiṡ me ḋuit gaċ uile
" ṅíḋ is ṡeaṡaċ daṁ, agus da ḃṡíġ ṡin, tá muinigin
" agam naċ m-bêiḋ ṡeaṡġ oṡt liṅ ṅíoṡ mô."

Do ṡáṡaiġ an t-ro-ċṡoiḋeaċd ro go mór Maiġistir Ṡaclaḋ, agus dubaiṡt ṡe;—" aċt a-noiṡ, a Aṡtuiṡ,
" is ro ṅíḋ êigin coṁuil——ag ro d'iṅṡin an ṅíḋ is
" ṁian le duine d'ṡáġail a-maċ, gan oṡaiḋiḃ bṡeaġa.
" Is mô is coṁuil ro le Sacṡanaċ no le Albanaċ.——
" Aiṫċim oṡt, Aṡtuiṡ, an b-ṡuil ṡiosṡ agad an a
" Sacṡan no aṅ Alban nuġaḋ do ċáṡaiḋ Muiṡiṡ?"

"Ní! a ṡiosṡ agam go deiṁin, a Ṡaoi, ṅíoṡ ṡíaṡṡaiġ
" mê 'ṡíaṁ, agus ṅíoṡ ṡaoil mê guṡ b'ṡiú dadaiḋ
" ê. Ní ṡiosṡ daṁ êin-ṅíḋ aċt ro aṁain, maṡ a tá,
" ciḋ b'ê aiṡ biṫ aṅ a nuġaḋ ê, go b-ṡuil ṡe ṡo-
" ṁaiṫ. Féuċ, a aṫaiṡ, tá mo taiṡ ag blaċuġaḋ."

" An m' ṡocal, bêiḋ ṡe ro 'na taiṡ alaiṅ."——

" Ṫuġaḋ daṁ é le Muiṡiṡ."

" Agus a d-tug tú dadaṁ ḋô aiṡ a ṡon?"

"Ní ṅíoṡ ċugaṡ ṅíḋ aiṡ biṫ ṡan doṁan; agus ċug
" ṡe daṁ ê, go díṡneaċ ṡan ám ċeadna aṅ a naiḃ

" cúir ṁaiṫ aige ḟearg an-ṁór a ḃéiṫ air liom,
" go dírеaċ a-núair a ḣrir me a ċlog-ġloine."

" La mían mór agam léigean daoiḃ rúgraḋ do
" ḋéanaṁ a ḃ-ḟoċair a ċéile a-ríir," arra aṫair
Artuir.

" Ó! da n-déanḟaḋ rin," ar Artur, ag búalaḋ
a ḃorn ḟa ċéile, buḋ ṁaiṫ dúṫ-ne é. Dearḃuiġim
ḋuit, a aṫair, gur mínic a ḟuiḋ mé air ḟeaḋ úaire,
ḟúar ran aḃall ḟiaḋain úd, gan ċorruġaḋ, ag ḟéuċain
ríor air Ḟuinir ag oibriuġaḋ aṅ a ġarrḋaḋ agur
ag tuiṫ a ḃéiṫ ag oibriuġaḋ a n-eirḟeaċt rir.
Ḟeuċ, a athair, ní'l mo ġarrḋhadh a ngair do
ḃéiṫ a n-ordaġaḋ ċoṁ maiṫ ir ba ġnaṫaċ leir a
ḃéiṫ. Aċt do ḃéiḋ gaċ uile ní ḋó go ceart a-ríir
da."———

Aṅ ro do cuirreaḋ toirmeart air Artur le teaċd
an aḋḃocóide ċum Ḟaiġirtir Ó'aclaḋ, ċum céird éigin
d'ḟíarraiḋ dó, a d-timċioll éiliom a n-dliġeaḋ a
d-taoḃ an ċraiṅ pluimbir. Do ṫairbéun Oaclaḋ
lírir Ḟuinir dó, agur coṁ lúaṫ 'r do leiġ ré í, (níḋ
do ċuir uathbar ro ṁór air Artur,) do ġair re a
maċ, ag raḋ;—" creud an duine úaral beag glic é
" ro! Air ḟeaḋ m'eolair go h-iomlan, nior tharla
" rud air bíth 'rían orm ir ḟearr na é ro. Aċt 'r í
" an lírir ir glice léiġ mé a-rían í."

" La ḃ-ḟuil an gliocar?" arra Oaclaḋ, ⁊ do ċuir
" re a rreaclairide air.

" Naċ ḃ ḟaiceaṅ tu, a duine ṁairḃ, naċ ḃ-ḟuil
" ra n-iomlán dé ro a d-taoḃ na ruḃcraoḃ Brob-
" dignag, aċt neiṁniḋ ⁊ bréagra, ċum d'éiliom-ra a
" d-timċioll an ċraiṅ pluimbir d'ḟon-ċoiṁead? La
" ḟior aca, 'ré rin atá ḟior ag Ḟaiġirtir Gnant
" a tá géur go leór, go naċḟaiḋ an ċúir rin a
" n-aġaiḋ, agur naċ fulair dó, gan maill, ruim
" ṁór airgid a ḋíol leat air ron díobail, ma théid
" an ċúir air aġaiḋ."

" Air ron díobail!" ar Oaclaḋ, ag ḟéaċuiṅ go
h-uathbaraċ 'na thimċioll ag an g-craṅ pluimbir:—
" aċt níl a ḟior agam gaḋ é ir mian leat. Ní
mian liom-ra níḋ air bíth aċt an ceart; ní mian
liom ruim ṁór airgid air bíth d'iarraiḋ, oir ir
beag an díobál do riṅe an craṅ pluimbir le teaċd

a-rteaċ aṅ mo ġaṗṗdaḋ; aċt aṁaiṅ, ní tháiṫeiṁiġ-eaṅ liom go d-tiocfaḋ fé aṅ fúd gan mo ċead."

"Ta go maiṫ, ta go maiṫ," ar an t-aḋbocóid, "Luiġim fin go h-iomlán; aċt fo an ṅíḋ ir miaṅ "liom ċur a g-céill duit, a Naiġirtir Ġaclaiḋ, go "b-fuil Ġrant fo agus a ṁac ag iarraiḋ cairdeas "a déanaṁ leat-sa, le brib de beagan subcraoḃaiḃ "do ċur ċugad fo láiṁ mar fo, ioṅur naċ d-tiocfaḋ "an ċuir ċum breiṫeaṁnais ceirt."

"Brib!"—do ġair Ġaclaḋ a-maċ,—"níor ġlac "me brib air bíṫ a-ríaṁ, ⁊ ní ġlacfaḋ go brath;" agus le mothuġaḋ h-oban feirge, do tharraiṅg fé na subcraoḃa ar an d-talaṁ aṅ a raiḃ Artur da g-cur, agus ċaiṫ fé thar an m-ballaḋ iad a-rteaċ a n-gaṗṗdaḋ Grainne. Do ċuir Nuirir a lail noch a ḃí a toruġaḋ air féidiġ blaiṫ uaiḋ, a b-fota na m-blath air ṁullach an bhallaiḋ a n-dóiġ go ḃ-feiċfeaḋ a ċaraid Nuirir é, ó la go la.

Och!, ní raibh a fior aige cread an t-ionad guaraċdaċ aṅ ar ċuir fé é. Do fcaiṫ aon d'a ṗlandaiḃ subcraoḃ Brobdiġnag féin, a ċeilg Ġaclaḋ ar a láiṁ le feirg, an ceaṅ d'a lail ḃear.

Air m-béiṫ d'Artur ag léir-ṁuaineaḋ gad é mur ċuirfeaḋ fé a g-céill d'a athair, go raiḃ an t-aḋbocóid meallta aṅ a ḃaraṁuil air Nuirir ḃoċt, níor ċug fé fa deara tuitim an laile.

Ta air na ṁáraċ, a-núair do ċoṅaic Nuirir a ṗlandaiḃ subcraoḃ fsaṗċa air an d-talaṁ, agus a lail air a raiḃ fé fo ċeanaṁuil briste, do ġaḃ uaċḃar mór é agus feang air fead tamuill, aċt níor ṁair feang a-ríaṁ dó-ran a b-fád d'aimrir. Cuir fé a g-céill dó féin gur le mí-thapaḋ do tharla fo go léir: níor b' féidir leis a chreidṁin go m-b' féidir do ḋuine air bíṫ, a beiṫ ċoṁ mío-núaraċ rin dó, is go n-déanfaḋ díobal dó d'a déin.

"Agus cuir a g-cár go n-dearnadar fo go h-uile "le núr feang a ċur orm-sa," ar fé leis féin, ní ċig liom níḋ air bíṫ do déanaṁ níor feaṁ na gan "léigean dó feang a ċur orm. Maiṫ agus dearmad."

Ar mó fólar a ḃí ag Nuirir ar a n-iṅtiḃ fo a béiṫ aige na b'féidir leis a béiṫ aige gan í, da m-ba leis laile Bolanda go h-iomlán.

Do bíodar laile an tpath rin 'na héiche mór-lúaiż do péir barainla lucd na tíre a n-iomad d'áitib air gać taob den áit, aṅ a radadar Muirir agur Artur 'na g-comhuide. Do bí neać dúileamuil a m-blać air tí féarda do żairm ag baile a n-gan dóib, mar a raib turtgan maith d'uirlir żarrdadoirneacda re fażail mar lúaċ raothair tre buaid do bréith ag neać air bíth a d'feudrad an blath a b' feann d'a ċinéil do thairbéunad. Ba h-é an lail an blath a b' feann ran m-bliadain a ċuaid thart, do péir barainla na poiblidéacda, agur da péir rin, rinneadar mónán de daoinib a n-diċċioll 'na diaiż rin fréamaċa laile d'fażail, a n-doiż buaid do bréith an bliadan ro.

Ba bneaża an lail a bí ag Artur. Mar bí re da bneathnużad ó la go la, ⁊ gur ṡaoil re go raib re teaċd air ażaid gać uile la, bhí mian mór aige buideaċar a thadairt d'a ċaraid Muirir air a ṡon: agur ir minic do żnar ré rúar re na ċraṅ aballoir ṡiadain féin, ċum féaċuiṅ a-rteaċ a n-garrdad Muirir, a n-doiż a lail-ran d'feicrin mar an g-céadna a m-blać 'r a rzeim iomlan. Mion b'féidir leir feicrin air aon ċor.

Air theaċd lae féarda an blathoirne, do ċuaid Daclad maille le n-a mac go h-ionad na coim-ṡíonoile ag bréith an laile aluiṅ leo. Ir air fairhċe iomairte farraing do ċruiṅiżeadar a g-ceaṅ a ċéile. Bí ṅa blaċa go léir d'iomad cinéal a n-eagar air ċnocan ag an g-ceaṅ rúar den b-fairċe iomairte, ⁊, a-mearg an iolandair deaż-mairiż ro go h-iomlan, do bí an lail a ċuż Muirir do Artur bneaża go roilléir. Ir don té lenab leir an lail ro, do bneaċnuiżead an dúair do ċadairt, ⁊ a-núair a tugad an uirlir żarrdadoirneacda dear do Artur, ċúalaid ré żuċ a d'aiṡin re go maiṫ ag aiṡċiużad rólair dó. D' ṡill re, d' féuċ re 'na ċimċioll, ⁊ ċonnaic re Muirir a ċaraid.

"Acht ca b-fuil do lail féin, a Muirir?" arra Maiżirtin Daclad. "Saoil me, a Artuir, gur iṅir "tu dam, gur ċongbaiż re ceaṅ dó féin."

"Do ċongbar go deimin," arra Muirir, "act, (tre "mio-ċapad cneidim) do bnir duine éigin é."

"Duine éizin! cia h-é?"—ar Artur ⁊ Naiżistir Oaclaď a n-ein-ḟeaċd.

"Duine éizin a ċaiṫ na plandaiďe ruḃcraoḃ tar air a-rír ṫar an m-ballaď;" ar Nuirir.

"Is mise an duine éizin sin, is mise an ḟear sin," ar Oaċlaď; "ní cuiḃe liom a ṙéanaď; aċt níor "smuaíniżear do lail do ḃrireaď, a Nuirir."

"A Nuirir ionṁuin," ar Artur; "oir ata a "ḟior azad, a aṫar, zur ḟéidir liom Nuirir ionṁuin "a żairm air 'nuair a tá tussa do laṫair—az so an "uirlir żarrďadoireaċda—zlac íad ⁊ ḟáilte."

"Ní żlacḟad aon díoḃ," ar Nuirir az tarruinz air air.

"Tairz don aṫair íad, tairz do Naiżistir Grant "íad;" ar Oaclaď az cozar; "zlacḟaiď seision "íad, béiď mise a n-urruďar ort."

Do ḃí Naiżistir Oaclaď meallta. Ní żlacḟaď an t-aṫair an uirlir. Do żaḃ uaṫḃar Naiżistir Oacladh. "Go dearḃtha," ar se leis ḟéin, "ní "ḟéidir dó so a ḃeiṫ 'na ṫruaiżleanaċ mar ṙaoil "mé:" azur air an m-ball do ṙiuḃal se suas ċum Grant ⁊ duḃairt se rir zo danarṫa; "Is ro ṁaiṫ "ḟuaras do ṁac-sa air mo ṁac-sa, ⁊ is cosṁuil duit "a ḃéiṫ luṫżáireaċ mar żeall air."

"Ataim zan aṁras," ar Grant.

"Níď," ar Oaċlaď, "do ḃeir baraṁuil dam ort "níor ḟearr ná ḃí azam a-ríaṁ 'roiṁe; 'sé sin le "raď, ná ḃí azam a-ríaṁ ó'n lá ċuir tú an ḟreazraď "mi-ṁoďaṁuil ċuzam a d-taoḃ na ruḃcraoḃ dí-ċéilliďe "malluiżṫe sin, zad é an t-ainm a ḃeir tú orra,"

"Gad é an ḟreazraď mío-ṁoďaṁuil é?" ar Grant zo h-uaṫḃásaċ.

D'aiṫrir Oaċlaď zo beaċt an ḟreazra a ḟuair se, azur ďearḃuiż Grant nar ċuir se teaċdaireaċd mar sin a-ríaṁ uaiď. D'aiṫrir se zo beaċt an ḟreazra ceadna do ċuir se uaiď, ⁊ do ṙín Oaċlad a láṁ amaċ ċuize aír an úair az raď, "creidim ṫu, "ní'l ríaċdanar níor mó a raď. Ní'l orm aċt buaiď-"reaď nar ḟíaḟraiż mé so ďíot ceiṫre ṁí ó ṙoin azur "mar sin do ḃeiďiṅ réiď muna m-beiṫeáď-sa ad' "Albanaċ. Níor ṫaitniż Albanaċ liom zo maiṫ "'ríaṁ zur a-noir. Feudamaoid buiďeaċar do ṫaḃairt

"don ōzlaċ b̄eaz ṁaiṫ so," ar se, az filleaḋ ċum Nuiris, "fa ar d-teaċd fo ḋeireaḋ ċum reiḋteaċaḋ. "Nior b' f̄eidir searamh a-mach a n-aż̄aidh a "ḋeaż̄-ċroiḋe. Go deiṁin tá brōn orm ō íaċdar "mo ċroiḋe, zur b̄rir mé a lail. Craṫaiḋ láṁa le "muiñtearḋar, a b̄uaċailliż̄; is maiṫ liom d'feicsin "coṁ soilb̄ir sin a-rís, a Artuir, ⁊ tá muiniż̄in "azam zo d-tab̄arfaḋ Naiż̄istir Grant maiṫeaṁnar "dv̄ñ."

"Oċ! Naiṫ ⁊ dearmad," arsa Grant ⁊ a ṁac a n-einf̄eaċd; ⁊ ō sin súar, ṫáinic an dá ṫeaż̄laċ le céile zo maiṫ.

Do riñe Oaċlaḋ fonaṁad faoi n-a amaideaċd féin a d-taob an ċraiñ p̄luimbir, ⁊ a z-cioñ aimsire, ruz se buaiḋ iomlán or cionn a roiṁ-ċlaoin a n-aż̄aiḋ luċd na h-Alban, coṁ mōr sin, ioñur zur ṫarla coṁ-roiñ a z-cúram ceañuiḋeaċda idir é féin ⁊ Grant. Do friṫeaḋ leab̄ar-f̄oż̄luim Naiż̄istir Grant ⁊ a eolas air an ealaḋa ċoṁ-áireaṁ ro-f̄éumaṁuil dō: ⁊ a leiṫ Oaclaiḋ b̄í mōrán de ċáiliḋeaċdaib maiṫe tapaiḋ añ, a b̄í an-tarb̄aċ d'a p̄áirtide.

Do ċuir an reiḋteaċaḋ so idir a muiñtir luṫż̄áir ṁōr air an dís buaiċilliḋ, ⁊ dub̄airt Artur zo minic zur b'é znaṫ-lab̄airt Nuiris, iodon, Naiṫ ⁊ Dearmad, do b̄uaiḋ a sonar zo h-iomlán dōib̄.

CRIOCH.

ROSANNA.

AN ĊEUD ĊAIBIDIL.

TA ḋá ċineal saraiḋ añ: aon aca ḟáras ó ṙaoṫar, agus an ceañ eile ó leisge ġnaṫaṁuil. Is svḃáilce an ċeud ċeañ, aċt is dvḃáilce an dara ceañ. Is iomḋa rompla de gaċ aon ċineil aca ro le ḟaġail a n-Eirinñ; áit añ a b-ḟaiceamoid go minic fear slán fvlláin, ag fvlang ó lá go lá aṁgar ⁊ triobló́id mar ġeall air nidh a b'ḟhéidir a leiġear gan mórán doċair: agus goilliḋ re air ḋuine a ċloistin da radh, "Ḋéanḟa re maith go leór ḋaṁra. Naċ "n-dearna re do m' aṫair roṁam. Is ḟéidir liom "ṫeaċt a d-tír air ḟeaḋ mo ṙaoġail: air ṁóḋ air "bíṫ, tá me ráṡta."—Is mór an toirmearg a ċvrear an leisg ro air ṙaoṫar na n-daoine.

Aċt is ḟéidir romplaiḋ do ċineal eile ḟaġail a-mearg mórán de ṁuintir na h-Eirinñ a ḃíor 'na g-coṁnuiḋe ran tír. Is feidir le duine, cuid aca ḟaiceal ag cíapáil le anró go croḋaċ fearaṁuil meirneaṁuil, ⁊ ag iomċar gac bvaiḋreaḋ naċ ḟéidir a léiġear, le méirniġ ṁóir, air ṁoḋ naċ ḟéidir do ḋuine gan ionghaḋ agus trvaiġe a ḃeiṫ air ran am ċéadna.

Ta bvnaḋ 'na g-coṁnuiḋe a m-baile ḃeag ḋear ṫvaiṫe, a g-coigeaḋ Laiġean, d'ar b'ainm Grae. Is fearaċ do na coṁarranaiḃ go léir naċ raiḃ mórán raiḋḃrir ag Grae an gaḃaltuiḋe a d-toraċ a ṙaoġail. Do b'é mac a b'óige do ṫeaġlaċ ṁór é: agus an ṁéid do ṁaoin a aṫar a ṫainic ċvm a ċioñ rona, ní raiḃ añ aċt go m-bvḋ leór é ċvm a ḃean agus a ṫrivr cloiñe do ċongḃail ṙvar. Ní raiḃ aige

acht cêrd ponta d'aiṛṡiod ċiṛṁ tar éis bais a ath-ṡan, ⁊ do b'éiṡiṁ dó ôrl a-ṡreaċ a ṁ-bocan dêanta de balla ċṛiaṡ. Bhí liṅ ṁ'ýlaiṡ or coṡe an doṛais: ⁊ le taob na ṗuiṅeóiṡe, bí capp aoiliṡ ċoṁ ard le crṁdaċ an tiṡ, a ċoṅṡbaiṡ a-mach an ṡolvṛ, agus a líon an teach le droċ-balaḋ. Bí ṗanaḋ leis an talaṁ d'ioṅṡaiḋ doṛuis an tiṡ, ais ṁoḋ, (ais ṁ-béic don liṅ lán a ṅ-aimṛiis ṗlivċ) go ṁ-bíḋeaḋ an ċiṛdeanach 'na baiṛtreach, agus bí an t-vṛlár ċoṁ ṗlivċ is ċoṁ boṡ ṛiu gach uile ám, ioṅus go ṁ-bíḋheadh loṛṡ taiṛṅṡiḃe na ṁ-bṛóṡ le ṗaiṡcṛiu aṅ gach uile ball dê. Go deiṁiu, is ais éiṡiu a b'ṗéidir loṛṡ na ḍ-taiṛṅṡiḋ ro ṗaiṡcṛiu acht aṁain go díṛeach a ḃ-ṗoṡur don doṛus, no a ṅ-áit an ḋeallṛaiḋ ṡolus na teine; do bṛíṡ go raiḃ an deataċ ċoṁ mór ṛiu aṅ gach áit eile ioṅus go ṁ-b'ṗéidir leis an muic a beiṫ a ḃ-ṗoiṡreaċt tṛoiḋe duit, 'ṛṡan tu da ṗaiṡcṛiu. Is coṁuil go raiḃ lucḋ-coṁnuiḋe deiżeanach an tiṡ ro ṙárta gan raiṁléan ais bíṫ, agus go deiṁiu beaṡnaċ gan aon ṁullaċ: do ċlaon na cúplaiḋ ⁊ na taobaiṛ a-ṡreaċ, ⁊ ṅíor cuiṛeaḋ a ṅ-oṛdużaḋ iad a-ṛiam ó ṡoiṅ, ⁊ bí ṛiad a tuiṡim a-ṡreaċ le meaḋaċan an ċuṁdaiṡ, ioṅus go ṁ-buḋ ḃaożalaċ a ṡ-ciṅ do bṛeiṡ-ċíabaiḃ na muiṅtiṛe naċ ṁ-bíḋeaḋ ais a ṡ-coiṁêud oṁa.

Aṅ raiḃ an ċoṁulaċḋ taob a-muiż mórṅan ṅíor ṗeam na mur bí ṛe taob a-ṛtíż. Bí tiṁċioll da ṗiṫċid acṛa ran ḃ-ṗeilm, agus bí an ṗál ais an ṡaċ taob den talaṁ (ais a ṁ-bíḋeaḋ an aiṛṅeis aṡ iṅżilt) ċoṁ olc ṛiu, go d-tiṡeaḋ eallaċ na ṡ-coṁaṛṛan a-ṡreaċ go miṅic ran là, ⁊ a ṡ-coṁnuiḋe ran oṡóċe. Do ṡaoċṛuiż an tê a ḃí ran áit ṛiu 'noiṁ' Ghṛae an talaṁ iṅtṛeabêa coṁ olc ṛiu ais ċoṛ go raiḃ ṛe go h-iomlán ar leaṛużaḋ.

Da ṁ-béiḋ Gṛae maṛ an ṡ-cêadna gan ċṛoiḋe gan ṁéiṛniż, b' ṗéidir dó ṗéiṅ ⁊ d'a bunaḋ a beiṫ aṡ ṡaṁaiḋ dêiṛṡe a-niúż. Do ṁear mórṅan d'a ċoṁaṛṛanaiḃ go ṁ-buḋ ṁór an tṛuaiṡe ê; ⁊ a ṁ-beażan laeċiḃ tar éis baiṛ a ath-ṡan ṡaiṅic mórṅan díoḃ ċum coiṁ-ḋoiḷżioṛ a-ḋêanaṁ leis. Bí Simeon ṛaiṁ a-mearṡ na muiṅtiṛe a ṡaiṅic. Buḋ duiṅe ciúin ceanṛa

foiġideaċ é, no buḋ cóṁa a naḋ, leiṡġeaṁuil, agus da bṗiġ ṡin, ċuġ daoine eiġin Ṡíṁeóin boġ d'ainm ain. Bí se 'na ṡoṁc leaċ-ḋuine-uaraġl, no man deiṁṫeaḋ, 'na ċeaṫaṁnaċ. Bí ṡeilm beag aige a b' ṡíu céud no céud-ġo-leiṫ ponta ṡan m-bliaḋan; leiṫ-céud eile aġ teaċt a-ṡteaċ ar oiṡiġ a bí aige a d-tíġ an ċuṡtuim; ⁊ muilliġoṅ nan b' ṡeam ḋó céud ponta ṡan m-bliaḋan aige na é, muna m-béiḋ ġo naiḃ se na ċoṁnuiḋe ain ṡeaḋ móṁan aimṡine.

"O! boḃ! búin! ġad é an buaiḋṗeaḋ a ḃ-ṡuilimid aṅ! "ġad é an méud tṡioblóide ta aṅro!"—anṡa Ṡíṁeon, a-ṡuain a ṫainic se go teaċ Ghnae, ⁊ ṡuain se ṡan ḋṗéimine é aġ baint an t-ṡean ċuṁdaiġ de'n teaċ: ain m-béiḋ b'aon d'a ċlaṅ ṁac, ógaṁaċ timċioll ċeiṫṗe m-bliaḋan déuġ d'aoir, aġ liondaḋ cainte le aoileaċ ar an ġ-carn-aoiliġ a bí or coiṅe na ṡuiṅeóiġe. Bí a ṁac a b' óige, ógláċ da bliaḋain déuġ d'aoir, aġ déanaṁ díoġa no clairṡe ċum an t-uiṡġe do ṫarṡainġ ain ṡiúbal ar an liṅ ġlair, agus a éadan a'ṡ a ṁuinéul coṁ deanġ le teine: agus bí Róiṡi a ḋeiṡḃ-ṡiun, cailin a ġ-ceaṅ a deiċ m-bliaḋan, aġ cnuinnuġaḋ na laċain do bí a ṁaṫain ain ṫí bṗeiṫ ċum tíġeaṁna na talṁan le díol.

"O! boḃ! búin! ġad é do ḃuaiḋṗeaḋ a'ṡ do "tṡioblóid aṅro! go deiṁin, a Ṡéumais Gnae, tá tu "annóideaċ go leór, a ḋuine boiċt!"

"Aṅ ṡéidir a naḋ," anṡa Gnae, "go ḃ-ṡuil duine "ain bíṫ boċt aġ a ḃ-ṡuil a ṡláinte ⁊ uṡaid a balla. Do ḃam ain sin," an seisean, "naċ ḃ-ṡuil bean agus claṅ ṁaiṫ agam, agus naċ ḃ-ṡuil aḋḃar go leór aġ duine a beiṫ ṡaṡta leis na tṡoḋlacaiḃ so?"

"'Seaḋ, go deiṁin,' 'sé sin an bealaċ is ṡeam le "ḋul ṫṡíḋ an t-saoġal so. Líó b' é ain bíṫ ṫeaġmas, "go dineaċ a ġlacaḋ go ṡoiġideaċ agus a beiṫ ṡaṡta. "Do ṡéin mo ḃaṁla-sa, níl níḋ ain bíṫ is móṅ-luaiġe, "na a beiṫ ṡaṡta a ġ-clṡḋ ṫeiṫ ṡeasġain a ċoir na "teine."

"Is ṡíon sin, a Ṡíṁéoin," anṡa Gnae; "acht ní "déanṡaḋ do ċineal ṡaṡaiḋ-sa go bṗaċ daṁ-sa. An "té ṡuiḋeas ṡíos go ṡáiṁ a ġ-clṡḋ an t-saiṁléin,

" agus nać n-déanfaḋ badaḋ ać a ṡíoda do ċaiṫeaḋ ;
" is geall no go d-tuitfiḋ an teaċ a-núas 'na ṁullaċ
" ⁊ aṅ-rin cnéud ċaṅloċas dod'ḟásaḋ ?"

"La re lúaṫ go léon ṡmuaineaḋ ain sin an t-am a
" ċiocfas se," arsa Síṁeon ; nís ḟaḃail fairṫéisiḋ
" teaċ ó ṫuitim a-ṡíaṁ : agus cuir a g-cás go
" saḃalfaḋ, do b' ḟeall liom é tuitim na fairṫéisiḋ a
" beiṫ orm."

" Ać nać m-b' ḟéidir leat an teaċ do ċongḃail
" súas," arsa Gnae ; "gan easla air bíṫ a beiṫ
" ort ?"

" An le mo ġuailleaċa ċur faoi ?" arsa Síṁeon.
" Nís ċleaċt mo ġuailleaċa obair ṁór a-ṡíaṁ, agus
" ní ċaiṫniġean ri liom air ċor air bíṫ. Ćoṁ fada
" a's féadfaḋ me bord a's leaba ṁaiṫ a beiṫ agam,
" ⁊ casóg le cur air mo ṡnuim, níl beaṅ agam air an
" g-cuid eile. Téiḋ an saoġal man ir toil leis, táim
" sásta. Hé ! hó ! ta an cnaipe so scaiṫte ar coillér
" an ċota ṁóir so agam, ⁊ cioṅur do ċongḃuḋear me
" orm é. Go deiṁin déanfaiḋ bioṅán ċoṁ maiṫ le
" cnaipea's níor ḟeall. Beiḋ me no buidheach díot, a
" ṁairsneal Gnae, no a Ríoṡ ḃíg, ma beireaṅ tu
" bioṅán dam." Saiṫ se an bioṅán a n-ais an ċnaipe
ċum an cóta mór do ċeangal timċioll a ṁuineil,
⁊ d'imċiġ leis.

Do ġoin se a sméig timċioll dá uair déug an la
céudna ; ać do rinne se deanmad den g-cnaipe ḟuaġail
a-steaċ la air na ṁáraċ, ⁊ a n-oiṫċion ⁊ an la
'na díaiġ sin. Ví se sásta, man dubairt se féin,
a ċeangal leis an m-bioṅán.

Ní man sin d'an g-casaid Gnae. Nís b'ail
leis mio-ċoṁgan air bíṫ d'ḟulaṅg, a b' ḟéidir a léiġean
le faoṫan, no le iṅtleaċd. Ać cíd b'é air bíṫ nan
b'ḟéidir a learuġaḋ, d'ḟulaṅg se go foiġideach
ḟeanaṁnil é. Cuireaḋ ceaṅ agus cuṁdaċ úr air
a ċeaċ gan ṁaill. Do cuireaḋ an carn aoiliġ ar a
ais agus sgairfeaḋ é air feaḋ na coda sin d'a ḟeaṅan
is mó ḃí air earḃuiḋ learuġaiḋ : do tiormaḋ an liṅ
ḃréun, leis an uisge do ṫamaing uaiḋ, noċ do rinne
talaṁ an ṁóin-féir toṁṫaṁail ; agus ní raiḃ an
ċirdeanaċ 'ṡíaṁ ó ḟoin 'na baisteaċ a n-aimsir

ꝼeaṅḋaiṅe, do ḃriġ ꝥo n-ḃeaṅṅaḋaṅ, a leaṫ-lae, ḋíoꝥa ḃeaꝥ leiṙ an uiṙꝥe do tamaiṅꝥ aiṅ ṙiuḃal. Aṁ naiḃ loṅꝥ taiṅṅꝥiḋ na m-ḃróꝥ niop ꝼaiḋe le ꝼeiṙꝥiṅ ṙan uṅlaiṅ; oiṅ do ċuiṅ an ḋíṙ buaċaillíḋ caiṫ ṫiṅṁ ṁullíṅ ṫṙíḋ an ꝥ-cṙé, agur ḃuail ṙiaḋ an t-uṅlaṅ ꝥo maiṫ, ꝥo n-ḃeaṅṅaḋaṅ cṙuaiḋ coṁṫṙom é. Do ṙiṅeaḋ maṅ an ꝥ-céadna na ꝼeóṁṙaiḋ raoṅ ꝥlan ó ḋeataiġ: oiṅ do ṙiṅe Ġṙae ṙaiṁleaṅ, agur ḃí ꝼuiṅeóꝥ ġloiṅe a-noiṙ aiṅ an ꝥ-ciṙꝥeanaiġ a n-áiṫ na ꝼuiṅeoꝥa ḃí a-nallúd uiṙṙi, aṅ ġnaċaċ leiṫi a ḃeiṫ ꝥṙopṫa ṙúaṙ le ꝼean-ḃaꝥa, a-nuaiṅ a ḃíḋeaḋ an ġaoċ a' ꝼéiḋeaḋ ꝥo ṙo ġḃeuṙ. Ḃí ꝼolur a-noiṙ ꝼan ṫíġḣ. Aṫoṙ ḃ'ꝼéiḋiṅ leiṙ a muiċ a-noiṙ ꝼul a-ꝥṙeaċ 'ṙ a-máċ ġan a ꝼaiꝥṙiṅ 'ṙ ġan a bualaḋ: ní naiḃ ṙí aiṅ lóiṙꝥiṅ ꝼan ꝥ-ciṙꝥeanaiġ niop mó.

Go deiṁiṅ ḃí neaṁċoṙṁulaċꝥ coṁ móṅ ṙiṅ ꝼiḋiṅ an ċiṙꝥeanaċ a-noiṙ, agur a-nuaiṅ a ḃí an maiġiṙꝥiṅ deiġeanaċ 'na ċoṁnuiḋe iṅꝥe, ꝼoṅur ꝥo n-ḃeaċa ṙí ó aiṫṅe aiṅ. Aṁ naiḃ ṙí aiṅ aon ċoṙ coṙṁuiṙ le ꝼall ṁuiċe. Ḃíodaṙ na ballaiḋ aiṅ na niġeaḋ le h-aol ċoṁ ġeal le ṙneaċꝥa, ⁊ do cuiṅneaḋ claiṅ ṙúaṙ aiṅ aṅ cuiṅneaḋ uṅaḋ ṫíġe ġlan maiḋe agur ꝼeataiṅ a n-eaġaṅ. Aṁ naiḃ caṅṅaiṅ aiṅ ḃíṫ do ṫaċaiṅ ġan ꝼéum a ġ-coiṅṅeálaiḃ an t-ꝼeóṁṙaḋ, no ꝼiú ꝼean ċliaḃ, nó ꝼean ꝼluiḋ no ḃṙat, no ċóꝥa móṅ caiṫꝥe ṙíoṙ aiṅ ꝼeaḋ móiṁeiḋe ar ḃealaċ an ċaiḷiṅ. Aṁ naiḃ. Ḃí Móiṙi 'na caiḷiṅ a ċuiṅꝼeaḋ ġaċ uile niḋ a ġ-coṁnuiḋe aṅ a áiṫ ꝼéiṅ: agur ṫaiṅiċ ꝼe beaġnaċ coṁ ṅeiḋ aiꝥe, cóꝥa no ḃṙat ċṙoċaḋ ṙúaṙ aiṅ ṫaiṅṅꝥe maiḋe, le na ġ-caiṫeaḋ ṙíoṙ aiṅ an talaṁ no aiṅ an uṅlaiṅ. Ṡeaṙ ṙí ꝥo naiḃ ꝼe ċoṁ ꝼuṅaṙ an cliaḃ agur lóḋ na móṅa a ċuṅ ar a bealaċ a-nuaiṅ a ḃeiṅneaḋ a ḋeaṅḃṙaiṫṙneaċa a-ꝥṙeaċ na ꝼoṫaṫaoi agur an móiṅ, le na ḃ-ꝼaġáil a láṅ na ciṙꝥeanaiġ, le cuiṙle do ḃuain aiṙꝥi ꝼéiṅ agur ar a maċaiṅ; no le na madaiḋ ⁊ na caiꝥ a ḃeiṫ da ġ-coġnaḋ.

Do b' ꝼéiḋiṅ ꝥo meaṙṙuiḋ ġuṅ néiṫe ġan ḃriġ ꝼaḋ ꝼo, agur naċ cuiḃe do ꝼeaṅċaiḋe ṫṙaċꝥ aiṅ a leiṫiḋe; aċꝥ iṙ móṅ a ċuiḋiġeaṙ néiṫe de'n t-ꝼoṙꝥ ꝼo le ġlaiṅe agur ꝼólaṙ do ṫaḃaiṙꝥ do ḃuṅaḋ ḃoċꝥ; agur uiṁe ꝼiṅ iṙ oiṙeaṁṅaċ ṫṙaċꝥ oṙṙa aṅ a leiṫiḋ ꝼo de ó' obaiṅ.

Ḃ' aḋḃaṙ uaṫḃaiṙ agur aċṁuṙaiṅ do chuiḋ de

ċóṁarsanaiḃ Grae, zur ċuir se a-máċ air a z-céud ṫosaċ tiṁċioll deiċ b-ponta, níor ḃ'feidir dó a ḃeiṫ níor lúża, (suiṁ ṁór airzid dó-san!) air a ṫeaċ azur a żairdhadh; do ḃríż, do réir a m-baraṁuil-san, zo m-ḃ' ḟearr dó an t-airzíod a leazan a máċ air an talaṁ. "Azur créud fá" ar siad-san, "naċ n-déanfaḋ se a ḋíṫċioll com-"nuiḋe a ḋéanaṁ san t-sean ċabán air feadh "tamuill, mar riñe daoine eile 'roiṁe maiṫ zo leór. "Buḋ ċóir do ḋuine ḃoċt" ar síad-san, "a ḃeiṫ "sásta le teaċ uirísiol: azur créud é an tairḃe "an t-airzíod tirm a ċur a-maċ a m-bealaċ nac "d-tiuḃarfaḋ se níḋ air bíṫ a-steaċ."

Do ṁear an feilmeoir Grae nar ḃ' féidir dó a ċuid airzid a leazan a-máċ ċum tairḃe ní ḃuḋ ṁó: óir ir maiṫ an ḃáramuil zur ṡáḃail, ṡe, leir na deiċ b-ponta so, a ḃean, a ċlañ a'r é féin ó ḟiaḃrar ḃréun azur ó ron-żalar. An ṁuintir a ḃí 'na z-coṁnuiḋe san tíż só zo déiżeanaċ, azur a d'ḟulanz an carn aoiliż a ḃeiṫ a ḃ-fozur don ḃ-fuiñeóz, azur an liñ líaṫ-żorm ṫeaċt a-steaċ air feaḋ na cisteana ż, azur an żaoṫ żéur do ḃeiṫ az féideaḋ a-steaċ ṫríd an ḃ-fuiñeóz ḃrisce, do ċaill siad a slainte a m-beazán bliaḋanaiḃ. Bí fear an tíż bacaċ le fzoilteaċ; fuair dír cloiñe leir bár de'n ḃ-fiaḃrar: azur bí súle na maṫar coṁ lasda dearz sin ionur nar ḃ'féidir leiṫi sníoṁaḋ no dadaiḋ eile do ḋeanaṁ tre earḃuiḋ raḋairt. A-noir ṫainic an t-iomlán dar cailleaḋ le tiñear ḃunaḋ an tíż, le doċtuir, azur le cur na cloiñe, ṫainic siad zo léir a d-trí m-bliaḋanaiḃ a ḃ-fozur do ḋeiċ b-ponta tri h-uaire. Uime sin, ma ḋearcamoid air airzíod aṁáin buḋ duine ro ċríona Naiżistir Grae. Créud a d'fe-dfaḋ seisean no duine air bíṫ eile a ḋéanaṁ zan slainte? Ni h-é an t-airzíod an ċéud níḋ san t-saożal so air ar ċóir smuaineaḋ: oir ir iomḋa níḋ naċ féidir a ċeañaċ air airzíod, azur ir díoḃ so an t-slainte. "Ir féidir le slainte airzíod a ḋéanaṁ, aċt ni feidir le airzíod slainte a ṫaḃairt;" arr' an feilmeoir críona—"azur añ sin mar zeal air

beaḡan ṡillṁiḋ no ḟoṁaiḃ, ṫa ṡolur aḡuiṅ-ne lé
an ṅḡnoṫuiḋe a ḋeanaṁ aḡur d' ḟeiṡiṁ: aḡur cláṁ
aḡur cóṙṁa le an z-cuiḋ éadaiḡ do ċur a d-taiṙḡe
ioṅṫa. A-noiṙ beiḋ an uṁeaḋ ṡiṁ ṡo h-iomṫan
ṙaḃailce aḡuiṅ ḡan ṁoṁan ṁailla, oiṙ maiṙṁiḋ na
h-eadaiḡ niór ḟaiḋe, aḡur ní naóṙuiḋ na neiṫe aiṙ
ḡaċ taoḃ ḋiṅ a-muḡa; aḡur a-ṁuaiṙ iṙ ḟeiḋiṙ
liom-ṙa aḡur leiṙ na buaċallaiḃ ṫeaóḋ a ḃaile a
n-ḃíaiḡ an n-obaiṙ lae ċum a leiṫiḋ ṡo de ṫeaċ, iṙ
ḟeiḋiṙ duiṅ a beiṫ ṙaṙṫa."

Ían n-deiṁniuḡaḋ ṙláṁṫe, ḡlaiṙe, aḡur ṡolaiṙ aṅ
a ṫíḡ ḋan d-tréun ḟean coṁ maiṫ iṙ b' ḟéiḋiṙ leiṙ,
ṫuḡ ṡe ḟéin aḡur a ċlaṅ a n-aṙṙeaċaṙ ċum an talaṁ
do ċur a n-eaḡan. Do ṫoiṙiḡ ṙiaḃ a' deaṙḡaḋ
na b-ṗal ṡo h-aile; oiṙ ḡiḋeaḋ ṡo naiḃ na buaċaillíḃ
óḡ, b'ḟéiḋiṙ leo cuiḋiuḡaḋh le n-a n-aṫaiṙ aḡ
ṙaoṫruḡaḋ na ḟeilme: bí niaṅ a'ṙ ḟólar aca obaiṙ
a ḋéanaṁ 'na ċuideaċt-ṙaṅ. B'ḟéiḋiṙ le Seaṅ, an
té ba ṙíne, ṡoṫaṫaoi a ċuṙ, aḡur le Roiḃeard,
ḋneabaḋ do ḋéanaṁ: aiṙ ṁoḋ naṙ ḡaḃ Gnaé
ḟeaḋmanaċ aiṙ biṫ aiṙ ṫuaṙaṙdal le cuiḋiuḡaḋ
leiṙ, no Naiḡiṙtṙear Gnae ṙeiṅḃṙeaó mna aiṙ
biṫ. "Iṙ ḟeiḋiṙ le Róiṙ a'ṙ Liom-ṙa" ar ṡé
"naiṫ ṡo leoṙ aiṙe do ṫabaiṙt doṅ ḋa ḃa, aḡur
"a m-bleaḡan, aḡur an t-iṁ a ḋéanaṁ; ṫ 'na
"ċeaṅ ṙiṅ ḟeadḟaṁoiḋ ṙuḋ eiḡiṅ a ṙaoṫruḡaḋ
"leiṙ ṙníomhachan. Iṙ eiḡiṅ ḋéṅ ḋéanaṁ ḡan
"ṙeaṅḃoḡanṫuiḋe, ṫ iṙ naiṫ ḋuiṅ náiṙ do ḋéanaṁ
"onaiṅ ḟeiṙ, aḡur buḋ ċoṙṙ ḋuiṅ a beiṫ ṙaṙṫa leiṙ."

"Béiḋ an aiṁṙiṙ níor ḟeaṁ," arṙa Gnae, "'ṙé
"ṙiṅ le naḋh, ḋéanṁaṁ níor ḟéaṁ ṫ ḡaċ uile
bliaḋan: caiṫṙeaṁoiḋ an ċuiḋ iṙ ḡaiṙḃe a beiṫ
aḡuiṅ aṙṙ d-áṙ.

Ag ċéud bliaḋan, ḡan aṁṙur, bí ṡe ḡaṅḋ ṡo leoṙ,
aḡur da ḟeaḃaṙ na n-deannadaṙ a n-diṫċiolt, níor
b' ḟéiḋiṙ leo níor mó na an ciór a ḋéanaṁ: aḡur
buḋ h-é ṙaiṁ an ċíoṙa da ṙiṫċiḋ ṡonṙa. Buḋ h-é
tiḡeanna na talṁan duine aṙṙḡe d'aṙ b'aiṁ
Gorcuṙ, d'aṙ ab oiṙiḡ ciór a ṫóḡḃaṙ do duine
maṙal eiḡiṅ a bí 'na ċoṁnuiḋe a Sacṙan. Do ċuiṙ
Naiḡṙtiṙ Gorciṙ roiṁe ṡo ceaṅ-daṅa an ciór

d'fagail an la bud ċóir e agus fuair sé è. Do bí Grae farta a n-ṡúilibh féin, ag smuaineaḋ gur b'é a leas é.

"A nuair a dúlṫar an ċíos aon uair amáin," ar sé, "ní feidir a iarraiḋ a-ris, agus ní'l me "a g-cumaċta duine air bíṫ: is mór an ṡólas sin. "La sé cúiṫe da m-beiḋ ċíos na leiṫ-bliaḋna air "feaḋ tamuill a' m' lamuiḃ, go m-b'féidir dó a beiṫ "feumaṁuil dam, aċt is feair gan a beiṫ faoi "ċomaoin ag duine mar Maigḋhirsin Ḣorcinn, a "ċuirfeaḋ d'fiaċaiḃ orainn a ċúiteaḋ leis a m-beaṫaċ "eigin; agus sin a nuair is lúgaḋ a béiḋ sméuineaḋ "againn air."

Bí Maigḋhirsin Ḣorcinn, 'na ṡóite duine d'á ngoirṫeas a n-Éirinn fear meaḋonaċ, i. duine a ċeaṅaigeas talaṁ ó na h-Árd-ṫigeasmaiḃ le na ḋíol a-ris níor daoine, agus go minic go ro ḋaor leis na daoinib boċta. Bí a ċuid talmhan ag Grae air ċíos ċomċróm, do bríg naċ ó Ḣorcinn do gab a ábair léagra na talmhan; aċt ón duine uasal d'á raiḃ an fear ro a' dóghail cíosa. Bí dál ag Maigirsin Ḣorcinn an talaṁ a bí feilb Grae do ċeaṅaċ, agus uime sin, buḋ ṁian leis a ċur a g-ceill do ṫigeanna na talmhan, do bí 'na ċomhnuiḋe a Sacsan, agus ag a raiḃ beagán eoluis air a ḋúċċaiḋ féin naċ raiḃ feilm Grae go ro maiṫ.—"Mur n-ḋíolfuiḋ "na Graer ro an ríos," ar sé le n-a ṫiomanóir, "cuir a g-cuid airgeid a laiṁ, agus díol go puiblíḋe "iad, fa ceaṅ oċd lá, leis an té is mó beairfear "orra. Na ealuigeaṅ siad air siúbal, beiḋ an "talaṁ gan agam, 7 is féidir ṁom a ṫabairt le "muiṅteaṙḋar dom' ċainḋiḃ féin com luaiṫ a's "ṫiocfaiḋ sé am' feilb."

Bí sé beagán meallta: oir bí an ríos díolta fúar gur an la. "Aċt," ar sé, "ní mar ro beiḋ "sé air an m-bliaḋan ro ċúgainn. La an fear ro "a' leagan a ċuid airgid a-maċ air an talaṁ, ag "déanaṁ díoz agus fal, agus ní ṫabarfaḋ sin móran "tairbe a-steaċ go h-oban. Fagfamaoid an ríos "aṅ a lamuiḃ air feaḋ bliaḋna no mar sin agus "aṅ sin déarfamoid orḃuigaḋ air le n-a ċur a-maċ, "ma fagamoid aṅ ar g-cumaċt é, ó geaḋamoid

"go cíde. Aṅ rin gaċ a n-ḋeanna re 'leir an
"teaċ, ir daṁ-ra naċḟar re aṅ roċair. Buḋ mór
"an t-amadan é a ċuid airgid a ċur a-maċ mar
"ro!"

Ṫanlaiḋ re 'na ḋiaiġ rin go n-deanna Grae fairḃe
mór de'n airgiod a leaġ re a-maċ a' cur deir air
a ċeaċ: agur rin aṅ ám agur air móḋ naċ naiḃ
ṡúl air bíṫ aige leir. Bí a ċaban a naḋarc a
bealaiġ móir a bí a' dul ċum baile timċioll míle
ón áit a naiḃ re 'na ċomnuiḋe. Ṫainic cuideaċt
foiġidiur ar Sacran ċum ceaṫraman do ġabail
fan m-baile rin, ṫainic a g-cuid mna go goirid
'na n-diaiġ. Do ġlac tiṅear cloiṅe go h-ṡban aon
de na mnaiḃ ro i bean oifigiġ. Gul na d-tainic
fiad ċum an baile, do fiad an foiġidiúr do ċioman
an ċairt aṅ a naiḃ rí ag baile beag de ċabanaiḃ
hoċta a bí air ṫaoḃ a ḃoċair: agur do ċuaiḋ re
a-fteaċ a g-ceaṅ aca, ag ḟiafraiḋ de ḃunaḋ an
tíġ a d-tabarfaḋ fiad lóirtin don mnaoi. Ag
ḟeuċain don mnaoi ṫiṅ air an g-caban ro lán de
ḋeataiġ agur de ḟalċar, ṫug rí fuaṫ ḋó: agur
d'iarr rí mar aṫċuinge air, a tabairt air a
h-aġaiḋ ċum an tíġ biġ ḋeir ġil do ċoṅairc rí tamall
beag ón áit rin. Ba h-é ro teaċ Grae.

Do ṫug a bean aoiḋeaċt agur céud míle fáilte
ḋí; d'ḟéud rí leabaḋ ḋear agur reomna anġlan.
tirim a ṫabairt di. Ai fada a n-diaiġ a ṫeaċt
di no go nuig bean an oifigiġ leanḃ, agur d'fan rí
ag Maiġistreear Grae no go d-tainic ri ċum a fláinte
7 a neirt a-ríst. Bí ri go ḃuiḋeaċ de Maiġistreear
Grae air ron go n-deanna rí móran di, agur bí
a fear amluiḋ mar an g-céudna. Ṫainic re
traṫnóna eisin ċum an ċabain biġ agur do ṗéir noir
na Sacranaċ dubairt re.

"La ḟior agad, a Maiġistrin Grae, go b-fuil
"aḃar agam-ra no ag mo mnaoi, (ó'r e an cár
"céudna é,) a ḃéiṫ buiḋeaċ ḋíoḃ-ra no dod' mnaoi;
"(noch ir ionaṅ;) uime rin, dligḋe comaoin a
"ċúitiúġaḋ. Ṫug an d-taoiseaċ-fluaiġ ordugaḋ
"dam-ra, air m-beiṫ dam mo maiġistrin-ceaṫramuin,
"cuid do ḟear-ċapollaiḃ na faiġidiúnaiḋ do netc
"go puiblíde. A-noir do ġeaṅaiḋ me an ceaṅ ti

"ꝼeaꝼ aca aꝼ ꝼꝼoꝼ-beazan, azur ṫuz me lꝼom
"aṅ ro é a n-doꝼż zo n-ꝼlacꝼa é maꝼ ꝼóꝼc cꝼꝼꝼużaꝼó
"a n-éꝼꝼic na ꝼꝼbꝼalṫaċda ṫaꝼꝼbéun ṫu ꝼéꝼn a'ꝼ
"do ḃean dam-ꝼa azur dom' ṁnaoꝼ.

Do ꝼꝼeazaꝼꝼ Gꝼae, az naḋ, zo naꝼḃ ꝼe no ḃuꝼḋeaċ
ḋé ꝼa'n n-zeamaꝼ do ṫhaꝼꝼzeal dó acht naꝼ b'
ꝼéꝼdꝼ leꝼꝼ a ꝼlacaḋ: zo naꝼḋ łuċżaꝼꝼ no ṁóꝼ aꝼꝼ
é beꝼċ a z-cumaꝼ a ṁma ꝼꝼbꝼalṫaċd aꝼꝼ bꝼċ do
ṫaꝼꝼbéunaḋ do ḋeóꝼaḋ: aċt do bꝼíż naꝼ ċonzbaꝼż
ꝼꝼad teaż-óꝼda naꝼ b'ꝼéꝼdꝼ leo ṁó aꝼꝼ bꝼċ a ꝼlacaḋ
a n-ꝼonad dꝼoluꝼżeaċta.

Ṫhaꝼċnꝼż ꝼéꝼle azur daoṅaċt an ꝼeꝼlmeoꝼꝼ Gꝼae
zo no ṁóꝼ leꝼꝼ an oꝼꝼizeaċ.—"Go deꝼṁꝼn," aꝼ ꝼe,
"Łualaꝼó me, ꝼul ma d-taꝼmꝼc me zo h-Éꝼꝼiṅ naċ
"naꝼḃ luċt ꝼanuꝼżte na n-Éꝼꝼionaċ a b-ꝼéꝼle le
"ꝼażaꝼl aꝼꝼ ḋꝼuꝼm na talṁan, azur ċꝼm zuꝼ ꝼꝼoꝼ
"é. Azur zꝼó b'é aꝼꝼ bꝼċ ałt a m-béꝼó me ó ro
"ꝼúaꝼ aꝼꝼ ꝼeaḋ mo ꝼaożaꝼl, nꝼ ċeꝼꝼꝼó me ꝼꝼn.
"Azur a-noꝼꝼ, aꝼṫċꝼm oꝼt, aꝼṫꝼꝼꝼ dam, an ꝼéꝼdꝼ
"ꝼꝼom nꝼó aꝼꝼ bꝼċ da laꝼżod a ḋéanaṁ ċoꝼḋċe le
"cꝼꝼꝼużaḋ a ḋeanaṁ leat ꝼa'n z-comaoꝼn a ċuꝼꝼ
"ṫu oꝼm: oꝼꝼ, ma'ꝼ éżżꝼn an ꝼꝼꝼiṅe ṗꝼꝼn oꝼmꝼa,
"nꝼ h-aꝼꝼ ꝼꝼom a beꝼċ ꝼaoꝼ ċomaoꝼn az duꝼne aꝼꝼ
"bꝼċ, a-nuaꝼꝼ a ḃꝼaṅ ꝼe a'm' ċumaꝼ a cꝼꝼꝼużaḋ."

"Joṅuꝼ zo z-cuꝼꝼꝼṅ a z-céꝼꝼ duꝼc," aꝼꝼa Gꝼae,
"naċ mꝼan ꝼꝼom cꝼꝼꝼużaḋ aꝼꝼ bꝼċ ḋ' ꝼaꝼꝼaꝼó oꝼt,
"ꝼṅeóꝼad duꝼc cꝼoṅuꝼ ꝼꝼ ꝼéꝼdꝼ leat oꝼꝼead no a
"ḋeꝼċ n-oꝼꝼead a ḋéanaṁ ḋam-ꝼa, a'ꝼ ꝼꝼṅe mꝼꝼe
"duꝼc-ꝼe; azur ꝼꝼn zan cażꝼꝼ pꝼżꝼne a ċuꝼ oꝼt
"ꝼéꝼn no aꝼꝼ aon n-duꝼne de'n ṁuꝼṅꝼꝼꝼ d'a b-ꝼuꝼꝼ
"ṫu a' ḋéanaṁ ꝼeꝼnbꝼꝼe."

"Jṅꝼꝼ dam cꝼoṅuꝼ ꝼꝼ ꝼéꝼdꝼ a ḋeanaṁ, ꝼ ḋéanꝼaꝼ
"é;" aꝼꝼ' an t-oꝼꝼizeaċ.

"Naꝼꝼeaḋ, ꝼo a b-ꝼuꝼꝼ me ꝼaꝼaꝼó oꝼt ꝼ. aoꝼleaċ
"ċꝼż na ꝼoꝼżꝼdꝼúꝼ a ṫabaꝼꝼt dam, a ḋéanꝼaꝼ mo
"ċuꝼd talṁan azur me ꝼéꝼn ꝼaꝼḋꝼꝼꝼ, zan tuꝼa a
"ḋeanaṁ ꝼꝼor boꝼċde: oꝼꝼ beanꝼa me luaċ coṅóꝼꝼom
"duꝼc aꝼꝼ, zꝼó b' é aꝼꝼ bꝼċ ꝼꝼ ꝼꝼá é. Aꝼ'l me az
"ꝼaꝼaꝼó oꝼt éazcóꝼꝼ da laꝼżꝼod a ḋéanaṁ aꝼꝼ a
"maꝼṅꝼꝼꝼ a b-ꝼuꝼꝼ ṫu ꝼuċa."

Do żeall an t-oꝼꝼizeaċ zo n-deanꝼaḋ ꝼe ꝼꝼn azur
céud mꝼle ꝼaꝼꝼce. D'ꝼałaꝼż Gꝼae deꝼċ n-acꝼaḋ

talmhan leis an aoileach a thug se ó thís na saighdiúr; agus bí na deich n-aspad so á g-cnaicion no maith an bliadhan na dhaig sin. Ba leóir so le deich m-bá a thógbhail: bí trí bá aige theanna, agus theanghaig se reacht g-cion eile, agus chuir se scabla ruar le a naibh do barr na g-céud ponta aige tar éis luach na m-bó do dhíol. Ba no maith an fhar im a'r boighe a dheanamh a bean agus a inghin. Mighe siad ceithre ponta san m-bliadhan ann blathaigh zach aoin bó. Do fhaill siad an t-im agus nuz siad leo é gur an mangaó a b'fhoirge dóibh. Díol siad an bhlathach le muinntir na tíre theidheaó aon a tíg 'na coighe do néin nóir na h aite sin.

Tóg siad cúig zamhana 'na ceann sin, a dhíol siad a g-cion a m-bliadhna ann cúig ghinid dhéug go léith. 'Na dhaig sin agus uile, nior thóg an tigh-boighe aimsir na mathana dutheachaigh se agus a h-inghine fúar go h-iomlán; bí ám aca fhaith do shíomhadh ann a b-fhuair siad sé ghinid. Mighe siad, man an g-céudna, nud beag ann éunlaith; acht ní dheanna siad sin acht amhain an céud bliadhan: thug Maighistir Horcinn fúrfhoznaó dóibh 'na dhaig sin, go g-caithfidh siad éunlaith an dualgais a dhíol do néin man bí d'fhiaóaibh omtha fan léar, no dá ghinid thabhairt dó zach uile bliadhan ann a fon. Ir iomda slighe bí aige, le ainglod d'fhargadh a-mach ar iocaidhibh bocca agus ní naibh mian ann bíth aige zéilleadh do na Gnaer; oir ba mó an dúil a bí aige a-noir 'na a-mian a b-feilm a beith aon a feilb féin; do bhríg, tre raochan agus dícheioll an fheilmeóna chríoña so agus a claighe, go naibh sí go mór nior fheam a-noir 'na ann d-túr.

Gidheadh go naibh a dír claighe so ós, do chuidhigh siad le n-a n-athair an talam do fhaothughadh man a a dubhamair 'noimhe. Do thionmaigh an mac ba sine mathaire beag d'ar b'ainm mathaire na luachair, ag tarnuing an uirge uaidh. A-noir ní naibh feach ann bíth le fhagail ann, agus thug a athair tainbe an mathaire so dó, agus dubairt se go n-ainmneóchadh se 'na ainm féin é. Mighe Roibeard, an té do b'óige, fhomhadh beag do neim comhainle a athair, a bí 'na chúir mhagaidh ag mháthair d'a chomhairfhaigh ann d-túr,

agus d'a n-deannadar ionghnad air deireadh. Bí an tobar ar a d-tigeadh an t-uirghe ćum lighe na láćan ag ceangh mór-ḟéin, a bí a' claonadh síos le ḟana, air mhod go m-b' ḟéidir leis an uirghe ríć air ríúbal de. D'ḟíuć Roibeard an mór-ḟéur so ran am ćeart de'n m-bliadhan, agus ćuig se bagh 'na dhíaigh sin nać b-facas a leićide 'ríamh a-roimhe anh. Do ghoir a ać air maćaire Roibeird don mór-ḟéur so, agus ćuig se luać an ḟéin ćinnm a d'ḟár air dó ḟéin.

"A-noir a buaćailliodh muinneaća," arr' an t-ać air maidh so; "do ḟaoćruigh sib-se beaghan airghid daoibh "ḟéin; agus so beaghan eile dhaoibh, an méid is feidir "liom a ḟabail. Feicidh cnéud is féidir libh a "dhéanamh leis an airghiod so. Cuirfidh se luaćghair "orm bur b-faicsin a' ceaćt air aghaidh le'n faoćar "agus le'n méirneać: ní'l me ag iarraidh orraibh a "bhéidh bur rzlabaidhibh agam-sa air feadh na coda "is feagh d'ur m-beaća; aćt bhéidh me deónaćh a "g-comhnuidhe conghnamh a ćabairt dhaoibh, mar buadh "ćóir d' ać air a bheith."

Is air eigin a d'ḟéud na buaćailliodh focal a labairt, no fneagsa air bíth a ćabairt uaća d'a n-ać air; aćt an oidhćе ćeadna sin, air m-bhéith dóibh leo féin, dubairt duine aca leis an duine eile.

"A b-facaidh ću lisin Seóin Ríl ćum a ać air, a "dhearbhraćar? Deir sríd gur ćuir se deić n-gionadh "a baile ćuige. An faoileanh tu go b-fuil se fíor?"

"Ta go deimhin; coṅairne me an lisin, agus nior "rgríobadh lisin a-ríamh ó mac ćum athair nior "carćanaigh na í. Coṅairne me na deić n-gionadh d'a "n-díol leis an t-rean n-duine a-rteać anh a laimh; "agus ba maith liom, ran am ćeadna, da m-ba mire a "bhéidh ag dhéanamh na néićе céadna le m'ać air féin."

"'Sé sin go dírneać an nídh air a raibh me a' "rmuaineadh, a-nuair a d'ḟíafraidh me díot a b-facaidh "tu an lisin. Aćt ní raibh rud air bith ag Seóin "Ríl a-nuair a ćuaidh se a g-crioćaibh coigcriće leis "an arm go h-Éigipt a-nunaigh. Go deimhin, ní "raibh dúil agam féin a-ríamh an dhroma do leanmhuin, "aćt is beag nać leon so ćum cać uighadh do ćur air "neać a dhéanamh. Da mearfuinh go m-b' ḟéidir liom

" deiċ n-ʒinid a ċur a baile ċum m-aṫar, ċuirfiñ
" me fein air rolla na raiʒidiúr a-mâraċ."

" Ni maiṫ a ḋêanaiḋ rin, a Roibeird," ansa Seóin;
" oir ta me ciñte ʒo m-b'ḟeaṁ le m'aṫair ʒo mór,
" tura bêiṫ aiʒe nâ deiċ n-ʒinid: ní airiʒim mo
" ṁaṫair boċt, aʒur Róiri, aʒur me fein d'ar ṁór
" an t-aḋbar bróin a ċloirtin ʒo n-deaċaiḋ pilêar
" ṫrid do ċeañ mar a ta a n-dân, uair êiʒin
" don muinntir a leanar an armâil. Or a
" ċioñ rin, ní ṫaiṫniʒeañ ceaṙḋ fola liom. Air
" mo ṙon-ra b' ḟeaṁ liom ealaḋan air bíṫ eile naċ
" n-dêanañ díoʒbail d'aon n-duine, aʒur ʒníḋear
" maiṫ do ṁórân ċoṁ maiṫ liom fein, mar a
" duḃairt ar n-aṫair an la a-roiṁe. Añ rin ʒíḋ
" b'ê a ʒníḋear duine, ir le coʒúar ʒlan do ʒníḋ re ê,
" aʒur ir fêidir leir a ṙólâr a bêiṫ aiʒe."

" Ta tu ceart, a Seóin, ⁊ bí mire air reaċrân
" traċt air liortail," arra Roibeard; " aċt 'rí
" lítir Seóin Ril aṁain, aʒur na deiċ n-ʒinid a
" ċuir re ċum a aṫar do ċuir añ mo ċeañ ê. Ir
" ḟeaṁ ceard air bíṫ, mar deir tura, na ceard
" ḟola. Ir fêidir liom an oireaḋ rin a ḋêanaṁ
" do m'aṫair le fanṁuin 'ra m-baile ⁊ aire ṫaḃairt
" dom ʒnoṫuide. Uime rin a-noir rlân leat; raċaḋ
" mire a ċoḋlaḋ, ⁊ ir fêidir liñ tuille a raḋ 'na
" ṫimċioll a-mâraċ."

Air maidin, la air na ṁâraċ, a-nuair a bí an
dír oʒânaċ ro a' cur poṫâtaoi ran maċaire do
bunaḋ an tiʒ, ⁊ aʒ lêir-rmuaineaḋ crêud buḋ ċóir
ḋóib a ḋêanaṁ tar êir na poṫâtaoi a bêiṫ curṫa,
cuireaḋ toirmearʒ oirṫa le ʒarrún beaʒ a ṫainic
d'a n-ioñruiḋe aʒ riṫ coṁ tapaiḋ ir d'ḟêud re, a'
ʒairm a-maċ.

" Aḋbú! aḋbú! ta feum aʒ Símeon O Doċartuiḋ
" oraib. Air ron Dê riṫiḋ trarna an ċoirraiʒ,
" ċoṁ luaiṫ 'r ir fêidir lib, ⁊ cuidiʒiḋ leir a ʒeairân
" a ṫairainʒ a-maċ ar a díoʒa úd ṫall añ ar ṫuit re
" ríor a-rêir."

Do lean an dír deaṙḃraiṫreaċa an buaċall
beaʒ air an m-ball, aʒur ṫuʒ ríad têud aʒur
aḋartar leo; óir do ṁear ríad naċ m-bêiḋ ceaċtar

aca ag Síméon' bog. Fuair síad é ag fargaḋ a lam a b-fogur don coṅamar, an áit a raiḃ an geamhan d'a ṁúcaḋ. Bí buaḋall beag globaḋ ag tsneaḋáilt éiṅ an ġeamhain le síora do-ṅóra beag geam ḟein.—
"Óc, mo ċneaḋ! mo ċneaḋ! gad é déanfar me
"gan aḋartan? An n-doiġ cailfiġṫean an geamhan,
"díoġbail aḋartain, ⁊ é'áit fan domhan mór a
"b-fuiġeaḋ me ceaṅ," arsa Síméon, 'sgan é a'
comuġaḋ aon urlaḋ amháin ar an áit—"Óc, beaṅaḋt
"Dé ḋaoib, a buaḋailliḃ, a ṫug an t-aḋartan agusṅ.
"Acht féuḋ ada an beaṫaḋ boḋt go díneaḋ cailltte.
"Aí ṫabanfaḋ an domhaṅ go léir a n-éinfeaḋt beo
"ar rin é. Laiṫfiḃ me cun rúas leis a g-caill
"⁊ a béiṫ fásta. Ṫug me cúig gliniḃ déug ain, ⁊
"léumfaḋ se nior ḟeam na geamhan ain biḋ fan
"sin. Óc, mo ṫruaiġe é! mo ṫruaiġe é! Acht glaḋaiḃ
"go rocain an cás, ó ṫagla naḋ d-tig liṅ dadaiḃ
"déanam aḋt rin. A ċneatúir boiḋt! a ċneatuir
"boiḋt!"

Aiṁsir ṫug na h-ogánaiġ luṫmain so cluas do ġeaman Síméoin, aḋt le congnam Síméoin ⁊ an dís buaḋailliḃ, do ṫamainig síad an geamhan as an coṅamar. Bí an cnéatur boḋt beag naḋ ar anal le saoḋan ag iamaiḃ ḟaġail a-maḋ; aḋt a g-cioṅ tamuill bís 'na ḋiaiġ rin, sín se é féin, ⁊ ṫainic se ċúige féin a n-díaiġ a ċéile, ain moḃ go m-b' ḟéidir leis searam. Bí leaḋ-ḋor leis 'na ḋiaiġ rin com bacaḋ rin ioṅur gun ain éigin d'ṗéud se siúbal; ⁊ dubairt Síméon go m-béiḃ se bacaḋ le n-a ḃeo.

"Acht cia smuaineóḋaḋ coiḋḋe go naḋfaḋ se
"ain seaḋfaḋ aṅ a léiṫid d'áit ġnáṅa seaḋ áit ain
"biḋ eile?" ar se; "ta ḟior agam, ain mo ṡon-sa,
"go b-fuil an áit rin com ḟaluiġṫe rin d'ṗéun ⁊
"do luibṫeannaḋ de gaḋ aon ċineal, ⁊ ta se an
"ḟad rin ó learuiġeaḋ dadaiḃ leaḋain aṅ rin le
"liṅ déanbṫaḋan m'aḋan ⁊ Bagantuiḃ, ioṅur nan
"ċuimniġ me ain aon ċon go naiḃ coṅamar, no
"cineal poill ain biḋ eile aṅ; ⁊ b' ḟeam liom go
"m-beiḃ síad so a b-fad uaim, sul ma n-déaḋaiḃ
"mo ġeamhan bneaġa a-steaḋ ioṅta ain seaḋfaḋ
"man ḋallonan: oin ir man-so bí an cás: bí se
"deiġeanaḋ fan oiḋḋe a-nuair a ṫainic me a barle

"'ṅéiṁ, ⁊ ní naiḃ me coṁ meaṙaṅḋa le bṙeiṫeaṁ. Jaṁ
"d-teaċt a ḃaile ḋam, ní ḟuaiṁ me aon n-duine
"'na ḟuiḋe aċt an cailin: ċuz me an zeaṁan dí
"le cuṁ ṙan ṙtábla, ⁊ ḋeaṁnad ṙí an doṙaṙ a
"ḋṙuṙd 'na diaiġ a ta zan zlaṙ aiṁ bíḋ, ⁊ ní naiḃ
"aċt beazan coṁṙce aiże tṙe neaṁ-aṁṙe an ḃuaċaill,
"⁊ ní naiḃ aḋaṙtan aiṁ bíḋ le n-a ċeanzal, ⁊
"ċaiṁc mo Ṡiṁ Ḃaiṙṙiṁ boċt a-maċ aṅ ṙo aiṁ
"ṙeaċṙán, maṙ bí an doṙaṙ aiṁ, ⁊ a-ṙteaċ ṙan
"coṅaṁaṙ leiṙ. Maċ naiḃ naċ aiṁ mo neaṁ-bṙaċaiṁ
"ó Ḃazaṁtuiḋ a ṙiṅe an coṅaṁaṙ aṅ ṙo aiṁ ċoṙ
"aiṁ bíḋ. Do b' ḟéidiṁ dó ṫeaċt ṙúaṙ, maṙ ba
"ċuiḃe ḋó, zan a laṁa ḟalaiġeaḋ le leaṙużaḋ ṙeiṫiḋ
"ṙalaċa"

"Ní me zo díṙneaḋ aiṁ ti naḋ leat zan buaiḋṙneaḋ
"a ḃéiṫ oṙt ṙa do ġeaṁan a ḃéiṫ bacaċ." aṙṙa
Seóiṅ Ṡṙae, "⁊ iṅṙiṅ duiṫ, da m-béiḋ an coṅaṁaṙ
"a n-eazaṁ a-ṙíṙ azad, zo m-b' ḟeḋiṁ leat luaċ
"zeaṁáin eile a ḋéanaṁ ṙúaṙ zan ṁaill."

"Ó! ní beiḋiṅ a m-buaiḋṙneaḋ le ṙud aiṁ bíḋ
"da'n t-ṙoṙt. Féuċ muillioṅ Moṙaṅa aṅ ṙúd ṫall;
"bí me a d-ṙṙioḃláiḋ a t-ṙaoġaiḷ leiṙ no zuṁ ṙeaḋ
"ṙe zo h-iomlán. Iṙ ḟéidiṁ leiṙ a muiṅciṁ a
"ṫiocṙaṙ a'm' diaiġ-ṙa a ċuṁ aiṁ ṙúbal a-ṙíṙ ⁊
"ḟáilte. La mo ḟaiṫ zo díṙneaċ azam le ṫeaċt ṙúaṙ
"aiṁ ⁊ aiṁ ṁoḋ aiṁ bíḋ ta me ṙáṙta."

"Aċt, da m-b' ḟéidiṁ leat cíoṙ coṁṫṙom ḟażaiḷ
"aiṁ an coṅaṁaṙ," aṙṙa Seóiṅ, "a n-ḋíolṙa é?"

"Aí ċuiṁṙiṅ a n-aġaiḋ ṙiṅ aiṁ aon ċoṙ, a z-cáṙ
"naċ m-béiḋ tṙiobloid dam aṅ," aṙṙa Ṡíṁeóṅ.

"Azuṙ da m-b' ḟéidiṁ leat duine éizin ḟażaiḷ
"a ċoiṅzḃeóċaḋ muillioṅ Moṙaṅa aiṁ ṙṙúbal zan
"buaiḋṙneaḋ aiṁ bíḋ ċuṁ oṙt ṙéin a z-cuiṁṙeaḋ a
"n-aġaiḋ ṙiṅ, a z-cuiṁṙeaḋ?" aṙṙa Moṙbeand.

"Aí ċuiṁṙiṅ, zo ciṅṫe;" aṙṙa Ṡíṁeóṅ az zaṁiḋ.
"Ḃíḋ b'é ḃeaṙṙaṙ Dia ḋaṁ, ma'ṙ beaz móṙ é, ta
"me ṙáṙta. Aċt na meaṙ zo b-ṙuil me am' aṁadan
"ṙa béiḋ az caiṁt ċoṁ leaṁ ṙo a d-taoḃ an ċáiṙ;
"ta ṙíoṙ azam maiṫ zo leóṙ zad é d'ḟéudṙaiṅ ḟażaiḷ
"aiṁ an muillioṅ tamvil ṙada ó ṙoiṅ, a-nýaṙṁ a
"ṙtad ṙe aiṁ d-cúṙ, da n-ḋíolṙaiṅ é leiṙ an cé
"a bí é'a ċeaṅaċ uaiṁ; aċt zíḋeaḋ zo naiḃ ṙe 'na

"ſocaiḋe coṁ maiṫ iſ b' ḟeiḋir leat ſaiṙaiḋ, 'na ḋiaiġ
"ſin ⁊ uile d'ēiriġ ſe ſúaſ am' aġaiḋ-ſa aġ an
"toġa deiġeanaċ, ⁊ uime ſin ba maiṫ liom ē beiṫ
"am' ċumaſ a ṫaḃaiṙt le tuiġſin dō naċ n-deaṙna
"me deaṙmad dē." Aiṙ an aḋḃaṙ ſin ḋiúltaiḋ me
an muilliōn a ḋíol leiṙ aiṙ ċoṙ aiṙ biṫ, ⁊ duḃaiṙt
me muṙ ſo leiſ ſan am ċeadna: "A Naiġiſtir
Hopcinſ," aṙſa miſe, "tā talaṁ Roſaña a ſeilḃ
"mo ḃunaiḋ-ſa le tuille ⁊ ḋā ċēud bliaḋan, ⁊ ġiḋeaḋ
"ġo meaſtaṙ le mōṙān daoinib 'ſna laeṫiḃ ſo ġo
"n-dēantaṙ ġaċ uile níḋ maṙ ġeall aiṙ aiṙġiod;
"⁊ ġiḋeaḋ ġo n-deaṙna tuſa, a Nhaiġiſtir Hopcinſ
"oiṙeaḋ aiṙġid 'ſa b' ḟēiḋir le mōṙān a ḋēanaṁ
"ſan am ċeadna, ⁊ ní ġoilleañ ſe oṙm-ſa, ní mōṙ
"liom ḋuiṫ ġo lēiṙ ē; aċt beiḋ me ċoṁ dāna a'ſ
"a ṙaḋ leat, naċ m-bēiḋ talaṁ Roſaña no ṙoiñ
"no cuid aiṙ biṫ dē, ad' ḟeilḃ ġo bṙaċ a n-aſġaiḋ
"no le ceañaċ, a Naiġiſtir Hopcinſ, coṁ ḟāda
"a'ſ beiḋeaṙ miſe beō."—Do laſ ſpioṙad ṁuiñtiṙe
Doċaṙtuiḋ ioñam; ⁊ aiṙ ſon ġo nġoiṙiḋ ġaċ uile
ḋuine Sīmeōn ſaiṁ dam, tā ſplanc de ſpioṙad ċeaṙt
ioñam 'na ḋiaiġ ſin. Aċt na bocāin beaṙaċ ſo,
luċd-deanta an aiṙġid, ēiriġeaṙ ſúaſ ōn t-ſalċaṙ
aṁāin ſa coſaiḃ ḋuine, aiṙ mo ſon-ſa, ní ṫaiṫniġeañ
ſiad liom aiṙ aon ċoṙ. A-noiſ, a ḃuaċaillid, buḋ
maiṫ liom lēaſ a ṫaḃaiṙt daoiḃ aiṙ ṁuilliōñ Roſaña
taṙ ēiſ diúltaḋ ṫaḃaiṙt do Hopcinſ: ōiṙ ḃí ſiḃ ḟēin
⁊ ḃuṙ n-ataiṙ ṙoṁaiḃ, a ḃuaċaillid, ṙo ċaṙṫanaċ
a ġ-coṁnuiḋe liom-ſa. Ataim ṙēiḋ ċum laḃaiṙt
liḃ a d-taoḃ an toñaṁaiſ ⁊ uile, ⁊ ḃeiṙim buiḋeaċaſ
daoiḃ ſa mo ġeaṙān do taiṙaiṅġ ḋam aiṙ maidin.
An ſiuḃalḟaiḋ ſiḃ ſúaſ ⁊ deaṙtaḋ aiṙ an muilliōn?
Raċaiñ ḟēin liḃ, aċt iſ ēiġin dam a ḋul ċum liaiġ-ċa-
poll a d-taoḃ ċoiſe Siṙ Haiſiṙt, añ aiṫ a ḃeiṫ mo
ṡeaſaṁ añ ſo níoſ ḟaide. Beañaċt Dē liḃ, a
ḃuaċaillid. Bēaṙḟaḋ an cailin eoċaṙ an ṁuillin
daoiḃ, ⁊ taiſḃēunḟaḋ ſí ġaċ uile níḋ daoiḃ ċoṁ
maiṫ 'ſda m bēiḋiñ ḟēin 'ſa laṫaiṙ.

Do ċṙaṙ Sīmeōn a ċōṫa mōṙ ſúaſ 'na ṫimċioll,
⁊ ſúd aiṙ ſiúḃal ē ġo liaiġ na ġ-capoll. Bi luaṫġaiṙ
mōṙ aiṙ an diſ deaṙḃṙaiṫriḃ ſan am ċeadna do
ḃṙiġ ġo ṙaiḃ ſiad aiṙ tí an muilliōn d'ḟaiċſin,

'rzáṅ á bèiṫ aż éirdeaċt leireaṅ aż ríoṅ-ċáiṅt. Bí Síméoṅ 'na ċabaire neaṁ-ṫuiṅreaċ áiṅ ṗeaḋ aṅ lae, ḋiṅ ní raiḃ aoṅ ṅíḋ le déaṅaṁ aige áċt a bèiṫ a' caiṅt. Gaċ uaiṅ dá m-bíaḋ tráċt aiṅ ṫalám Roṁaṅa, nó uaiṅ áiṅ bíṫ a ḃuiṅeaḋ ṁóṫuġaḋ ṗeiṅṡé aiṅ, bí re 'na ċaiṅteoiṅ naċḃaṗaċ.

AN DARA LAIBIDIN.

ÁRA m-breaṫnuġaḋ an ṁuillin do Ṡéoin Gnae, ṫug re ṗa deara go raiḃ an ḃróg ṁuillin úaċdaraċ 'na luiḋe aiṅ an g-ceaṅ ṡaċdaraċ ⁊ gur b'é ro aṁain a rroṗ an muillioṅ ó bèiṫ aiṅ ríúbal. Ní raiḃ cuid aiṅ bíṫ eile dé caiṫte no bríṫce no ar ordugaḋ. Dala an coṅaṁuir, bí re go mar ar ordugaḋ, aċt bí re aiṅ na ṡuiḋe go ro ċóṁgaraċ. Bí uirge go líonṁar le ṗaġail aiṅ ṫaoḃ dé, ⁊ bí craiṅ daraiġ curṫa aiṅ a ċúl, ṡoṅur go m-b' ṗéidiṅ caiṅt ṗaġail go reiḋ aṅ. Ba re ciṅte gur mór a milleaḋ caiṅt na g-craṅ ro, a ċuiṅ a neaṁ-ḃraṫaiṅ cúramaċ ⊕ Ḃaġarcuiḋ, ó ṫainic ríaḋ a reilb Ṡíméoiṅ; ḋiṅ, ṫre neaṁ-ċúram, (mar ba ġnáṫaċ leir,) léig re an airṅéir a-rteaċ 'na meaṡg. Do ġeaṁ re, mar ar g-ceadna a-noir a'r a-ṅir móṙan don amuid a b' ṗeaṁ ṙul ma d-ṫaiṅic re ċum a ṡomlaine, a-núaiṅ a ṫearduġeaḋ airṡiod uaiḋ ċum a ṅiaċdanar do ċoṙg: ⁊ ṙan ám ro ṗéin, ṙuair na Gnaer ġaċ uile ċraṅ a b' ṙúi airneaṁ leaġṫa a-maċ le ġearraḋ; ⁊ an ḃa ċéud liṫiṅ d'aiṅm Ṡíméoiṅ ui Ḋoċartuiḋ curṫa mar coṁarṫa orṙṫa.

Ríor dubairt an dír deardḃraiṫṫeaċa criṙoṅa ro ríor mó le Ṡíméoṅ a d-ṫaoḃ an muillin no an coṅaṁair, no gur ṡaṁ ríaḋ coṁairle aiṅ a n-aċair. Dubairt re leo troṅṙgaḋ go h-airneaċ aż ṫainṙgriṫ do Ṡíméoṅ cúram an ṁuillin ⁊ an coṅaṁair a ġabail orṙṫa ṗéin aiṅ ṙeaḋ bliaḋna aiṅ ron cuid éigin

de'n tainbe: ⁊ aṅ rin da b-feicfeaḋ riaḋ go m-beiḋ cormulaċt ompa ḋul ain aġaiḋ go maiṫ, go m-b féidir leo léar do ġabail ain a n-iomlán. Ní naiḃ cur rúar ain biṫ aġ Simeón an rocruġaḋ ro a ḋeanaṁ leo, ⁊ ní naiḃ baoġal ain biṫ ḋóiḃ-ran roiṅ a beiṫ aca ṁir; do ḃriġ, ma ḃí re 'na ḋuine ḟailliġeaċ leirġeaṁail, go naiḋ re enearda ⁊ dionġmalta ain a focal do fearaḋ ⁊ a ġeallamuin do ċom-líonaḋ. Do ṁíneadar neiḋteaċ ne ċéile, go m-béiḋ re ain ċumar Seóin ⁊ Moibeinn, an mailliṡoṅ ⁊ an toṅamar do ċonġbail no a ṫabairt ráar fo ċeaṅ na bliaḋna, ⁊ ḋein an da am, iad-ran na gnoċaiḋe do ċun ain aġaiḋ do Simeón, ⁊ cuiḋ iomcuḃaiḋ de'n tainbe a béiṫ aca ain ron a n-aimrine ⁊ a raoċain.

Ṫuaiḋ riaḋ ain a n-aġaiḋ leir an mailliṡon ⁊ an toṅamar ain feaḋ na bliaḋna, go móir uiṡor feain na mar do faoil riaḋ. Bí Simeon ro foṅmar ain léar fada a ṫabairt dóiḃ ain na foirġneamaiḃ, ain ċoinġiol céud go léiṫ ponta a ḋíol riar leir a laiṁ. Ḃóġ a n-aċain an t-ruim airġid ro dóiḃ, oir bí creideamuin maiṫ aige, ⁊ b' féidir leir baṅuige fearmaċ a ṫabairt uaiḋ: do ḃriġ go naiḋ feiṁ talman no maiṫ aige, a bí a m-blaċ 'r a foġran a-noir: ⁊ leaġ riaḋ a-maċ an t-airġiod a ḋíol fan air leir ain an móó ro, i. roiṅ airiḋe ṫabairt dó ġaċ aon bliaḋan ar a d-tainbe.

Ní naiḃ na h-ozanaiġ ro ear-uṁumaċ no neamaireaċ le liṅ a beiṫ réumṁar dóiḃ. Ṫuaiḋ riaḋ ain a n-aġaiḋ le n-a n-gnoċuiḋe go buan-fearmaċ; bí riaḋ ráṫa teaċt ráar go mearaṅḋa ⁊ obair ċruaiḋ b'ḟulaṅg ain feaḋ tamall. Do ṁear móṅan d'ozanaiḃ na tíre ain ġaċ taoḃ díoḃ i. claṅ luċd ceirde ⁊ ġabaltuiḋe a d'ḟeud b'ḟéidir capall no dó ċeaṅaċ, no dó no trí culaiḋ éadaiġ ran m-bliaḋan ⁊ le'r ba ṁian iad féin a ċun a g-céim úaral; ⁊ a ċaiṫ a n-aimrire aġ fiaḋaċ, aġ eunlaṫoireaċt, no aġ comrac coileaċ; ṁear riaḋ, a deirim, go m-ba h-ozanaiġ lagrioṅaidiġ na Gnaer, air ron go naiḃ riaḋ com tuġta rin d'obair. Do ríneadar fáiḋeoraċd a d-taoḃ na n-deanbnaṫreaċa ro, i. a-nuair a ċrinneoċaḋ riaḋ faiḋbnear, nać m-beiḋ an cnoiḋe no an féile aca le n-a ċaiṫeaḋ, na le fóiar air biṫ do bainc ar. Ríċt

ir mór a bí ríad meallta. Do réir an nóir air tuzaḋ rúar na Gnaer, nior ṁear ríad zo raiḃ rólar no aoiḃneas air bíṫ a z-cruṅuzaḋ raiḋḃrir a-main. Aí air, ron an airzid féin acc mar ġeall air zaċ níḋ da m-b'ḟeidir ḟaġail air, ġnaḋaiḋ ríad é; ⁊ ṁear ríad nar b'ḟeidir do ḋune rólar ní buḋ ṁó d'ḟaġail do ḃair airzid, no ḟéum ní a b'ḟeair a ḋeanaṁ dé na cuḋuġaḋ le n-a n-aṫair ⁊ le n-a maṫair aṅ a ṡráċdanar. A-núair a ḋíol ríad le n-a n-aṫair an céud zo léiṫ ponta a d'ioc re air a ron 'noiṁ rae, 'na ḋiaiġ rin do ċionrzunuḋ ríad air ċaḃan dear a ċur rúar dó, a b-ḟozur don z-coill ⁊ do ṁullioṅ Roraṅa, aṅ air alun aṅ an ċualaiḋ ríad é a' raḋ aon úair aṁain zo m-buḋ ṁaiṫ leir teaċ a beiṫ aize.

Duḃnaman 'noiṁe, zo raiḃ bnaṫ az Maiġirtir Ḃorcinn air an b-ḟeilm ro, ⁊ zo m-ba ṁian leir a ḃéiṫ péiḋ leir na Gnaer: aċt nior b'ḟurar dó rin do ḋeanaṁ, do bníġ zur ḋíolaḋ an ċíor a z-coṁnuḋe zo bíċċirte. Aí raiḃ leiṫrzéul air bíṫ aize an t-eallaċ do ċíomainn, ḟú man ġeall air ḋualzar na n-éunlaiṫ: bí ríad a z-coṁnuḋe péiḋ az Maiġirtnear Gnae ran am ċóir. Or a ċioṅ rin, ba ṁór an t-aḋḃar bnóin ⁊ feirze le Maiġirtir Ḃorcinn na Gnaer ḟaiceal az teaċt air a n-aġaiḋ ċoṁ maiṫ rin zaċ nle bliaḋan air a ċuo talman: bí re air ríor-laraḋ le tnuṫ ḟa ḟéun a ċomarran ḋíċċiollaiġ ḟalanṫaiġ; ⁊ ba leór cur tairbe da laiġiod ċum a ṫnuṫ do ċomuġaḋ. A-noir, bí iomṫnuṫ aize dó air ron a ṁóin-ḟéir ġlara, ⁊ a-nír man ġeall air ċanairte ime a bí re ċur zo Baile-aṫ-cliaṫ. Do ṫéiḋeaḋ deiċ m-ba Gnae zaċ maidin ⁊ tnaṫnóna zo bíċċirte ṫart le ḟuṅeóġ Ḃorcinn, ⁊ ir minic naċ m-biḋeaḋ raraḋ aize aṅ a ċeudoinzaḋ no aṅ a ḟurpéar az dearcaḋ ormṫa zo bnónaċ; aċt nior ċur nud air bíṫ buaiḋneaḋ air an dune ḟuaṫman ro coṁ móir le aoileaċ ṫiġ na raiġidiúr. Ba ġnaṫaċ leir rearam az a ḟuneóġ féin, ⁊ zaċ nle ualaċ aoiliġ a ṫeiḋeaḋ ṫart zo feilm Gnae do ċomairneam zo bnónaċ dolaraċ.

Aṅe re a ḋíċċioll aon uair aṁain dioġbail móir a ḋéanaṁ do ċairaid Gnae a an t-oifizeaċ, az cur carraoide a-tteaċ or ifioll 'na aġaiḋ zur ġlac re

bṡiḃ ó Ġrae, ⁊ ġur ḋíol ṡe aoileaċ ṫíġ na ṡaiġḋiúṁ leiṡ, níor ṡaoiṁe na ṁuṁ taiṁġeaḋ ḋó ó ḋaoiṁiḃ éile ann; aċt go h-aġaṁuil, ní naiḃ ḋúil ann biḋ aġ an taoiṡeaċ le a n-ḋeanna ṡe an ċaṡaoiḋ ṡo níḋ ann biḋ ḋ'iṅṡiu dó or ṡṡoll: ṡiṅe ṡe loiṁġeoṡaċt a ġ-cár na ṡṡiṡiṅe go ṡubliḋe, ⁊ ṡuaṡaṡ a-maċ ⁊ cṡuċuġeaḋ go ṡoleiṡ cneaṡḋaċt an oiṡṡiġiġ ⁊ cealġ Ḣoṡcinṡ: ⁊ aṅ ait doċaṡ a ḋéanaṁ do Ġrae don ġ-caṡaoiḋ ṁoṡġuṅeaċ ṡo, 'ṡé an ṡud a ċuaiḋ ṡí ċum ṡoċaiṡ dó; oiṡ ḋ'iṅiṡ an taoiṡeaċ an ṡġeul don taoiṡeaċ a ḃí ann ċeaṫṡaṁ ṡan m-baile 'na ḋiaiġ ṡéin, ⁊ é-ṡean don ḃ-ṡean a ṫainic 'na ḋiaiġ-ṡan, ann móḋ naċ naiḃ maiṫ do Ṁaiġiṡtiṡ Ḣoṡcinṡ cuṡ a-ṡteaċ ann ṡon an aoiġ ann aon ċoṡ 'na ḋiaiġ ṡin. Fuain Ġrae a ġ-coṁnuḋe é 'ṡoiṁ' dune ann biḋ eile. Bhí Ḣoṡcinṡ ann cúṫaċ, ⁊ níor b'ṡeidiṡ leiṡ a ṡuaċ no ṡeanġ do ċoṡġ ṡa ṫeóṡan ann biḋ aċt teoṡain an dlíġe aṁain.

Fa ḋeiṡeaḋ, ṡuain ṡe a-maċ ġléur do ṡéiṡ dliġe le ḋíoġḃail a ḋeanaṁ d'a naṁuḋ. Bí ṡoiṅ ṫalṁan le Ṁaiġiṡtiṡ Ḣoṡcinṡ idir ṡeilm Ġrae ⁊ an móinṫeaċ; ⁊ ní naiḃ móinteaċ ann biḋ ṡan ġ-coṁanṡanaċḋ aċt é: a-noiṡ, ní léiġṡeaḋ ṡe do Ġrae no do ḋune ann biḋ d'a ṁuṅṫiṡ, aon ṡóḋ móna do ṫaṁainġ ṫṡíḋ n-a ċuḋ talṁan, agur ṫoiṡṁeaṡġ ṡe go h-iomlan ann a íocaiḋiḃ boċta gan ṡóḋ móna a ḋíol leiṡ. Ṡaoil ṡe go ġ-cuṡṡeaḋ ṡe ó ṫeaċ 'ṡ ó áit a naṁuḋ ann an móḋ ṡo.

Ṫainiaiḋ neiṫe a beiṫ man ṡo a-nuain ba ṁían le Seóin ⁊ le Ḣoiḃeanḋ teaċ a ċun ṡúas d'a n-áṫain aġ Ḣoṡaṅa. Níor ċéill ṡiad a ṡúy ann; oiṡ níor ṁían leo ṡud ann biḋ a ḋéanaṁ naċ d-taiṡneoċaḋ leiṡean ⁊' le n-a maṫain. Bí a n-deiṡḃṡiúṡ Ḣóiṡi naṅ-ṗáinteaċ leo ṡan ule ċoṁainle; ⁊ a ġ-caiṫeaṁ na d-tṡí m-bliaḋna déiġeanaċ ba ġnaṫaċ leí dul le ṡólar ṁóṡ ġaċ aon la, ṫaṡ éiṡ a h-obain laé a ċṡíoċnuġaḋ, go muillion Ḣoṡaṅa, ioṅuṡ go ḃ-ṡeicṡeaḋ ṡí cíoṅuṡ a ḃí a deanḃṡaiṫneaċa a' dul ann a n-aġaiḋ. Naċ aoiḃiṅ do ġaċ aon bunaḋ ṫíġ naċ m-bíaṅ ṡuaċ no mórġain eatoṁa, ⁊ aṅ a m-bíaṅ pléiṡṡiúṡ aġ ġaċ aon n-dune ṡa léiṫ a ṡonar an iomlain. Do ṫaiṫníġ cumaṅ ⁊ ṡéile na claiṅe go ṡo móṡ le Ġrae.

Bí Sean a-voir ení bliadna air fiéid, ⁊ ní raib a deanbhaṫair aċt dá bliadan ní b'óige na é.

"A buaċaillíḋ mhíneaċa," ar se, "ní'l rud air
" bíṫ a b'ḟeam liom féin ⁊ le'r maṫair, ná cabair
" beag dear a beiṫ agus a b-fogur daoiḃ, air an
" m-ball ċéadna a leag me a-maċ dá bliadan ó foin
" mar a deir rib liom. Ní'l ran g-cabair so aṅ a
" b-fuilmid 'nar g-comhnuḋe a-noir, aċt fóir áiṫe
" gan maiṫ, déir a bruair me do ḋaċair ag iarraiḋ
" a ḋongbail ṡúar, ⁊ neam-ḋeóin a n-déanamaṅ Róiri le
" n-a ċongbail glan gleóidhe taoḃ a-ṡuig. Ir feidir
" liṅ teaċ ir ḟeam ná é a ċur ṡúar a-nour, ⁊ ir maiṫ
" liom a béiṫ ar comaċta ġeur-leanamhnu Naiġiriṫin
" Forcinn. Mime rin tionṡnamoid ⁊ cuireamoid
" teaċ úr ṡúar. Béarfaiḋ rib-se conġnam uaiḃ, a
" buaċaillíḋ, ⁊ ní ṫabharfaiḋ rib uaiḃ aċt conġnam;
" cuimnigiḋ, a deirim, nać d-tabharfaiḋ rib uaiḃ aċt
" conġnam. Agus tá fúil agam gur féidir liom-sa
" air an m-bliadan so ċuġaiṅ cuidiġaḋ lib-se teaċ
" a ċur ṡúar do gaċ aon n-duine agub. Ir míṫid
" daoiḃ ṡmuaineaḋ air fóraḋ, ⁊ air rib féin a
" ḟocruġaḋ. Ir maiṫ an rud do ḋúne teaċ a béiṫ
" réiḋ aige d'a ċéile. Béiḋ baile beag agus féin
" ag Roraṅa. Cía aige b-fuil ḟior nać maireḋ
" me le claṅ mo ċlaiṅe ḟaicrin, 'read, ⁊ a g-claṅ-
" ran 'na ḋiaiġ rin, 'na g-comhnuḋe air gaċ taoḃ
" ḋíom, raoċaraċ, ralaṅṫaċ, ⁊ ṡarta."

Ċuir síad ṡúar do laṫair cabair úr d'a n-aṫair ag Roraṅa, ⁊ do ċuaiḋ se a ċomhnuḋe aṅ an t-earraċ 'na ḋiaiġ rin. Air d-túr niḋe siad gamḋaḋ; ⁊ ċuir síad zabairte ⁊ meacna, ṡir ⁊ póna ne aṅ, ⁊ beagan do blaṫaiḃ bneaġa. B'ait le Róiri a béiṫ ag taḃairt aire don n-gamḋaḋ so. Do leag a deanbhaṫṫneaċa a-maċ maċaire beag dear glar or coiḃe an domhain, ⁊ úair síad fal ṡgeaiġe ⁊ dhireóige air. Bí ṗana síor-ṡir an maċaire go brúaċ an uṡge, ⁊ b'ḟeidir an muillion ⁊ na cnaiṅ ḟaicrin ó ḟuṅeóguḃ an ḟarlúr. Ní raiḃ caban nior déire, no go deimin ċom dear leir ran tír rin arísam 'noirhe.

Aċt b'ḟeam go róir an deaġ-ṫeaċt le ċéile a bí a g-comhnuḋe eatorra ná an caban dear, an

gaṁḋaḋ cuṁṗa, an ḃaiṗreaċ or coṁaiṗ an ḋoṁṡ, 'ˢ an ḟál ṡgeaiġe aiṗ gaċ taoḃ de'n m-baiṗriġ.

Ta moṗan aṅ aġ a ḃ-ḟṡl na taiṗte ˢ na mílte, a ta boċt 'na ḋiaiġ riṗ, do ḃṗíġ ġuṗ miaṗ leo tṡlle a ḃéiṗ aca. Joṅuṗ go d-taḃaṗṗṡṅ rompla uaim, Naiġirtiṗ Ḃoṗciṗ, a ṡgṗíob a gceaṅ a ċéile ṗiċċiḋ míle ponta, no, maṗ deiṗ dṗeam eile, deiċ míle ṗiċċiḋ, ˢ riṗ aiṗ ṗeaḋ ċṡġ m-bliaḋan déuġ, ní naiḃ la roṗaiṗ no réiṗ aige ṗáḋ a'ṗ ḃí re d'a ċṗṡṅṅġaḋ, no 'na ḋiaiġ riṗ: oiṗ ḃi re d'iṅtiṅ ṡaṗtaċ mí-ṡáṗta. Aí'l da ṁéud da naiḃ aige naċ móide ba ṁíaṗ leiṗ a ḃéiṗ aige. Aíoṗ ḃ'ṗéidiṗ leiṗ roṗaṗ a ċoṁaṗṗaṗ d'ṡulaṅġ, ˢ na niṅe ṡoṁċṗuṫ diċċiollaċ ṡolaṗṫaċ é, ġíḋeaḋ raṗ áṁ ċeadna niṅe rí mí-ṡṗoṗa é. Agur ġíḋeaḋ go naiḃ re 'na ḋṡṗe aṅ-tṡoṗa do ṗéiṗ baṗaṁṡle na ṗṡḃliġeaċta, 'na ḋiaiġ riṗ níoṗ ḃ'ṗéidiṗ leiṗ ṡólaiṗ na beaċa ro do ḃéiṗ aige maṗ ġeall aiṗ mí-ṡaṗaṁ a iṅtiṅe ṗéiṗ. Aí naiḃ bean no claṅ aige le coṅġbail ṡúaṗ. Aíoṗ míaṗ leiṗ póṗaḋ, do ḃṗíġ go ḃ-ḟṡl bean coṗdaṗaṁṡl, ˢ ṗáiṗdiḋ níoṗ meaṗa na ġeaṁaḋ. Aí naiḃ biṅ aige aiṗ nuḋ aiṗ ḃíċ aċt aiṗ ṡaiḋḃṗeaṗ amáiṅ. Aíoṗ ċuġ re, ní h-é amáiṅ, ṡólaṗ aiṗ ḃíċ ḋó ṗéiṗ, ṗíú néiċe níaċḋaṗaċ na beaċa. Do ḃí re 'na aoṅaṗ raṗ doṁaṅ. Bí ṗíoṗ aige naċ naiḃ ġeaṅ aġ dṡṅe aiṗ ḃíċ aiṗ. Do léiġ re a ṡdaiṗ ṗéiṗ a ṡṡlíḃ a ċoṁaṗṗaṗ go léiṗ. Do b'ṗéaṗaċ do ġaċ neaċ ġuṗ aiṗ mí-ṡéuṅ ḋaoiṅe eile a d'áṗdwġ re é ṗéiṗ; ˢ ní'l da áiṗḋe d'aṗ éiṗiġ re naċ móide ḃí a loċta ṡoillériṗ. A-núaiṗ a léiġ dṡṅe aiṗ ḃíċ a ġnoċṡḋe a ḃ-ḟáilliġe, no tuġaḋ le mí-aġ ċum ṗíṗ-niaċċaṅuiṗ é, ḃí Ḃoṗciṗ ṗa néiṗ a g-coṁṅṡḋe le buṅtaiṗte do ḃṗéiċ aiṗ aṅ a ċṗuaḋoġ. Do ċíġeaḋ re a g-coṁṅṡḋe aiṗ d-túṗ ċuca le caiṗdeaṗ ḃṗéiġe; aċt ní ṗáḋa go m-ḃíḋeaḋ aḋḃaṗ ḃṗóiṅ aġ an ṁṡṅtiṗ a ċṡṗṗeaḋ a n-doċċuṗ go dí-ċeilliḋe aṅ. Aiṗ m-béiċ ḋó neaṁ-ṡṡṁeaṁṡl aṅ a ċlíu, 'ṗ gaṅ daoṅaċt aiṗ ḃíċ aṅ, ní naiḃ aon ṡgṅúbal aige a ċaiṗḃe do leaṅṁṡṅ coṁ ṗáḋa le ḃṗuaċ na ṡlíġe ro d'a n-goiṗṗeaḋ an dlíġe, ṡlíġe na ceiṗġe. Bhí ṗíu a luċt-gaoil ṗéiṗ a'caṗaoiḋ go n-deaṗṗa ṗé eaġcoiṗ oṁa 'ṗ gaṅ cáṗ aiṗ ḃíċ aiṗ ṗa ṡíṅ a ḋéaṅaṁ, 'ṗ ní ḃéiḋ roiṅ aġ dṡṅe

ain bíḋ leis an b-ḟear so aċt duine gan eólus ain a ċeardas, no duine a b-ḟís-ṡiaċdaḋur. Gad ó an ṁaiṫ a bí ḋó ḟéin no do ḋuine ain bíḋ eile 'sna ṁiltib bí cruinniuġċa a g-ceaṅ a ċéile aige?

AN TREAS LUIBIDH.

Bhí Maiġistir Ḟoscinn ain buile a-núair a ċoṅaiṁc se nar b'ḟéidir leis Gnae a ġabail aṅ a líon mar ḟaoil se. Coṅaiṁc se an cabán dear ag éiriġ, ⁊ muillion Roraṅa ag oibriuġaḋ, neaṁ-ḋeóin a ṁiorġuis. Bhí se aḃ-ḟad ag léis-ṡmuaineaḋ ain uṁóid éigin 'na ḟoċd. Ain m-béiṫ ḋó.la ainide 'na ḟearaṁ ain ṁullac sléḃe aṅ a ḋuċċaiḋ ḟéin, air ó'n ḟéud se an cís 'na ċimċioll ḟaiscin; d'aṁarc se ain an b-Ḟaṁċar beag a bí a reilb a naṁuid. Luig se naṁuid mar ainm a g-coṁnuide omṫa so d'a raiḃ se féin 'na naṁuid. Is gnaċaċ meanball mar so ain ḋuine, an tan a bíaṅ se a b-ḟeinn.

"Ní béiḋ muillion Roraṅa ain bun blíaḋan ó "'nú, no ní Ḟoscinn is ainm daṁ-sa;" an se leis féin.—"Ní'dig me díoġaltas a n-aġaiḋ na n-Gnaer "so, ⁊ ísleóċaḋ me iad sul a scadaiḋ me. Ní "ċoḋlóċaḋ me go socain ċoiḋċe no go g-cuinniḋ me "ain siúbal go h-iomlán ar an cís iad."

'Na ḋiaiġ sin, níor b'ḟuṁar aitneabaiġ ċoṁ cneasda macanta leo so do ċiomaint ar an cís. 'Se an ċéud ainid a ċuin se noiṁe déanaṁ, an maċaine a bí a n-gar don muillion a ċeaṅaċ ó Síneóin O Doċartuiḋ. Do ṡíċ an snucan ċnío an maċaine so: ⁊ ḟuain Ḟoscinn taċneaṁ móin ag tabaint ḟa déana go miorġuiseaċ, go m-b'ḟéidir leis an snucan aċnuġaḋ, ⁊ an t-uisge a ċur ain siúbal ón muillion go h-uile 'r go h-iomlán ain beagan corḋais. Ḟán am so do bí Síneóin boċt a g-cruaḋoġ móin tre a ċionta féin, ain móḋ go n-b'éigin dó ġeilleaḋ don ṡiaċdaḋur, neaṁ-ḋeóin an ḟiosnaḋ uaiḃneaċ a bí aige. Laindiu aċnuġaḋ

mór air, a z-caiṫeaṁ na d-tri m-bliadna déiḡeanaċ. An fad bí se zan forad ba leór a ċeaċt a-ṡteaċ le n-a ċonzbail súas a n-di-ṁaoineas.

'Na diaiḡ rin, do ṡmuainiḡ Simeón boḡ fa deineaḋ air fóraḋ; no buḋ ċóna a naḋ, do ḡlac cailin óḡ ḡlic, a bí 'na muinnin aige air feaḋ ruim do bliadnaiḃ, aṅ a ceaṅ cur d'ḟiaċaiḃ air fóraḋ. Bhí sí fín-eolaċ air a ṁeallaḋ le briaṫraiḃ mire, ⁊ mar an z-céadna air briaṫraiḃ borba do labairt leis. Ní raiḃ se inṁearta go m-b'ḟéidir le duine com focair le Simeón searaṁ a n-aḡaiḋ duine aṅ a raiḃ an da ċailiḋeaċt so a z-ceaṅ a ċéile.

Do labair se mar so leis féin:—"Do ċaill "me dá oiread lei, mar tá sí, a's da m-béiḋ sí "'na mnaoi agam. Ní'l tairbe air bíḋ aice cúram "do déanaṁ do níḋ air biṫ a baineas daṁ-sa, aċt "aṁain an saoḡal a ċur ṫart, ⁊ gaċ a b-ḟéudaṅ a "déanaṁ dí féin, 's d'a claiṅ. Agus ta an ċlaṅ, "mar an z-céadna, ó beag go mór, ag goid 's a' "súadaċ gaċ uile ṅéiṫe da b-ḟéidaṅ siad gneim do "breiṫ air, ⁊ da ċur air léiṫ dóiḃ féin. A-noir "ma ḡnim mo bean dlisteanaċ dí, mar is mian lei "⁊ mar ta sí iarraiḋ, béiḋ cuid aice féin de gaċ "uile níḋ ċoṁ maiṫ liom-sa, ⁊ naċad se ċum tairbe "dí féin aire ṫabairt do gaċ uile níḋ. Is bean "beó ṫaraiḋ í, ⁊ sabailfuiḋ sí móran triobloídeaṁ, ⁊ déanaiḋ sí a díṫċioll gaċ uile rud a déanaṁ "ċoṁ maiṫ is féidir lei mar ḡeall air a claiṅ; ⁊ "a-núair adṁuiḡeoċaḋ mise iad go léir, mearfuiḋ "siad gur b'ionaṅ iad féin ⁊ mise, mar deir si-si; "⁊ or a ċioṅ sin, ní ṫig liom sioṫċain a béiṫ "agam air ḡléur air biṫ eile."

Joṅur naċ n-zabfaḋ Simeón cúram no triobloíd an porta air féin, ⁊ naċ m-béiḋ se ag ciarail le sgollóir mna, (an níḋ is triobloídiḡ san domhan,) do ṁear se leanan mna a ċonzbail, ⁊ a-noir, ċum ruaiṁneas a béiṫ aige, do ṗór se í. Dearbuiḡ sí dó naċ m-béiḋ sioṫċain no ruaiṁneas ċoiḋċe aice, go m-béiḋ sí 'na mnaoi dlisteanaiḡ aige; ⁊ nar b'ḟéidir lei, air aon ċor, ḟulang dó-san móiṁeaḋ sioṫċana beiṫ aige.

Do ṗór Simeon ar laiṁ í, mar dubairt se féin,

acht ní naib fan b-pórad fin acht torac trioblóide. Bí mórán de lucht-saoil ag an mnaoi nuaḋ-pórda; ⁊ ṫainic uimir mór aca ar ṡaċ uile ṫaoḃ air ċuaint aice tar éis a pórda. Nior b'féidir le n-a ḟear, a bí 'na duine ḟirintiaċ, a ḋoras a ḋruid a n-aṡaid duine air bíḋ. Bí muinteir Doċartuiḋ, tuille ⁊ céud, 'read, ḋa ċéud bliaḋan ó ṁoin, cluiṫeamuil fa n-a b-féile, ⁊ bí re d'úalaċ air Síméon ⊙ Doċartuiḋ cluá a muintire do ċonṡbail ṡúar. Bí ceaṫair claiṅe aige le taḃairt ṡúar, 'r ṡan iad orra oibre déanamh dó; oir bí fuaċ an-mór aca air obair, ċoṁ maiṫ le n-a n-aṫair. D'aṫruiġ barramuil na puiblideaċda a d-taoḃ Síméoin go h-oban. An méid a raib ṡaol air bíḋ aca le muinteir Doċartuiḋ, ⁊ a raib eaṡla ormṫa go m-beid re féin ⁊ a ċlann aṡ iarraid conṡnaid ormṫa, ṡair síad a-maċ a n-aṡaid, aṡ rad; "Naċ mór an náire don b-fear ro naċ n-déanann re rud éigin dó féin, 'r d'a mhuintir! Cionnus ir féidir dóib ro, naċ "n-déanann ralaṫar air bíḋ dóib féin, ṡúl a béid "aca caḃair d'ḟaṡail ó ḋaoinib eile? Ta re ṡárta "go deimin! Ta, ⁊ caiṫfiḋ re béiṫ ṡárta ṡan mairl "na talta a ta a b-fád a reilb a ṁinnion a ḋíol; ⁊ "'na ḋiaiġ sin, muna n-déanaid re dícioll, caiṫfiḋ "re béiṫ sarta a ḃreiṫ ċum a ṗrioṡúin. Ta re "peacamhuil aṡ duine air bíḋ anan a díoṁaoinir "d'ícead go ṡárta."

Ir minic a dubhrad ro, ⁊ cainnt mí-ċlúiteaċ marlaiġeaċ mar ro 'n-a laṫair féin. B' féidir go murṡólfaḋ ro é ar an tromṁ-ṡúan aṅ a raib re, ⁊ go ṡ-cuirfeaḋ re d'ṡíaċaib air dícioll éigin a déanamh, muna m-béid go b-fuair a ċaraid Sir Hairint ⊙ Brian áit dó a d-tíġ an ċurtuim, a b'ḟiú leiṫ-céud ponta ra m-bliaḋan. Rinne re a dícioll ṫeaċt ṡúar air ṫairbe na h-áite ro a mod ṡuaraċ go leór.

Ní'l 'ḟior aṡ rin, ⁊ ní mó na sin ir féidir ḟaṡail a-maċ go deóiġ, ca fada raċfaḋ re air aṡaid mar ro; oir níor léiṡeaḋ d'a léirṡe a réim nadurṫa do ṡabail: ṫainic a léir-ṡríor go h-oban le oibriuġaḋ briobaideaċ ⁊ le ṡlíġṫe uṁcóideaċa. Ba ṁian le Horcian an maċaire sin a bí a n-aice le mullion

Ghnae do ċeaṅaċ ⁊ muṅ bí ḟior aiġe go maiṫ go naiḃ Síméon ċom uaiḃneaċ rin 'r naċ n-ḋíolfaḋ fe noiṅ aiṅ bíṫ de ṫalaṁ Moraṅa leir, do ċíoṁrġan fe móḋ éiġin ċum a ċuṅ a nġeiḃíoṅ nan b' ḟéidiṅ leir ṫeaċt ar. Bí Síméon neaṁ-aiṅeaċ aġ goiṁ-líonaḋ a ċúṅaiṁ man ḟeiṫṁeoiṅ, níḋ a b'ḟéidiṅ a ṫuiġriṅ noiṁ' nae. Ní naiḃ ḟior aiġe, no ma bí, do léiġ fe ṫaiṅiṅ é, go naiḃ móṅan, uirġe-beaṫa da ḋéanaṁ go neaṁ-ḋlíṡeanaċ 'na ġ-ċomaṅṡanaċḋ aiġe ⁊ aiṅ ġaċ taoḃ dé. Níor bacaḋ le luċd a bíadaiṅ a naḋ, ġuṅ ġlac fe aiṅġiod ó luċd-déanta an uirġe-beaṫa go mínic aṅ áṁ a níaċtanuiṅ; aċt do ṡéun fe fo a-muiġ 'r a-maċ. Do b'ḟéidiṅ ġuṅ mó an ḟior a bí aġ a n-a ṁnaoí ⁊ a ċlaiḋ a d-taoḃ an ċaiṅ fo na aiġe féin. Ba ġnaṫaċ leo fṡnuillíḋe beaġa páipeiṅ do díol le luċd déanta uirġe-beaṫa, man díḋean le n-a ṙábail aiṅ a naṁuiḋ; aċt níor b'ḟéidiṅ dóiḃ díḋean aiṅ bíṫ a béiṫ aca a b'ḟeaṅ na neaṁ-aiṅe ⁊ léirġe Síméoiṅ, Thanlaiḋ go b-ḟuaiṅ Naiġíriṅ Hopciṅ go mí-ṫapaṁuil ṡgríḃiṅ beaġ aiṅ a naiḃ ṡéala míc Mí Doċaṅtuiḋ. Ioṅur naċ léiġṡeaḋ fe aon níḋ ṫaiṅiṅ a b'ḟéidiṅ a béiṫ 'na ċíon-ṡaċ d'a mí-ċlú, do ċuiṅ Hopciṅ duine aṅ a naiḃ muiṅíġin aiġe, le ṡuṅ-ṡuaġṡaḋ ṫabaiṅt do Síméon go naiḃ uirġe-beaṫa da déanaṁ go neaṁ-ḋlíṡeanaċ aṅ a leiṫḋe fo de ṫeaċ, (aġ aiṁmníġaḋ an tíġ rin d'aṅ ġeallaḋ díḋean.) Fuaiṅ Síméon ṡáiṁ cundur aiṅ fo, aċt do léiġ fe ṫaiṅiṅ é go ṡailliġeaċ man ba ġnaṫaċ leir. 'Sé dubaiṅt fe go naiḃ fe no ṁall ṡmuaineaḋ aiṅ n-dul a' tóġbáil na ṡcille an tnaṫnóna rin, ⁊ do déanbuiġ fe go naċṡaḋ fe da tóġbáil lá aiṅ na ṁáṅaċ; aċt an lá na díaiġ rin ċuiṅ fe ṫaṅt é, ⁊ an lá na díaiġ rin a-nír do niṅe fe deaṅmad de, ⁊ do ṡgríoḃ ṡeaṅ tóġbail an ġeaṅaiḋ ċuiġe aiṅ na ṁáṅaċ, aġ ordúġaḋ dó ṫeaċt do laṫaiṅ ċum cundur a ṫabaiṅt d'a ṫaoḃ féin. San g-cruaḋoġ fo do ṁear fe a ċaraoiḋ a déanaṁ le Sir Háiriṅt O Briain, a n-dóiġ go m-b' ḟéidiṅ leir, muiṅteaṅḋar a déanaṁ dó le n-a ċaoṁaiṅt ón g-ceaṅt. Fuaiṅ fe líriṅ o Naiġíriṅ O Briain ċum ṡiṅ-tóġbail an ġeaṅaiḋ, a ṫaṅlaiḋ béiṫ ṡan tír ṡa'n áṁ riu. D' ṁéiġ fe aiṅ ṡrubal leir an líriṅ; do ṫaṅlaiḋ caṅaiḋ

ran t-rlíġe air, a dubairt leir tiomáint coṁ tapaiḋ a'r d'ḟéud re a n-diaiġ ḟir-ṫóġbail an ġearraiḋ ioñur ġo m-béarfaḋ re air, rul ma d-tiocfaḋ re ċum aruir an ċoṁairliġ ui Ṫoin, an áit a raib re air tí prióiñ a ċaiṫeaḋ. Bí an coṁairleaċ O Ṫoin aġ cur a-rteáċ air ron a béiṫ 'na ḟear-ionad na condae rin a b-Pairlement a n-aġaiḋ Śir Háirint O Bríain, ⁊ uime rin, bí re roilleir ġíḋ b'é duine aġ á m-béiḋ fear aca 'na ċaraid, ġo m-béiḋ an fear eile 'na naṁuid. Da bríġ rin bí re ríaċdanaċ aġ Síméón bréiṫ air ḟear-ṫóġbail an ġearraiḋ rul a m-béid re taob a-rtiġ de ġeataḋ a naṁuide.

Riñe Síméón a ḋíṫċioll ċum a ċapoll do ṫiomaint coṁ tapaiḋ a'r b'ḟéidir leir, aġ réideaḋ ⁊ aġ cur feirġe air féin; aċt ní raib maiṫ ḋó añ: oir ir air an ġ-capoill a ṫuit ríor ran toñaṁair (mar ir cuiṁneaċ leir an léiġṫeoir) do bí re a' marcuiġeaċt. Ṫainic fear-ċruiñiuġaḋ an ġearraiḋ ġo teaċ an ċoṁairliġ ui Ṫoin a b-fád roiṁ' Síméón, ⁊ a-núair a ṫuġ re lítir an duine uarail Háirint O Bríain dó, b'furar aiṫne air an móḋ añ ar ġlac re í, naċ b-fuair re añ ám í. Ṫaill Síméon a ċuram a b'ḟiú leiṫ-ċéud ponta ra m-bliaḋan.

Aċt ní raib rud air bíṫ ba deacaire ḋó d'ḟulanġ ġo foiġideaċ, ná cáint ṁarluiḋeaċ a ṁna, a bí a ġ-coṁnuiḋe a' caraoíd air, ⁊ da ḋíbliuġaḋ. Bí ḟior aiġe ó ġnaṫ-eolur, naċ raib ġléur air bíṫ a b'ḟearr le n-a cur 'na roċd, ná an imirt ġo léir ḟaġbail aice féin; .i. cead cáinte ṫabairt dí, 'r ġan é féin focal air bíṫ labairt. Uime rin níor bác re dí a béiṫ a' cáint ġo rġañalaċ leir no ġo raib rí ġo h-iomlán ar anál, ⁊ é féin beaġnaċ 'na ċoḋlaḋ, ⁊ añ rin dubairt re: "Go deiṁin ní'l
" aṁrur air bíṫ naċ í rin an ḟiriñe, ⁊ naċ b-fuil
" ġaċ a n-deir tu ro ċeart; aċt ó ṫarlaiḋ naċ b-fuil
" ġairm air air air níḋ air bíṫ a ṫeiḋear ṫart; ⁊
" do réir an t-rean-ḟocail, naċ d-tiġ leo ro a bíor
" 'na rearaṁ air an talaṁ, béiṫ níor írle, 'r mór
" an rólar rin: da bríġ rin féudamoid a béiṫ fárta."

"Sár ta ġo deiṁin!" ar riri, "ġad é an ráraṁ
" do duine ṫeaċt rúar air ṗotátaib a'r air ṙalañ?
" Nire, a ta am' ṁnaoí ḋlirteanaċ aġad-ra, ⁊

"tu-ra a ta de ṡlioċt ṁuinteir' Doċartuiḋ, go
"léiġṙeaḋ dod ṁnaoi uaral a béiċ faoi ṫaṙcuiṙne.
"⁊ faoi ḋíṁear, mar béiḋ ṙí a-noiṙ gan aṁṙur;
"⁊ ṙin aca ṙo a d'éiṙiġ ó neiṁniḋ ó 'niúġ go 'né.
"Féuċ Maiġiṙtṙear Gṙae ṫall úd le taoḃ Roṙaṅa
"'na coṁnuiḋe air do ċuid talṁan ṙéin: aṁarc
"uiṁi ṙéin ⁊ orm-ra! ⁊ féuċ an neaṁ-ċorṁulaċt
"ṁór a ta eadṙuiṅ!"

"Ta beaġan neaṁ-ċorṁulaċta eadṙuiḋ go cíṅte," arṙa Síṁeon.

"Ta beaġan neaṁ-ċorṁulaċta eadṙuiṅ go cíṅte!" arṙa Maiġiṙtṙear Doċartuiḋ 'na ḋiaiġ-ṙan, aġ ḷaḃairt coṁ ard zéur caol a'ṙ b'ṙeidir lei, ⁊ a' taḃairt milléin dó ṙan am ċéadna; oir ḃí ṙearṙ ṁór uiṁi le Síṁéon ṙa mar léiġ ṙe orṙaḋ ċnom a-núair a ṫuġ ṙe ṙreazairt uiṁi, no buḋ cóṙa a raḋ, a-nuair a ṫainic ṙe lei air a'ṙzéul. Aí'l rud air bíṫ ir mó ċuirṙear ṙearṙ air ṁnaoi go minic, na aonṫuġaḋ lei.—"Agur ma ta neaṁ-ċorṁulaċt "eiġin idir mire ⁊ Maiġiṙtṙear Gṙae, buḋ maiṫ "líom ṙior a béiṫ azam cía h-é ir cionṫaċ leir."

"Buḋ maiṫ a'ṙ líom-ra mar an g-céudna, a, "Maiġiṙtṙear Doċartuiḋ:" arṙa Síṁéon.

"Mairead, ṅeóṙaḋ mire ḋuit air an m-ball é "a Maiġiṙtir Doċartuiḋ: ir tu ṙéin ir cionṫaċ, a "Mhaiġiṙtir Doċartuiḋ: no buḋ cóṙa raḋ, ir mire "ir cionṫaċ, tre do ṙoṙaḋ no cuiedaċt a ċonġbail "leat air aon ċor. Da m-béiḋiṅ póṙta aġ ṙear "laṁar tapaiḋ raoċaṙaċ ṙalaṙṫaċ mar Maiġiṙtir "Gṙae, b'ṙéidir líom a béiṫ ċoṁ réuṁar ṙan "t-raoġal, ⁊ ní'ṙ réuṁaire na Maiġiṙtṙear Gṙae; "oir ir ṙearr d'ṙoġuṙaḋ raiḋbṙear daṁ-ra na dí-ṙi, "'rna do ḋuine air bíṫ d'a cineal; ⁊ ir mór an "naire é or coṁair an domaiṅ, ⁊ 'ré rin a deir "gaċ n-uile ḋuine, na Gṙaer ro d'ṙeicṙin a' teaċt "air a n-aġaiḋ, ⁊ a'cur ṙuṫa an ṙiúd aġ Roṙaṅa, "ċum an n-ḋiobál-ne."

"Aí ḋiobál air bíṫ ḋṅṅe é, a ġṙaḋ; oir ta a "ṙior aġad nać n-deannamar tairḃe air bíṫ de'n "toṅaṁar no de'n muillion: ⁊ a-noiṙ ḋíolaṅ ríad-ran "deiṫ b-ponta ṙiṫċid ran m-bliaḋan liṅ, ⁊ rin go "bíṫ-ċíṅte mar an g-céudna. Gad é deanṙaḋ rin

"gan é anoir, do bríg gur ċaill rín an áit a bí agúin
"a d-tíg an ċurtuim. Go deanbħa raoilim go raib
"ag no mór oruiñ a leiṫide d'ſocaiḋe ſagail."

"Go deimin ní h-é rin mo baramail-ra," an rirí;
"oir da m-béiḋ orreaḋ céille le cuilleog agaḋ,
"b'ſéidir duit ſéin gaċ a n-deannadar-ran a ḋéanam.
"Agur da n-déanfá rin, creud an t-aṫruġaḋ mór
"a béiḋ air do bean ḋíġrdeanaċ ⁊ air do ċloiñ!
"Do b'ſeam liom go m-ba h-é toil na naoṁ mo ſóraḋ
"le léiṫiḋ' an ſeilmeoir Gráe do á ċloiñ mac."

"A d-taoḃ a ċloiñe," arra Símeón, "ta ríaḋ
"beagan neam-oirreamnaċ a g-cas aoire; aċt do
"leiṫ a n-aṫar, ní ſaicim faṫ cur ruar ran domaḋ
"dó; ⁊ ma ta reirean amlaiḋ, ⁊ gur mian leir
"malairt bean a ḋéanam, go deimin, a ṁuirnín,
"béiḋ mire ſárta."

Do ġoill an comraḋ deiġeanaċ ro a rinne Símeón,
(oir do labair re go ruaimneaċ gneanmar) com
mór rin air Maiġirtreas Doċartuiḋ, ioñur nar
b'ſéidir leí foiġide a ḋeanam nior ſaide, ⁊ gur
brir rí a-maċ a ugul; ⁊ ó'n uair rin, (air m-béiṫ
dó a-noir tar éis a h-aon déug ran oiḋċe,) ó rin
gur an ré air maidin, bí rí a' gul 'r a' caoiḋ, a'r
d'a marluġaḋ gan rtad.

D'éirig Símeón ar a leaba air maidin gan neall
a ċoḋlaḋ air ſeaḋ na h-oiḋċe, ag raḋ—"Go deimin
caiṫfiḋ na naoiṁ a b-flaiṫeamnar aire ṫabairt
"duit a-noir, mar a deir tu ſein, Allaiḋ, oir taim-re
"tuirreaċ díot a-mriġ 'r a-maċ: uime rin ir éigin
"dam a dul a' ſiaḋaċ no ag éirlaṫoirreaċt le mo
"ċaraid Sir Háirint O Briain ċum me ſéin d'
"aṫbéóḋaḋ."

Bí bróñ mór air Símeón a-núair a ſúair re
a-maċ go raib a ġearran ċom bacaċ rin 'r gur air
éigin d'ſéad re riubal. Ṫraċ bí re ag rruaineaḋ
c'áit a b-ruiġeaḋ re ġearran air ſaraċt le dul a'
ſiaḋaċ an la rin, ṫainic Maiġirtir Hopcinr a laṫair
a'marcaiġeaċt air ċapoll maiṫ ſiaḋaiġ. Gíḋ go
raiḃ an duine uaral ro uaibreaċ ó naḋúr, 'na díaiġ
rin b'ſéidir leir é ſein d'aiṁluġaḋ, a-nuair ba mian
leir é, ⁊ a-nuair a béiḋ tainbe dó aṁ. Bí a ſior
aige go maiṫ go raib ſuaṫ ag Símeón air; aċt do

ċuig ſe ſa deaſa maſ an g-ceudna go naſb diobal aiſgid aiſ Simeon. Fiú ſad ro ſ ſreiſne ⁊ ſ boſrbe aiſ bid ſeaſg, a-ṅuaiſ a ċuiſneaṅ ſiad ſein a n-aċraṅ, a'ſ bior ṅnearbuiſ aiſgid omṫa, ſ éigin dóib ſad ſein d'uṁluġad a n-aimſiſ na ſruaḋoiſge Łainic Simeon ſaiṁ ċum ſiſ-ṅiaċdanuiſ ſre léiſge ⁊ ſallraċd, aiſ ṁoḋ go m-b'éigin dó, aiſ maiṫ leiſ ſein, a uaḃaſ d'iſliuġad. Łaſlaiḋ diúltad do Maiġiſtiſ Horcinſ aon uaiſ aṁain, an ſraṫ ba ṁian leiſ cuid de ḋuṫaiḋ ṁúinteiſ' Doċaſtuiḋ do ċéaṅaċ ó ḋuine aca. Bí a ṫaiſgre niſor ſraṫaṁuiſle a-noiſ, ⁊ coṁ glic a'ſ b'ṡéidiſ a béiṫ.

D'ṡiaſraiḋ ſe de Simeon aiſ d-ṫúſ, gad é a baſaṁail de'n g-capoll ſin aiſ a naiḃ ſe a' maſcuġeaċt, maſ bí a ṡior aiġe go naiḃ Maiġiſtiſ O Doċaſtuiḋ no eolaċ aiſ ċapoilliḃ maiṫe ſiaḋaiġ; ⁊ dubaiſt ſe leiſ maſ an g-céadna, naċ g-ceaṅoċaḋ ſe í ó ġnúmaḋ an ċomaiſliġ ui Łuin gan comaiſle d'iaſſaiḋ aiſ ċaſaiḋ eolaċ. D'ṡiaſraiḋ ſe aṅ ſin an m-b'ṡiſ gur ṫaſlaiḋ imneaſ idiſ Simeon ⁊ ſeaſ-ċruiṅġiġaḋ an ġeaſſaiḋ: do ſiṅe ſe geaſan a n-aġaiḋ ṁiorġuiſ ⁊ iṁí-núiſ an ſriodóiſne, giḋ b'é aiſ bíṫ é! ⁊ ſa ḋeóiġ, dubaiſt ſe le Simeon, ma bí cruaḋoġ aiſ bíṫ aiſ maſ ġeall aiſ a ait do ċaiſleaṁain, go naiḃ bealaċ néiḋ aiġe le aiſgiod d' ſaġail dó ſein ⁊. cuid de ṫalaṁ Roſaṅa a dioſol. Do ċoſſuiġ diobal an ċapoll do laṫaiſ, ⁊ an compaſaiḋ a ſiṅe ſe ſan móimeiſt ċéadna idiſ an ċṅéatúſ capoll bacaiġ aiſ a naiḃ ſe 'na leaṫ-luiḋe, ⁊ an capoll bneaġa ſiaḋaiġ aiſ a naiḃ Maiġiſtiſ Horcinſ a' maſcuġeaċt; do ċoſſuiġ ro Simeon, a deiſiṁ, niſor mó na an ċuid eile go h-iomlán. Gúl maſ ſzaſ ſiad le n-a ċéile, do ſiṅe Horcinſ maſgaḋ leiſ ſa'n maċaiſne ſin d'a d-tuig ſe taiṫneaṁ. Fuaiſ ſe é go móſ niſor ſaoiſne na maſ bí ſúil aiġe ſaġail. Łuig ſe an capoll ſiaḋaiġ do Simeon maſ noiṅ diolaiġeacta.

Łoṁ luaiṫ 'ſ do ſuaiſ Horcinſ an maċaiſne ro, a bí a b-ſozur do ṁuilliom Grae, aṅ a ſéiſlb ſein, ċuiſ ſe noiṁe aṅ ſin tionſzuaṁ uſcóideaċ éigin a bí aṅ a iṅtiṅ le ſada, do ċoiṁ-liſonaḋ. Fazamóiḋ é a g-ceaṅ a ċuid oibne; caiṫſeamoiḋ aſneaċaſ a ṫabaiſt do neiṫiḃ niſor tabaċtaiġ na ſad ro.

Ꞇraṫ ḃí Ríoġ, maidin ainide, aġ cuinġeaḋ céud ḃlaṫ luaiṫ na ḃliaḋna, ṫainic fearḃoġantuide a ḟiḃre ḋóiġeamail a laṫair air marcuiġeaċt; ⁊ d'ḟiafraiḋ fé an raiḃ Maiġistir Gnae no aon d-duine de'n m-bunaḋ fa' m-baile. Ḃíodar a h-aṫair ⁊ a ṁearḃraiṫreaċa a-muiġ fa' maċaire, ramall beag d'ḋ teaċ, aċt dubairt siri go raċfaḋ sí 'na g-coiṁe. "Ní'l ocaid leis, a ḃean uasail ḋíġ," arsi' an fearḃoġantuide, "ois ní'l do ġnoċuide agam leo aċt "na candaiḋ so ḟaġail do ṁnaiḋ uaisle an tíġe."

Ꞇair fe:ḋá ċanda a-fteaċ aḋ a laim, ⁊ d'imtiġ fé leis 'na lán-ṡíḋ, cosmail le duine a m-béiḋ mórán ġnoċuide éifeaċdaiġ le déanam aige. Ꞇáḋna candaiḃ so ḃí cuireaḋ ċum coim-ṫionoil daiṁreoraiġe, a ḃí Sir Ḃairint Ó Briain air tí ṫaḃairt do daoiniḃ uaisle na tíre de'n dara céum. Ꞇug Ríoġ na candaiḋ leis ċum a maṫara, ⁊ an tsraṫ ḃí siad da n-aṫ-léiġeaḋ an dara h-uair, ṫainic Gnae a-fteaċ ċum céudlongaḋ. "Ꞇréud ta aḋ so aguiḋ, a leiḃḋ?" ar se, aġ tóġḃail súas aon de na candaiḃ. D'ḟéuċ se air a ṁnaoi a'r air a ġníġ air feaḋ ramail le mí-ṡuaiṁneas éigin. Iṁtiṁe: ⁊ aḋ sin, ċoṁ maiṫ 'r nar ṁian leis toirmeasg a ċur ormṫa, ṫionġnuiġ se a ḃéiṫ caint air ṡéiṫiḃ eile, ⁊ níor labraḋ aon ní ḋó air an g-coiṁ-ṫionol daiṁreaṁuiġe no gur ṫaiṫ siad a g-céudlongaḋ. Dubairt a maṫair le Ríoġ dul ⁊ a blaṫa do ċur aḋ uisge, ⁊ ċoṁ luaṫ a'r d'ḟaġ sí an feóṁna dubairt sí: "Ḃím, a ṁuinnín, naċ "d-taiṫniġean leat go raċfamoir ċum an ċoiṁ-ṫionoil "daiṁreoruiġe; uime sin is maiṫ liom' nar dubairt "me dadaḋ le Ríoġ 'na ṫaoḃ sul ma d-tainic tu "a-fteaċ; ois is éigin duit 'ḟior a ḃeiṫ agad, go "raiḃ dí-ṁaoineas dí-ṫéillíde man is gnaṫaċ le "maṫair oim, ⁊ coṁ luaṫ a'r ċoḋaire me an canda, "do ḟámlaiḋ me am' ṁtiṁ ḟéin Ríoġ so aguin-ne "gléurda coṁ maiṫ le bean uasal aiṁ biṫ, ⁊ a' "ḟéuċain níor ḃéire na mórán aca, ⁊ gaċ uile duine "a' déanam ionġantuir dí! Aċt b'ḟéidir go b-fuil "an cailin níor ḟéam man ta sí, gan a ḃéiṫ tóġṫa "súas 'na bean uasal. Agus 'na díaiġ sin, do ḃríġ "go ḃfuil teaċt a d-ṡín aguiḋ ċoṁ maiṫ le mórán "a ta d'a g-cur ḟéin a g-ṫéim, agus a ṁeartan a

" bheith 'na n-daoinibh uaithe, chéud an fhat fa leithfead
" an t-saillin an uain fo thaitt chum i fein d'airdhuthadh
" cheim fhan t-raoghal."

" A ghnadh mo chroidhe," arsa Grace, go cúin focaill,
" is fo nadurtha an nidh dhuit-se, ain m-bheith dhuit ad'
" mhathair ag leithéidhe Róisi de chailin, bhódh a bheith aghadh
" airti, 7 dhul a bheith aghadh a thseisin do chur or ardh
" ain gach módh d'an b'fheidhir é; acht 'fhe an cheim
" prionghapalta fhuaineadh gadh é an gleur le'n
" fheidhir lei a raoghal do chaitheadh go réamhar; 7
" ní h-é an nidh a bhior taitneamhach le ain-di-maoineas
" ain feadh móimeinte. A-noir, nil me cinnte da
" d-teidheadh sí chum an choim-éisoinil so, 7 i fein a
" chur beaghan a gcéim, go mhadhochadh se a réun ain
" aon chor. Nach b-fuilmidh go maith man ta sin.—
" Lann a-steach, a Róisi, lann a-steach, a ghnadh;
" bud mhian liom da n-éirdhrea leis an nidh ain a
" b-fuilmidh a' tnacht, 7 a bheith chisdha duit fein: ta
" tu sean 7 chisdha go leór, ta me cinnte. Bhí me
" ain ti fiafraidh dhíot, nach b-fuilmidh go leir rona
" réumhar fan mhódh ann a b-fuilmidh a g-ceann a ceithe
" a-noir?"

" 'Seadh! "seadh! ta sin maith sin go deimhin," arsa
an bean 7 an inghin a n-éinfhéachd.

" Ainme sin, nar chóir dhúinn a bheith fasta, 7 gan
" iarraidh an seaidh d'achuighadh?" arsa Grace.

" Acht ní achrochadh se an seadh a dul aon uair
" amhain chum choim-éisoinil dathreshuighe—a n-achrochadh,
" a achair?" arsa Róisi, go hairneach.

" Na éisoirghamoidh aon uair amhain sin fein a
" chur a g-ceim dhaoine uaithe, ní beidh dúil aghuinn
" ceacht ain air a-nis chum an seadh ann a b-fuilmidh
" a-noir. Ainme sin budh ódhir dhúinn fhuaineadh ain
" dtúr chéud an tainbe a dheanfar an d-achughadh so
" dúinn. La bhadh a'r deoch, badhach a'r teine aghuinn,
" chéud eile b' fheidhir lin a bheith aghuinn da m-beidhmir
" 'nár n-daoinibh uaithe? Lamoidh go leir fadha
" lin fein, 7 le ceithe; ta fhaithe 7 deagh-inneine aghuinn:
" gadh é d'feudamoidh a bheith aghuinn nior mó, da m-beidh
" faidhneas an dothaighn aghuinn? no, budh cóna a nadh,
" cuir a g-cár go m-beidh sin maith sin, an m-b-fheidhir
" lin ann sin gach uile fhólar da b-fuil aghuinn a-noir

"a béiṫ aguiṅ? Aṡon b'ḟéidiṙ go dearḃṫa: ṗiṙ
"ṙa' g-céud aiṫ, ḃéiḋ uiṙearḃuiḋ mór airgid oṙuiṅ,
"do ḃriġ go m-béiḋ mórán bréaġán, nać mocaiġmid
"a d-díoḃál a-noiṙ, coṁ ṡíaċdanaċ dúiṅ le aṙ
"n-aṙán laeċeaṁuil. Bhéiḋ náiṙe oṙuiṅ gan an
"uile díḋ a béiṫ aguiṅ a díoṙ ag daoiniḃ uaiṙle;
"giḋeaḋ nac ṙiú róṙ iad ro a g-cáṙ ḟíoṙ-ṙólaiṙ aiṙ
"díṫ a díoṙ da m-bam aguiṅ, taṙ a ċeaṅ riṅ iṙ éigin
"a ḃ-raġail. Aṅ riṅ béiḋ náiṙe oṙuiṅ a d-taoḃ na
"h-oiḃne le'ṙ b'éigin dúiṅ airgiod do ṙalaċaṙ ċum
"díol aiṙ ron an iomlain de na néiṫiḃ ro gan taḃaċt.
"Aṅ riṅ béiḋ náiṙe ṁór aiṙ Shéan ⁊ aṙ Roiḃeard,
"da ḃ-ṙeicṙeaḋ na daoine uaiṙle iad ag oiḃriuġaḋ
"ran muillion, a' tógbail ruar raic ṗláin, ⁊ ṙalwġte
"go léiṙ le min: no da ḃ-ṙuiġeaḋ riad ran toṅamar
"iad, ⁊ a lamha noċtuiġte taṙ ċnaiṁ na h-uilleaṅ.
"Agur ċuiṙṙea-ṙa, a Róiṙi, do ṫúṙnaḋ-lín aṙ a'
"m-bealaċ go déiṙiṙeaċ; ⁊ béiḋ náiṙe oṙt, da
"ḃ-ṙaicṙuiġeaḋ ṫu ag dearġaḋ mo ṗróiṅe ḋam-ṙa.
"Aṁ-ḋeoiṙ riṅ, ní caṙ náiṙe aon-díḋ aca ro, ⁊
"ta bróḋ oṙuiṅ go léiṙ a-noiṙ ṙa béiṫ d'a n-déanaṁ."

"Agur go m-ba ṙáda búan béiḋmid maṙ riṅ!"
arṙa Naiġiṙṙeaṙ Gṙae. "La ṫu ceaṙt, ⁊ do
"laḃaiṙ mire go dí-ċéilliḋe. Róiṙi, a mwṙnín, caṙṫ
"na canḋaiḋ riṅ a-ṙteaċ ṙa' teiṙe. Lamoiḋ ṙona
"ṙéunmaṙ, ⁊ ṙárta da'ṙ ṙtáḋ; ⁊ na aṫṙwġeaṅ
"riṅ, béiḋmid mí-ṙarta neaṁ-ṙona, maṙ ata mórán
"díoḃ ro a ṁeaṙtaṙ a béiṫ nior ṙeaṙr na riṅ-ne
"Féuċ! ta na canḋaiḋ dóiġte; wme riṅ na ṙmuaiṅ-
"eamoiḋ níor mó oṙṫa."

"La ṙwl agam nać ḃ-ṙwl bróṅ aiṙ Róiṙi a d-taoḃ
"an ċoiṁ-ṫíoṅoil daiṁṙeoṙwġe ro. An ḃ-ṙwl, a
"Róiṙi, ḃíg?"—aṙṙ' a h-aṫaiṙ, da taṙṙwṅg ċwġe,
⁊ da cuṙ 'na ṙwḋe aiṙ a ġlúṅ,

"Bí aon aḋḃaṙ aṁáin, a aṫaṙ," arṙa Róiṙi,
"bí aon aḋḃaṙ aṁáin, ⁊ ní naiḃ aċt riṅ, ṙaṙ mían
"liom a ḋul ċum an ċoiṁ-ṫíoṅoil ro."

"Naiṫ go leóṙ;" aṙ reiṙean; iṅiṙ dwṅ é. Déanaḋ
"ṫu maṙ iṙ toil leat: geallaim riṅ dwt noiṁ' ṙae.
Aċt iṅiṙ an t-aḋḃaṙ dúiṅ. Tréidim go ḃ-ṙuaiṙ ṫu
"é aṅ áiṫ éigin a n-ṙaċḋaṙ an blaṫa ḃreaġa riṅ a

"ra tu a bheachnuighadh le ceachtamhadh uaithe, ithir dam
"é," ar re a' gairidhe.

"Sé ro amhain an t-aodhar, a athair," arra Róiri;
"acht féuch! ó, ní féudaim ithirin dhut a-hoir. Féuch
"cia ata teacht."

'Sé dhuine bí ann, Sir Hairiuit O Briain 'na fhuidhe
ann a chanbad, ⁊ a feanbhoghantuidhe Sacranach d'ar
b'ainm Strafford 'na chuideacht: bí a iomchar modhamhail
thomhdha go h-iomlan neamh-chorrmhail ris an mhóidh ann a
raibh a maighistir air foluamain ⁊ air fuaidhreadh go
cullóidheach buaidheartha. Bhí Sir Hairiuit a' dul
chanc ás fanntaidh gocha no bhóchaidh air fead na tire—
gnochuidhe d'a d-tuig re tasicheam mhór, ⁊ ann an fanuig
re gach rle dhune, do reir bantamhla na n-daoine. Bhí
gach rle chailidheacht riachtanach aige, ⁊ go deanbha
do ghríoraigh fach comachtach go leór é chum rin do
dhéanamh; oir do bí 'fior aige, muna d-tóigfidh chum
a bheith 'na ball de'n b-Parlement é, go g-caillfead
re a faoistre fan amh chéadna: do bhrigh go raibh
priblaidh baill de'n b-Parlement riachtanach aige
le n-a fabail ó n-a gabail. Bhí dhéidhe mór aige,
⁊ neamh-dheóin rin, ní raibh dhuine air bith fan g-condae
ba boichte na é; oir gidh b'é air bith teacht a-rceach
a bhior ag dhuine, ma bhiann a féile or cion a achmhuige
ir éigin dó bheith bocht. Ní h-e amain gur chaith
Sir Hairiuit O Briain uior mó na a teacht a-rceach;
acht ba mian leis go mearfhideach rum a chior a bheith
fa dó uior mó na mar bí re go finiheach. Ainne
rin, b'éigin dó caitheam a dhéanam do réir an
t-raidhbhir a léig re air féin a bheith aige; ⁊ chur
an dí-mhaoinear amaideach ro a n-achran é a d-torach
a faoghail, air mhóidh nar b-fhéidir leis é féin do
réidheach 'na diaig rin ar. Bhí an-dúil aige a bheith
'na airid-thréoraidhe ann a chir féin: rithe re a
dhíchioll air an rle dhuine do fhárad, ⁊ choirin rin
mórán dó: ⁊ chur re a-rceach air ron a bheith 'na ball
de'n b-Parlement a n-agaidh mórain esle. Ruig
re buaidh, acht ir iomad mhíle ponta caill re leis.
Bhí gach rle uidhe le ceartuighadh le n-a dheagh-labairt,
a bí in-mearta go deimhin. Bhí re deagh-chainteach
tugthionach gheanmhar, ⁊ bí mhuinighin an-mór aige
ar fein go m-b' fhéidir leis gach rle uidhe d' fhoillsiughadh

ċoṁ roilleiṁ a'r b' ḟéidiṁ é. Do riṁeaḋ ionzuaḋ ṁóṁ d'a oṗaidiḃ ran b-Ḟaiṁleṁeṅṫ; ⁊ bí re aiṁ bṫlle le ain-ṁian onóṗa ⁊ anduġaiḋ a g-céim ḟaoġalta. B'aill leir a béiṫ 'na ḋrue oiṗdeiṁc ran t-Ṡeanaiḋ; ⁊ an ḟeaḋ bí re dían air an g-curṗóiṁ ro, do léigeaḋ a ġnoṫruḋe féin a b-ḟaillige go h-iomlán, Aí ṫigean ain-ṁian ⁊ ḟeaṗaċar-tíġe le ċéile air aon ċoṁ. Aṫeaṁ-ḋeóin rin, bí d'ḟiaċaiḃ air O Briain, ċum móṁḋaċt a beaṫa do ċoṅġbail ṡúar, uṫeárḃuḋ na ṡubailce ṡúaṗaiġ ro a. ḟeaṗaċar tíġe, (ṁar ba ġnaṫaċ leir féin a naḋ) a ḋéanaṁ ṡúar le gléur éigin eile. Do ċoncar dó nać raib ríġe air bíṫ eile ion-glacuġṫe aige, ċum go ṫabairt ċum críċe, acht cúl a ṫabairt do na ceadṗaḋa do lean re go d-tí ro. Goill re go móṁ air, rin a ḋéanaṁ; acht ní raib neart aige air, da bríġ nar b' ḟéidiṁ leir ṫeaċt ṡúar air ċúig ċéud ponta ra' m-bliaḋan a-noir, tar éis cúig ṁíle do ċaiṫeaḋ ġać uile bliaḋan roiṁe rin. Ṁar rin, ó béiṫ dó 'na ṫíoṗtaċ ṫeiṅtiḋe, ṫainic re ċum a béiṫ 'na bun-ċíoṗuḋe uṁṡiol.

Do riṅe re a ḋíṫċioll le neart iṅtleaċda ⁊ le néaruntaċd ċealġaċ cúir ṁaġaiḋ do ḋéanaṁ do na céadṗaḋa a ṫrénġ re. Go h-aiṫ-ġeaṁ, ba ṁian leir móṗ-ḋáil a ḋéanaṁ ar a béiṫ ag ríoṗ-ċainnt go neain-náireaċ air riaġluḋeoraiḃ na críċe, ⁊ ba ġnaṫaċ leir, maġaḋ ⁊ ḟoṅaṁad a ḋéanaṁ ṡaoi ġać uile ṡubailce ṗubliḋe, ċoṁ maiṫ a'r nać raib ioṅta acht taóm-buile ⁊ ṡuaṗ-ċṗaḃaḋ gan bríġ. Do ċuir Sir Ḃairint a g-céill do ḋaoiniḃ eile air úainiḃ le n-a ḋeaġ-ċainnt ⁊ tre ṁaireaṁlaċd a béura, go raib an ceart aige; acht ṗaṗaor! bí aon n-duine aṁain nar b-ḟéidiṁ leir a ṁeallaḋ, ⁊ 'ré rin é féin. Aí raib meat air bíṫ aige air féin, ⁊ nior b' ḟéidiṁ le níḋ air bíṫ cúiṫiuġaḋ a ḋéanaṁ ṁir ran t-ráṗaṁ iṅtiṅe do ċaill re. Gan ḟéin-taiṫneaṁ bíaṅ ġać uile ḟólar ran domhan gan blár.

Ṫar a ċeaṅ rin, do ṡaoil ġać uile duine, nać raib ṡior a iṅtiṅe aige, go raib Sir Ḃairint O Briain 'na duine ṡona do réir ċoṁulaċd: ⁊ nior ṁeat duine air bíṫ go m-ba ḋíol truaiġe é, no ġur b'é féin ba ċíontaċ leir, no go raib droċ-bail a ġnoċuiḋe ḟollaṗaċ don t-raoġal, Ṁhí air ṫainbeaċ

aiże; acht do ṁeap ſe zo naiḃ ſe oiṗeaṁnać aiże
ćaiṫeaḋ do ḋéanaṁ do ṗéiṗ a ṫeacht a-ſtreać, ⁊ da
ḃríġ ſin, ní naiḃ ſe ſzillin níor ſaiḋḃṗe a z-cíoṅ
bliaḋna. Do ṗóṙ ſe bean-oiġṗe ſaiḋḃiṗ a n-doċċuṙ
a ṗoṙtúṅ bṗiſte a ḋéanaṁ ſúaṙ leſ: acht bí ſe
oiṗeaṁnać aice, no ṁeap ſí ṗéin zo naiḃ, caiṫeaḋ
a ḋéanaṁ do ṗéiṗ a ṗoṙtúin; ⁊ uime ſin ní naiḃ
a ſeaṙ aon ſzillin aṁain níor ſaiḋḃṗe tṗe n-a
ṗóṙaḋ. A-núaiṙ a bíḋeaḋ cṗuaḋoz aiṙzíd aiṙ Shiṙ
Ḃaiſtint a-noiſ a'ſ a-ṗíſ, do ṫozḃaḋ a ġníoṁaiḋe,
a bí 'na ṙíaġluiġeoiṙ aiṙ zać uile níḋ aiże, aiṙzíod
aiṙ ſaſaċt dó ċoṁ tapaiḋ a'ſ b' ṗéiḋiṙ é; ⁊ ta
'ṗíor az zać uile ḋuine zuṙ b'éizin díol zo daoṙ
aiṙ ſon coḃaiṙ aiṙ bíṫ a ṗaġṫaṙ aṅ aiṁṙiṙ na
cṗuaḋoize. Ta daoine aṅ, a bíor ċoṁ h-éaṙzaiḋ
az taḃaiṙt aiṙzíd aiṙ ſaſaċt uaṫa aṅ a léiṫiḋe ſo
de ċaṙ, ⁊ iſ ṗéiḋiṙ le luċd an ain-ṁíain ⁊ na
doṙzúiġeaċta ſaṁaiḋ. Ba duine maṙ ſo Naiġiṙtiṙ
Ḃoṙcinṙ, ⁊ iſ é do beiṙneaḋ aiṙzíod aiṙ ſaſaċt don
n-Vaṙúṅ zać uile úaiṙ do bíḋeaḋ earḃuiḋ aiṙ.

Aṁ naiḃ 'ṗíor az Siṙ Ḃaiſtint Ó Briain zo naiḃ
a ṁaoin ṙaoġalta a mí-oṙduġaḋ zo ṗo ṁóṙ, no zo
m-b'éizin dó é ṗéin d'ullṁuġaḋ ṗa ċoṁaiṙ toġa úṙ
nuaḋ, muṙ ġeall aiṙ bṗiſeaḋ ſúaṙ oban na Vaiṙlement.
A-núaiṙ a ċuaiḋ ſe ċum na tíſe, ṫainig ſzaoċ
de luċd-ſíaċa zaṅóiḋeaċ tṗiaḃlóiḋeaċ 'na ṫimċioll
az ſaṁaiḋ aiṙ comaoin do ċuṙ oṁṫa, ⁊ a ġealla
do coiṁ-líonaḋ ḋóiḃ. Iſ boċt an nuḋ to ḋuine a
ḃéiṫ az ſaṁaiḋ zean na n-daoine do ċuilleaḋ ċum é
ṗéin do ċuṙ a z-céiṁ, muna b-ṗuil ſe ſaiḋḃiṙ zo
leóṙ ċum an níḋ iſ mían leiſ do ḋéanaṁ a-maċ.

Do ṙiñe an Vaṙúṅ a díṫċioll ċum a ṫṗéizean ó
ṫaoḃ an ċeiṙt do cúṙ ṫaṙt zo maiſreaċ le zṙiñ-
bṗiaċṫṗuiḃ; ⁊ an ṗeaḋ a b'ṗéiḋiṙ leiſ záiṙe ⁊ rúzṙaḋ
a ḋéanaṁ 'na ṙuiḋe ſíor a z-ceaṅ boiṙd líonṁaiṙ,
níor b'ṗéiḋiṙ dó zan móṙán d'ṗaġail a ḋéanṗaḋ
záiṙe ⁊ rúzṙaḋ 'na ċuiḋeaċt. Acht bí buiḋeaṅ
láidiṙ aiṙ na ḋéanaṁ ṙuaṙ 'ṙa tíṙ 'na aġaiḋ. Bhí
beiṙt ċoṁ-ṗearṁoiṙṙiḋe eile a' cuṙ a-ſtreać aiṙ
ſon a ḃéiṫ d'uaiſliḃ na Vaiṙlement: ba duine aca
ſo an comaiṙleaċ Ó Luiṅ, ṗeaṙ zan ſiḃíalcaṙ
aiṙ bíṫ ⁊ de ṫneiḋiḃ uiṙíſle; acht taṙ a ċeaṅ ſin,

b'féidin leis deoc d'ól, ⁊ lucd-bóca do meallad
coin maic go h-iomlán le Sin Háirint, d'aim-deóin
é béic com deagcainteac, inchleacdac, a'r bí sé.
Bhí Naigirsin Molineau. an coim-fearmoin eile,
go mór nior in-eagluide; do bríg go raib se 'na
duine éinéideac fíneunta iónnuisc, ⁊ nác n-deanna
deanmad a-nían de nió air bíc a racad cum rocair
do lucd a cíne. Ní raib se 'na ceann-feadna, act
bí se 'na carad don g-cearc ⁊ do na bocrais, air
mod nac b-fuileóingfad se luide go trom ortha le
lain laidir. Do com-aontaig buideann mór de
daoinib buideac neim-fhleadac cum an duine uasal
so do conghbail fúar.

Bhí addar ag Ó Brian a beic air criocc fa n-a
cineamuin: ba cluinche cruaid dó é so. Cuaid
se air fead na cíne ag iarraid bórtaid com luchmar
tapaid a'r b'féidir a déanam; ⁊ bí se arneac air
an dream so a beic ann a leic, a m-bían dúil mór
aca a beic ag nic a-nuh 'r a-nall chid an cín ann
aimsir coga, ⁊ a mearar iad féin a béic cúrteac
go leór mur geall air an mór-dail a biar aca air
fead tamuill, ⁊ an cullóid a gní-riad. Ba duine
man rin Síméón Ó Dócairtuid. Bhí se neam-arneac
air a gnoctuide féin, act so eargaid a g-car daoine
eile. Nior b' féidir leis fanmain san m-baile
a-noir: da bríg rin ba maic leis nic rior a'r rúar
air fead na cíne, ⁊ ir aige d'fag Ó Brian an
t-iomlán d' obair falac an coga le cur a g-chice.
Luig Síméón raim é féin a-núar cum an ceim ir
irle d'uairlib an t-reacrain, mar a h-ainmnigcear
iad; daoine nac m-biann dadad le déanam aca,
no teact a-rteac air bíc le n-a g-conghbail rúar,
⁊ do gairmid daoine uairle díob féin, ⁊ a faoilear
gur cóir dóib mear mor fagail mur geall air
rinreanacd a muinrine. Do bí 'rior ag Sir Háirint
Ó Brian gad é man b'féidir leis uabar Shíméóin
do bladanad, ⁊ a meallad le cluanaigeact. Shaoil
Síméón raim, da m-béid an Banúin 'na ball d'
uairlib na Parlement, go b-fuigead se air dó
a ó-cíg an curtuim com maic leis an air a cail
se go déigeanac. A n-doccur na gealladma rin
d'oibrig Síméón nior dícciollaig na mur ba gnacac

leir a dêanaṁ air ôcaid air bíḋ arísaṁ 'noiṁe, ⁊ ní raiḃ an ċailḋeaċt briosgmar rin .i. cainc bladmanaċ, air earbaiḋ uaiḋ. Luaiḋ re no ḟada air uairiḃ leir an nôr ro; oir ní h-é aṁain go n-deanna re bomaċar air an raṅ daoine a bí a n-aġaiḋ le n-a bladmanaḋ; aċt is minic a ṁeall re a ċairde féin. Mar an g-ceudna, dearbuiġ re d'a díonadoir, ⁊ é or cion a buiḋeil, go m-b'ḟéidir leir mórán lucd-bóctaiḋ ḟaġail dó, air naċ raiḃ cumaċt air bíḋ aige. Mar eirioimplar, d'iṅis re do Shir Bairiut O Briain go raiḃ re cúrte go d-tiubraḋ na Graer go leir a ngud dó, ⁊ is mar ġeall air an deimniuġaḋ ro do ruair Róisi, ⁊ a maċair cuireaḋ ċum an ċoim-ṫionoil daimreoraiġe; ⁊ 'rê ro an t-aḋbar fa d-cainic an Bainín do laċair a b-peairsin ċum a ṁilir-briaċra do labairt ag Roraṅa. Do ċoingbamar no ḟada ag dorur an ċabain é; is mitid dúṅ a léigean a-rteaċ a-noir.

AN LEABHRAIRD LAIBIDIR.

Air n-dul a-rteaċ dó, 'rê an ċéud nió a bneaċnuġ re, rgéim Róisi. Do ġlac rí reilb com h-oban rin, ⁊ com mór air iṅcin, ioṅur go n-deanaiḋ re dearmad de'n toġa air ṗeaḋ tamuil biġ, ⁊ de gaċ uile nió a bain dó. Ioṅur go d-tairbéunṗaḋ re an t-ríbíalcaċt rin do gaċ neaċ, a ólíġear an té a bíar a' cur arteaċ air ron a béiċ a b-Bainleineyc, bí re ṗiaċdanaċ aige léigean air féin a béiċ lan trárta le aċair, ⁊ le maċair, le mac, ⁊ le inġin; aċt ní raiḃ ocaid air bíḋ le bladanaḋ ran g-cabain ro; oir go fíriṅeaċ ṫaiṫniġ gaċ uile duine de'n m-bunaḋ fa léiċ leir. Do comuiġeaḋ céadṗaḋa moċuiġṫe nadurta an ċroiḋe aṅ. Ríṅe an duine ain-mianaċ ro dearmad d'a ṫionrgainta go léir, ⁊ d'a uile ċúram, ag léir-rmuaineaḋ air an aoibneas ⁊ air an t-ṗólar a bí ag a na léiṫiḋe ro de duine aiririol; ⁊ do bí an Bainín ag com-raḋ le ṗeilmeoir

Gnae ann feaḋ leaṫ-uann' go h-ionlan, ful na d-tainic fe ċuige féin.

"La an maintin fo," an fe a n-ṁtin féin,, "nior "réuṁainne go mór na taim-fe, 'f na bí me 'nfaṁ! "La fiad-fan farta a m-bęṫa do ċaiḋęḋ go h-uaiġneċ; "bí mi-fe mío-farta fiú a-muain bí mo ċlú ann "lafaḋ 7 ann na ċnaob-fgaoileaḋ a meafg na "n-daoine. Acht ní'l fe a'm' ċumaf-fa mo ċneaṁwn "d' aṫnuġaḋ. Cuaid me ann bord luinge ann muin "na cnioċ-fmaċta ċoṁ neaṁ-annfeaċ a'f da m-ba "bad beag pléifiúin í: a-noif ta me ceangailte "fior gur an maide-naṁa, 7 ní féidin le fglaḋaḋ "ann bíṫ a bęiṫ nior meara na ta me."

B' féidin gun mun ġeall ann fgéiṁ Móiri, a g-cęim éigin, ṫug Sin Bairint taiṫneaṁ coṁ h-oban a'f ċoṁ mór fin d' aoibneaf na tíre. La fe cinte gun mó an buaiḋneaḋ a bí ann, a-nuain a ċualaiḋ fe naċ naċfaḋ fí ċum an ċoiṁ-ṫionoil daṁfeoṁaiġe, na bí ann an tan h-iṁfeaḋ dó 'nan b' féidin le n-a h-aṫain no le n-a dearbhraiṫṁeaċaiḃ a n-gut a ṫaḃairt dó. Ann m-bęiṫ don b-feilmeoin Gnae 'na duine ċoṁ neaṁ-fpleaḋaċ a g-cęadfaḋa a'f bí fe a maoin faoġalta, dubairt fe leif an m-Banún go finneaċ cneafta, gun ṁeaf fe naċ naiḃ duine ann bíṫ le faġail buḋ oifeaṁnaiġ na Naiġirtin Moineau le cur a b-Fainleṁent; 7 da bríġ fin gun dó-fan buḋ ċóir dó a ġut a ṫabairt. Do rinne Sir Bairint a díċeoil d'a ċoṁainleaḋ, 'f gan maiṫ dó aṅ, 7 aṅ fin d'fag fe an cabaṅ go dólaraċ bróṅaċ.

Lanlaiḋ Simeon ⊕ Dočantuiḋ ann tan ęir é dul beagan de mhlriḃ ó'n dorur, 7 ṫug fe ċaint marlġżeaċ dó go feanġaċ mío-farta, fa man meall fe é, da ċur a g-cęill dó go naiḃ na Gnaer 'na leiṫ. Af naiḃ focal le naḋ ag Simeon ann d-tár; acht do rmuaiġiġ fe go tnaṫaṁuil ann bealaċ annfde le'n h' féidin leif é féin do réiḋteaċ af an acran fo.

"Ir tu féin ir cionta go h-ionlan, a duine uaral "le do doil," anfa Simeon: "da feabar an fean "toġa tú, naċfaḋ mire a m-bahude go b-fuġeaḋ me "duine a fanóċar tú fan g-cat fo. Cun mire 7 Mar-"fond tan ann a-nír ann an móimeint fo go Morana, "7 beanfaiḋ fin na tri bóraiḋ éuġad a g-cion uaine

"ċoṁ maṗḋ le ṗreaċaṫ, no ní ⊕ Doċaṗtṡṫ ir ainm
" daṁ-ra!"

"Deanḃuġim ḋúṫ, a Ṁhaiġirtir Doċaṗtṡṫ, naċ
" d-tuigim ṫu," ar ṡeiṗean.

"Maireaḋ, léig daṁ-ra cogar a ḋéanaṁ aṅ do
" ċlúair, a Shíṗ Ṁairiṫ, ⁊ cuiṗiḋ me a g-céill duit
" go b-ṗúl ar ceaṗt agam."

Do ṡmèṗ Síṁeóṅ go ṗo éiṗeaċḋaċ, ⁊ d'ḟéuċ ṡe
cṡíona go h-ionġantaċ; aṅ ṡin d'a ṡíneaḋ ṡéin ṡíor ó
n-a ġeaṗṗaṅ d'ioṅṡuiḋ an ċaṗḃaiḋ le ṫeaċt a b-ṗogur
do ċluar Shíṗ Ḃairiṫ, d'iṅir ṡe a g-cogar dó, go
naiḃ 'ḟíor aige ó uġdar ṗo maiṫ, go naiḃ Sraṗṗoṅd
a n-gnaḋ le inġean ḋear Gṡae, ⁊ naċ naiḃ mí-ṫaiṫneaṁ
ain bíṫ ag Ṁóiṡ ain-ṡeaṅ; go naiḃ geaṅ an-ṁóṅ
ag a n-a h-aṫain ⁊ ag a n-a ḋeaṅḃṗaiṫṡneaċa uiṁṫi,
⁊ da bṗíġ ṡin go m-b' ḟéidir leí a n-goṫa d' ḟaġail
dó, da labaṗṗuiḋ go ceaṗt leí.

Ṁíṡoṅ ċuiṗ an ṡgeul ṡo oiṗneaḋ luaṫgaiṗe ain Shíṗ
Ḃairiṫ a'ṡ ṁearṗa ba ċóṁ dó a ċuṗ. Dubaiṗt ṡe
go ṗuaṗ ṗailliġeaċ naṗ b' ḟéidir leiṡ Sraṗṗoṅd a
léigean uaiḋ do laṫain, ⁊ aṅ ṡin do ṫiomain ṡe ain
aġaiḋ. Do ṁéudaiġeaḋ an ṡgéul ṡo go móṗ, ag
iṁṫeaċt ó ḃeul go ḃéul, ⁊ gaċ uile ḋuine a' cuṗ
leaṗuġaḋ leiṡ muṗ ir gnaṫaċ. Ḃhí geaṅ ag Sraṗṗoṅd
ain Ṁóiṡ gaṅ aṁṗuṗ; aċt uiṡoṅ iṅiṡ ṡe ṡin a-ṗíaṁ
ḋí; ⁊ a d-taoḃ Ṁóiṡ, b' ḟéidir go b-ṗuiġeaḋ ṡiṅ
a-maċ a h-iṅṫin go léiṅ, muna m-beiḋ go d-taiṅic
caṗḃaḋ Shíṗ Ḃairiṫ go díneaċ a-núair a ḃí ṡí
'na ṡuiḋe aṅ ġlúṅ a h-aṫaṅ, ⁊ ain tí iṅṡin dó cṗéud
an ṗaċ ṗa'n ṁíaṅ leí ḋul ċum an ċoṁ-ṫionoil
daṁṡreoṅuiġe.

Ḃhí Sraṗṗoṅd 'na ṫaoíṡeaċ teaġlaiġ ag an m-
Ḃaṅúṅ, ⁊ ir aige ḃí ṡíaġaluġaḋ or cioṅ ḟeaṅḃoġaṅ-
tuiḋe do-ṡmaċtaiġṫe a ṁaiġirtir. Ḃhí ṡe ṗo eólġaċ
ain neiṫe do ḋéanaṁ a móḋ ṡíaġalta do néiṅ nóṗ
na Sacranaċ, nóṗ naṗ ṫaiṫniġ go móṗ le n-a ċoṁ-
ḟeaṅḃoġaṅtuiḃ; ⁊ da bṗíġ ṡin bí ṗuaċ móṗ aca ain,
⁊ ní aca-ṗaṅ aṁain, aċt ag móṗáṅ de luċt na
tíṡe ṗaṅ g-coṁaṗṗaṅaċt ṡin, a ṁear go naiḃ neaṁ-
ċlaonaḋ láidir aige do leiṫ gaċ uile néiṫe do ḃain
ṗe Sacraṅ, ⁊ dí-ṁear ḟollaṗaċ do gaċ níḋ a ḃain
ṗe Éiṅiṅ. Luġ ṡíaḋ ṗa deaṗa 'na ḋíaiġ ain, naċ

raiḃ an ṡeaṁ-ċlaonaḋ ro aiġe a n-aġaiḋ ṁuintir na h-Éireann go léir; d' admuiġ Stafford é féin go raiḃ buaḋ Ghrae beagnaċ ċoṁ ríaġalta, bréiġte, ralanṫaċ, taiṫneamaċ a'r da m-béanfuiḋ a Sacran ſad. Do ċuir rin ſongnaḋ ċoṁ mór rin air, ionnur nar ḟéud re gan a ḋul gaċ uile úair da raiḃ foill aige gur an mullion no go cabaṁ Roraṁa ionnur go b-feicfeaḋ re an m-b' féidir a léiṫide ro de néiṫib a béiṫ go fíriṁneaċ a n-Éireann. Ir ag muillion Roraṁa do ċeanġaiġ re an méid plúir a ṫeardaiḋeaḋ uaṫa, ⁊ 'rí Róirí do ċongbaiḋ éunlaiṫ rir an m-bean-tiġe a g-coṁnuiḋe; air ṁóḋ go raiḃ re ríaċdanaċ ag Stafford a ḋul go minic air cuairt go cabaṁ Ghrae mar ġeall air ġnoċuiḋe a ṁaiġirtir; ⁊ gaċ uile uair a ṫéiḋeaḋ re aṁ, do ḟaoil re go raiḃ cabaṁ Ghrae nior mó ⁊ nior mó cormuil le tiġ Sacranaċ: ⁊ ṁear re gaċ uair ⁊ gaċ am go m-ba ċormuile Róirí le cailin Sacranaċ na le ruad air bíṫ eile. "Ir mór an truaiġe," ar reifean, "nar ruġaḋ í air an taoḃ ṫall de'n b-fairġe; oir nior b' féidir le mo ṁaṫair ⁊ le mo ċairdiḃ a g-coindae Warwick, cur ṡúas air bíṫ a béiṫ aca ḋí aṁ rin. Acht do briġ gur cailin Éireannaċ a ta inte, ní féidir leo go dearbṫa taiṫneam air bíṫ a béiṫ aca ann."—Ir minic a ċualaiḋ re ſad a' raḋ, no amail a'r da n-déanfaḋ ríad, go m-buḋ ṁór an briireaḋ croiḋe leo, da b-póraḋ re a n-Éireann, ⁊ comnuḋe a ḋéanaṁ a mearg na m-bogaiġ ⁊ na n-Éireannaiġ ḟíaḋain.

A-núair a ċuṁniġ Stafford air ṡeaṁ-ċlaon a ċairde a n-aġaiḋ ṁuintir na h-Éireann, ní broiċ-méirneaċ ṁór air, ṡmuaineaḋ air Róirí ṗóraḋ; acht teagṁuḋ re air úairib go d-tairbéunaṁ léir-ṡmuaineaḋ air ṡeaṁ-ċlaonta ḋúne eile amaideaċt an g-claonta féin dúiṁ, ⁊ ir man ro ḃí an ċár ra laṫair. Do ṡrníoḃ Stafford go minic ċum a ċairde a g-coindae Warwick da ḋearbuġaḋ dóib, go raiḃ ríad meallta go h-iomlan aṁ a m-baraṁail a d-taoḃ na h-Éireann; nać raiḃ Éire go léir 'na bogaċ; go raiḃ iomad cnaṁ and 'rna h-airtib tre an ṡúbal re, ⁊ go raiḃ móran de bailtib beaga tuaiṫe aṁ, ċoṁ dear a'ṫ buḋ ṁian leat d'ḟaicfin aṁ air air bíṫ; ⁊ go

raib na fir, (zíd zo z-caiṫeañ cuid aca bróza fór,) zo mór níor féile do déoraidib ná bí na Sacrañaiż; ⁊ zo raib na cáilinid, an ċuid aca nać raib feoiżte lé deataiż, ċoṁ breaża dear daṫaṁuil le cáilin air bíṫ a ċoñairc re a-ríaṁ, zo h-áiride cáilin éizin d'ar b' ainm Róiri Grae. Ba h-í mar an z-céadna an cáilin a b' ḟeaṁ ⁊ ba taiṫneaṁaiż d' ar b' aiṫne dó a-ríaṁ í, zíd zo raib re beaznać 'na ṗeacad an oiread rin a rad a leiṫ cáilin air bíṫ nar ruzad a Sacran.

Do rzríob Stafford mórán eile de'n t-rórt ro ċum a ṁaṫar; rzríob ri-ri air air ċuize da ḟreazairt, ⁊ d'íaṁ rí mar aṫċuinze air, rmuaíneaḋ zo maiṫ créud a bí re air tí a déanaṁ, rul ma b-fulóngfad re dó féin tuitim zo doiṁin a n-zrad le Róiri Grae ro, no le cáilin Éirioñać air bíṫ eile a tuzad rúar a z-cábán déanta de ballad criaid, ⁊ nar b'féidir do dúine rúil a béiṫ aize zo d-tiompóċad a léiṫide ro a-mać air deireaḋ coṁ maiṫ le bean a ruzad zo fíriñeać a Sacran, ⁊ a tuzad rúar a d-teać rcláta.

Do h-aṫruiżeaḋ Stafford ċoṁ mór rin añ a reaṁċlaonta ⁊ añ a baraṁuil air ṁuintir na h-Éiriñ ó ṫainic re n-a mearz, air ṁód nar ḟéud re zan mionżáire do déanaṁ faoí roiñ de lítir a ṁaṫar; zidéaḋ, ṫainic re lei coṁ ḟáda ro ir zur ṁear re zo raib re céillide aize zan tuitim zo doiṁin a n-zrad le cáilin air bíṫ Éirioñać no Sacrañać no zo m-béid eólur zo h-iomlán aize air a méin 'r a tuizre. Uime rin léiz re dé zo críoña, 'ré rin le rad, léiz re de oiread a'r d'ḟéud re, coṁarṫa air bíṫ a ṫabairt do Róiri zo raib zean air bíṫ aize uiṁri, no zo raib lán-ḟaill aize a teardar, ⁊ fior a h-aizne ḟażail a-mać.

Do bí ro añ a ċuṁaċt a-noir. Choñairc re zo d-tuz a ṁaiżirtir taiṫneaṁ mór do Róiri mur żeall air a rzéiṁ áluiñ; ⁊ bí 'ḟior aize zo raċfad Sir Háirint air ażaid le n-a żnoṫuide zo búain-ḟearṁać neaṁ-ṫuirreać. D'éiriż a ċroide le luṫżair, 'n-úair a ṫainic an carda a ṫuz cundur air a diúltad. Do léiż re a-rír ⁊ a-rír é, ⁊ fa déoid ċuir re a-rteać añ a brollać é zo dluṫ le n-a ċroide.—"Ir maiṫ

"an inḡean Róiri," ar se leis féin; "agus is maiṫ an comaṁṫa sin go m-béid sí 'na mnaoi maiṫ, Aṁ smuaiṁiḡeaṅ sí go d-tuig mo maiḡistir taiṫneaṁ ḋí; aċt is maiṫ a ġníḋ sí comaiṁle a h-aṫar ċríoṅa ċumaṅaiḡ do ḡlacaḋ. Aṁ naḃ oiṁead de ḡean a-ṡíaṁ agam air an b-feilmeoir 'Gnas sin, aṅ am air bíṫ aṅ mo ḟaoḡal a's ta air an móiment so.

Do ċuir a maiḡistir coiṁneaṡ air Sgaṫfoṙd an tan ḃí se ag labairt man so leis féin: ḡlaoḋ se go ḟeaṙḡaċ air, ⁊ d'ḟíaṙnuiḋ se ḋé, créud fa naċ d-tug se coirce do na caiṗliḃ an la 'noiṁe sin, mar d'iarr se air. Is ḟíor go n-deanna se deaṙmad go h-iomlán de'n g-coirce, do ḃriṡ go raiḃ se buaiḋeaṙṫa mío-ṡuaiṁneaċ aṅ intiṅ mur ġeall air Róiri, ⁊ air an g-coiṁ-ṫionol baiṁreoṙuiḡe. Do lar Sgaṫfoṙd go ḃuy an da ċúair. D'adṁuiḋ se gur no ḃona ṙiṅe se, deaṙmad a ḋéanaṁ de'n g-coirce; aċt dubairt se go raċfaḋ se ċum an ṡgiobóil do laṫair, ⁊ go d-tiobṙaḋ se a-maċ don n-gṙúmaḋ é. B'féidir go d-tiobṙaḋ maiḡistir air ḃíṫ eile, naċ m-béiḋ ċoṁ so-ċoṁuiḋe no ċoṁ diongmalta le Ó Briain, maiṫeaṁnar do Sgaṫfoṙd aṅ sa b-fairliḡe so, air son a ġnaṫ-ḋuṫṙaċt noiṁe sin.

Aṅ tan ċúalaiḋ an t-uġdar móṙ-ṁeaṙaṁuil Sgeṙn maiḡistir aṁuiḋe aon uair aṁain ag tabairt aċmuraiṅ ġéir do ḟeirbiṙeaċ mar ġeall air loċt gan ḃriṡ, dubairt se leis an duine uaral so, "a Shaoi ionnsu, "nior ċóir ḋúiṅ rúil a ḃéiṫ aguiṅ gaċ ṙubaisce fan "ngréin ḟaḡail air ṙiċċid ponta ran m-bliaḋan."

Ba ṁian le Ó Briain iad a ḃéiḋ aige air aṁain geallaṁuin ṙiċċid ponta sa' m-bliaḋan. Gíḋ nar ḋíol se tuarardal a ṙeaṙboḡantuiḋ 'siaṁ go cuearda, 'na ḋiaiḡ sin ba ġnaṫaċ leis a marluġaḋ go no ṁío-ṁoḃaṁuil gac uile úair da m-bíḋeaḋ ḟeaṙḡ air. 'Gan g-car laḃairneaċ, méuduiḡeaḋ a ḋroċ-aiġne le h-éud.

"Do b' ḟeaṙ liom, a ḋuine uaral," ar se le Sgaṫfoṙd, tar éis é gair mioṅa móṙa do ċur ar; "go d-tiobarṙa aire dod' ġnoċuiḋe, 'sgan a ḃeiṫ "a' dul a n-ḋiaiḡ néiṫe naċ b-ṙuil oiṙeaṁnaċ duṫ, ⁊ naċ b-ṙoḡnaṅ ḋuiṫ; ní'l la naċa go deiḡeanaċ oṙt; "ṫá tu neaṁ-aiṙneaċ, míṁoḃaṁṫ, ⁊ ní'l tu ionraoḃ."

D'ḟulaṅg Sgaṙṙoṙd go ṙoiġḋeaċ gaċ aṙ ḋubaiṙṫ a ṁaiġḋṙṫiṙ, no 'go d-taiṅiġ ṙe ġuṙ aṅ ḟocal ṙo, "ṅí'l tu ḟoṅṫaoḃ;" aċt ċoṁ luaṫ a'ṙ duḃaiṙṫ ṙe ṙo, ṅíoṙ b'ḟéiḋiṙ leiṙ ṙmaċṫ a ȯuṙ aiṙ ḟéiṅ ṅíoṙ ḟaiḋe. Ṫhaiṫ ṙe aiṙ aṅ d-talaṁ eoċaṙ ṁóṙ aṅ ṙġioḃoil a ḃí aṅ a laiṁ, ⁊ ġaiṙ ṙe a-maċ—"ṅí'l me ḟoṅṫaoḃ! "aṅ é ṙo luaċ ḟaoċaiṙ mo ḟeiṙḃíṙe go h-iomlaṅ. "Ní'l me ḟoṅṫaoḃ! Maiṙeaḋ ṅí'l aoṅ ġṅoṫuiḋe aṅ "ṙo aġaṁ-ṙa ṅíoṙ ḟaiḋe."

"Ní'l da luaiṫe ṁṫeoċaṙ tu naḋ aṁluiḋ iṙ ḟeaṙṙ "é, a ḃuiṅe ṁaiṫ," aṙṙ' aṅ Ṗaṙṙṅ go ḟeaṙġaċ; ⁊ ṅí ṙaiḃ ṙuḋ aiṙ ḃíṫ a b'ḟeaṙṙ leiṙ 'ṙaṅ áṁ riṅ ṅa ȯṙeaṅ ṁṫeaċṫ aṙ a ṙaḋaṙc. "Iṙ ḟeaṙṙ duiṫ ṁṫeaċṫ "leat go Saċraṅ ḋo laċaiṙ: ṅí'l ḟéuṁ aġaṁ aiṙ "do ḟeiṙḃíṙ ṅíoṙ ḟaiḋe,"

Ní'oṙ laḃaiṙ Sgaṙṙoṙd aoṅ ḟocal aṁaiṅ ṅíoṙ mó, aċt d'ṁṫiġ ṙe leiṙ aṙ a ṙaḋaṙc, ieṅuṙ go m-b'ḟéiḋiṙ leiṙ a ḃuaiḋṙeaḋ iṅṫiṅe do ċéiṫ; ⁊ a ṅúaiṙ a ḃí ṙe 'ṅa aoṅaṙ ḃṙiṙ ṙe a-maċ a ṅ-ġul, aġ naḋ leiṙ ḟéiṅ a-ṙíṙ ⁊ a-ṙíṙ, "Maiṙeaḋ 'ṙé ṙo luaċ mo ḟeiṙḃíṙe go léiṙ!"

Aṅ tṙaṫ d' ḟuaṙaiġ ḟeaṙġ Shiṙ Ḃáiṙiṅṫ, ṙmuaiṅiġ ṙe go raiḃ tuaṙaḋal ḟeaċṫ m-bliaḋaṅ le ḋíol le Sgaṙṙoṙd aiġe, ⁊ do ḃṙíġ naċ raiḃ ṙe coṁġaṙaċ aiġe ṙġaṙaṁuiṅ leiṙ aṅ oiṙeaḋ riṅ aiṙġid aṅṙa laċaiṙ aṅ aiṁṙiṙ ṅa toġa, do ċuiṙ ṙe roiṁe ṙeiḋṫeaċ leiṙ. Aí do ġṙaḋ aṅ ċeiṙṫ ba ṁíaṅ leiṙ ṙo a ḋéaṅaṁ, ⁊ uiṁe riṅ iṙ éiġiṅ a raḋ go raiḃ ṙe coṁ uiṙiṙiol laiġ-ṙṙioṙaiḋeaċ riṅ a'ṙ a léiċ-ṙġéul ḟéiṅ a ġaḃail le ṅ-a ḟeaḋṁaṅaċ ḟéiṅ, ⁊ tuaiṙiṁ a ṫaḃaiṙṫ dó go raiḃ ḟáiṙte aiġe ḟaṅṁuiṅ aṅ a ḟeiṙḃíṙ ṅí b'ḟaiḋe, ṁa ba toil leiṙ é. "A ḃuiṅe uaṙaiṙ," aṙṙa Sgaṙṙoṙd, "do ḃṙíġ go ṅ-deiṙ tu naṙ ṁíaṅ leat a raḋ go raiḃ "ṁe mí-ċneaṙda, ṅíḋ naṙ ṫuill me a raḋ liom ⁊ da "ḃṙíġ riṅ naṙ b'ḟéiḋiṙ liom d' ḟulaṅg, ṫa me ṙáṙṫa "ḟaṅṁuiṅ. Ḃéiḋ me maiṫ go leóṙ le ḟuiṙeaċ aġaḋ-ṙa "ṁa'ṙ ḟéiḋiṙ daṁ ḋáṅaċṫ a ḋéaṅaṁ laḃaiṙṫ leat "a d-taoḃ ṅíḋ éiġiṅ a ṫa aṅ m' iṅṫiṅ, ⁊ ḟíaṙṙuiġ "ḋíoṫ aṅ m-béiḋ díúltaḋ aiṙ ḃíṫ aġaḋ da ṙmuaiṅeóċṙṅ "aiṙ Ṙóiṙi Gṙae a ḟóṙaḋ?"

"Díúltaḋ aiṙ ḃíṫ aġaṁ! ṅí béiḋ díúltaḋ aiṙ ḃíṫ "aġaṁ-ṙa," aṙṙ' Ó Ṗṙiaiṅ le ġṙé ċṙoṁḋa, caiḃḋeaċṫ

a bí air a ċumar gaċ úair ⁊ gaċ âm, ⁊ nar b'ḟéidir leir an t-Sacranaċ ḟimlíde ċabairt fa deara—
"Créud an fad fa m-béid cur ṡúas air bíd agam-fa
"dod' ḟóraḋ le Róirí Grae?"

"Ní'l 'ḟior agam, a Shaoi, ní ḟeadaim a raḋ," arsa Stafford; "acht ṡaoil me an lá a ċuaid tu go
"Roraṅa, go m-ba ċormuil duit ionnsuaḋ mór a
"déanamh d'a rséirm, ⁊ dubairt tu liom a n-dé gan a
"béid ag rid a n-diaiḡ néide nar bain dam."

"Agus créud fa raoilfeá go mearaiḡ-re naċ
"b-fuil Róirí Grae oireamhnaċ duit," arsa Ó Brían ag gáirideáe. "A d-taoḃ an molaḋ ṫug me dí an lá
"ċuaid me go Roraṅa, ní raiḃ aṅ acht milir-bríaṫra
"gan bríḡ, ⁊ ní rud air bíd eile."

Bhí Stafford lán t-fafta leir an móḋ airíriol aṅ an ḟoilriḡ a maiḡirtir é féin dó. Do rinne ríad muinteanar le ċéile, ⁊ do ḡlac Stafford do láimh a-rís an cúram a bí aige timċioll an tíḡe ḟior duċraċtaiḡ na rinne re 'ríamh 'noime. B' éigin dó fanmhain no go m-béid re comhgaraċ ag a n-a maiḡirtir cead a ċabairt dó a dul lá áirideáe go Roraṅa, ⁊ Róirí d'iarraid le poraḋ. Do ċuir a h-iomċar a d-taoḃ an ċoimh-ṫionoil daimreoraiḡe a n-iúl dó go raiḃ neamh-ċlaonta a maċar a n-aḡaiḋ mhna na h-Éirinn gan aḋḃar air bíd.

An ḟeaḋ bí a inṫin fan rtáb ro, ċuir Ó Brían ḟior air, aon maidin amháin, ⁊ dubairt re leir go g-caiḋḟe ré dul go h-ionad áirideáe a b-fozur dó, ċum daoine éigin ag a raiḃ talamh faor 'na reilb, ⁊ a m-b'ḟéidir d'a n-goċa an toḡa d'iompoḋ aṅ a leid. "B 'ḟéidir crioċ a ċur air na gnoċuide rin a m-beagan laeċid," arr' Ó Brían; ⁊ do ḡaḃ Stafford be n'air, rin do déanamh go fonnmar. Ní raiḃ na daoine uairle, ċum ar cuireaḋ na liceaċa le Stafford, 'ra m-baile, ⁊ da bríḡ rin, b'éigin dó fanmhain air feaḋ caocaidíre ag fuireaċ leo. Ag teaċt air air dó, ḡaḃ re rlíḡe a bí ag dul le taoḃ Roraṅa, ionnur go m-béid an rólár aige, an ċuid ir luḡa de, Róirí ḟaicrin air feaḋ tamuill bíg; acht a núair a ḡlaoḋ re ag an g-cabán, ní léigfiḋ a-rteaċ é, níd do ċuir ionnsuaḋ no mór air. Air m-béid dó 'na duine lafanta ó nadúr, ⁊ 'na duine uaibreaċ mur an g-céadna, do

ꝼmuaiṅiġ ꝼe aiṅ d-túr an ġeaṁan ċiomꝑoḋ ṫaṁ, ⁊ iṁċeaċs leiṁ. Acht aġ cur coṁṁeirġ aiṅ a ċoṁṁuiḋe, do ṁear ꝼe ġan an ait d'ꝼaġail no go b-ꝼaġaḃ ꝼe a-maċ ġad é ba ċiall dó ro. Do ꝼmuaiṅiġ ꝼe naċ y-deanṅaiḋ aon y-duine de'n m-dunaḃ ꝼin 'ṅiaṁ 'noiṁe mío-ċoiṅġiol no cealġ aiṅ bíḋ aiṅ. Da bṅiġ ꝼin go m-ba maiṫ an baṗaṁuil naċ d-ꝼiomꝑoċaḃ ꝼiad a n'aġaiḋ a-noiṁ muna meaṗꝑaḃ ꝼiad go naiḋ aḋḃar maiṫ aca. Ṫhuaiḋ ꝼe aiṅ maṗcaiġeaċt aiṅ an m-ball go naċaiṅe a bí a b-ꝼoġur dó, aṅ a b-ꝼacaiḋ ꝼe móṗan luċd-oibṗe aġ ꝼaoṫaṗ. Ṡhí Gṗaé ꝼéin 'na g-cuideaċt. Do ṫaiṗliġ Staꝑꝑoṗd d'a ġeaṁan go h-éaṗġaiḋ, ⁊ le gnúiṁ ṁoḋaṁuil ṁacanta do ꝼín ꝼe a-maċ a láṁ aġ naḋ,—"Aṅ ḋiġ liom a ċnéidṁuiṅ "gur ṁian leat mo ṁarluġaḋ: iṅiṁ daṁ ċréud ꝼa "naċ léiġꝑiḋeaṁ a-ꝼteaċ aṅ do ṫeaċ me, a duine "ṁuiṅteaṗaiġ?"

Do ċuiṁ Gṗae a ḃaṫa ꝼa n'uċt aiṅ ꝼeaḋ ṫamuill biġ, ⁊ ṫaṁ éiṁ ꝼéucaiṅ go gṅiṅ tṁoṁḋa aiṅ, dubaiṅt ꝼe,—"Ṫhím go naiḋ ꝼiṅ no neaṁ-ꝼoiġiḋeaċ; ní naiḋ "aḋḃar aiṅ bíḋ aguiṅ a béiḋ a n-iṁneaṗ leat-ꝼa, a "Staꝑꝑoṗd: oiṅ níoṁ b'ꝼéidiṁ duit go bṅaċ ꝼéuċaiṅ "oṁ leiṁ an y-gnúiṁ ṁacanta ꝼubailceaċ ꝼin, da "m-béiḋ láṁ aiṅ bíḋ 'ꝼa n-gnoċuiḋe ro agaḋ."

"Gad é an gnoċuiḋe?" arꝑa Staꝑꝑoṗd.

"Siúbal a baile liom, aṗ éiꝼdeaċt na n-daoine ro, "⁊ iṅeoraḋ ꝼin duit," arꝑa Gṗae.

Ṫṗaċ bí ꝼiad a' ꝼiúbal gur an cabaṅ, do baiṅ Gṗae a-maċ aṗ a ꝑócaḋ leaḃaṗ-ꝑocaḋ móṗ leaṫaiṅ, ⁊ bí ꝼe aġ cuaṗtaġaḋ líṫṗe aṅ. "Aiṫéiṁ oṅt, a Staꝑꝑoṗd," aṅ ꝼe, "aṅ ċuiṅ tu-ꝼa meloy ċam "m'iṅġine-ꝼa, tiṁċioll deiċ la o ꝼoiṅ?"

"Ṫhuiṅeaṗ ceaṅ a ṫóġ me ꝼéin. D'ꝼaġḃaṗ aġ a "n-gaṁḋadoiṅ é, le n-a ċur ċuiṫe, ⁊ dubaiṅt me "leiṁ iṅṫiṅ dí naṗ maiṫ liom go m-b'éiġiṅ daṁ ḋul "aṗ baile muṅ ġeall aiṅ gnoċuiḋe mo ṁaiġiṫeiṅ, "⁊ naṗ b'ꝼéidiṁ liom a ꝼaiṫṫiṅ aiṅ ꝼeaḋ béaġaṅ do "laeċṫ, no nud éiġiṅ muṅ ꝼiṅ."

"Aṅ ṫaiṅiċ teaċdaiṅeaċd aiṅ bíḋ de'n t-ṗóṅt "ꝼiṅ," arꝑa Gṗae, "ach aṁaiṅ an meloy ⁊ aṅ "ṡgṅíbiṅ beaġ ro. Go deiṁiṅ," aṅ ꝼe aġ ꝼéuċaiṅ aiṅ Staꝑꝑoṗd, a-núaiṅ a bí 'ꝼe a'léiġeaḋ na líṫṗe,

"ta se ag éiriġ coṁ baiṅ-ġnéiteaċ, is d'éiriġ mo "bean féin a núair a ṫairbéun me dí í."

Go deanḃṫa d'éiriġ Srafford baiṅ-ġnéiteaċ le fearġ. Ba líctir í a rgríob a ṁaiġirtir ċum Róirí, ⁊ d'iarr Sir Ḃairint mar aṫċuinge gan a foillriuġaḋ air aon ċor, ag geallṁuint rprís ṁaiṫ a ṫabairt dí ċum a pórda le fear ṁaiṫ éigin eile, da n-glacaḋ tpuaiġe í d'fear a b ⁊ a n-gnaḋ lei, ⁊ a' faġail baiṙ le gnaḋ uirri.

"Ní féicfiḋ me mo ṁaiġirtir go bpaċ a-ríír, "arra Srafford; "nior b'féidir liom a ḟaicfin "gan me féin a ċur a g-contabairt rud éigin a "ḋéanaṁ nar b'féidir ḋaṁ a ṁaiṫeaḋ dam féin. "É-rean 'na ḋuine uaral! é-rean 'na ḋuine uaral! "imṫeoċaḋ me liom ⁊ faġfuiḋ me a líctreaċa ⁊ a "ġeaṁán ag cuid d'a ṁuiñtir: ní féicfiḋ me go "bpaċ a-ríír é; muna n-díolaḋ re feorlinġ de "ṫuarardal mo ḟeaċt m-bliaḋan liom, is cuma liom "é; ní ċodolaḋ me oiḋċe eile aṅ a ṫeaċ. É-rean "'na ḋuine uaral!"

Do ċuir an moṫuġaḋ feirge a bí air Srafford luċġair ṁór air Ghnae; ⁊ ir móide ċoṁuiġ re é, do bríġ go raiḃ Srafford a g-coṁnuiḋe roiṁe rin moḋaṁail macanta ⁊ an-tribíalta. Thaṙladar na ṅéiṫe ro go h-iomlán ag an dó de'n ċloġ tpaṫṅóna, ⁊ ṫainic re go Roraṅa tpaṫṅóna an lae ċéadna. Bhí Róirí 'na ruiḋe a g-ceaṅ oibre ag fuiṅeóġ an ċabair. A núair a ċoṅairc rí é ag an n-geataḋ beag ban, d'aiṫniġeadar a deanḃpairtreaċa air a daṫ cía bí a' teaċt, ⁊ niṫ ríad a-maċ da ṫeaġmail rír.

"Ba cóir ḋaoiḃ bur n-doirre a ḋruid am' aġaiḋ-ra "a-noir, aṅ áit niṫe a-maċ dom' ṫeaġmail; oir ní "fearaċ me go b-fuil feorlinġ ran doṁaṅ agam "aċt a b-fuil ran mála ro. Bhí me coṁ ámaideaċ "'r gur ḟáġ me gaċ ar faoṫraiġ me a laṁuiḋ dune "uaral naċ féidir leir a ṫabairt daṁ aċt a bana "air ron mo ṫuarardail. Aċt ir maiṫ liom go b-fuil "me a-maċ ar a ṫeaċ air aon ċor."

"Agur ir maiṫ liom-ra go b-fuil tu aṅ mo ṫeaċ "féin," arra Gnae, ag cur fáilte roiṁe le tear ġnaḋ na féile do ṫaṁuinġ deóra an ċumaiṅ a rúlíḋ Sraffoird. Rinne Róirí mion-ġáire faoi n-a h-aṫair-

ṅíoṙ ḋuḃaiṙt ṡi ḋaḋaḋ aċt a ċaṫaoiṙ uilleaṅ a ċuṙ ċuiʒe, ⁊ ḃí ṡí ṙo ʒṅoṫuiḋeaċ aʒ cóiṙiuʒaḋ aṅ ḃuiṙd ċum tea ḋo ċuṙ aiṙ. Do ṡméid Naiṡʒiṡtṙeaṡ Gṙae aiṙ a h-aoiḋeaḋ; ċuiṙ ṡí d' ḟiaċaiḃ aiṙ ṡuiḋe ṡíoṡ le ṅ-a taoḃ, aʒ iṅṡiṅ dó ʒo m-béiḋ tea aiʒe aʒ Roṡaṅa coṁ maiṫ a'ṡ ḃí aṙíaṁ a ʒ-coṅḋae Warwick aiʒe, "⁊ aṡ ṡoiṫiʒiḃ a ṙiṅeaḋ a Staffordshire," aṙ ṡí, aʒ baiṅt ṅa ʒ-cupáṅ tea iṡ ḟeaiṙ a ḃí aiċe, ⁊ ṅa b-plata beaʒa a-máċ aṡ coiṙṅ-ṡḋial.

Bhí Roiḃeaṙd beo ṡúʒaċ ó ṅáḋúṙ, ⁊ dúil aiʒe ḟoṅaṁaḋ a ḋéaṅaṁ ḟaoi ṅ-a ċáiṙdiḃ: da ḃṙíʒ ṡiṅ, ṅíoṙ ḟéud ṡe toiṙmeaṡʒ a ċuṙ aiṙ ḟeiṅ ʒaṅ aiṫṙiṡ dóiḃ ʒo raiḃ íoṅʒṅaḋ móṙ aiṙ ḟa maṙ ṫoʒ Staffoṙd beaṅ Éiṙioṅáċ maṙ roʒaṅ aiṙ ṁṅáiḃ aṅ doṁaiṅ. "Aṅ ḃ-ḟuil tu láṅ-ċiṅte, a Staffoiṙd," aṙ ṡe, "ṅaċ ḃ-ḟuil ṡʒíaṫaiṅ aiṙ ʒuailleaċaiḃ mo ḋeiṙḃṙíuṙe?"

'Bh-ḟuil tu ṙéiḋ a-ṅoiṡ, a Roiḃeiṙd?" aṙṡ' a ṁaṫaiṙ, aiṙ ṫaḃaiṙt ḟa ḋeaṙa ḋí ʒo raiḃ ṅáiṙe ṁóṙ aiṙ Staffoṙd, ⁊ ṅaċ raiḃ ḟṙeaʒṙaḋ ullaṁ aiʒe.—
"Na ḃí ṙeaṁ-ċlaoṅaḋ aʒ Staffoṙd a ṅ-aʒaiḋ mṅa
"na h-Éiṙiṅ, iṡ móiḋe aṅ cliú ḋo mo Róiṡi-ṡa buaiḋ
"ḋo ḃṙeiṫ aiṙ; ⁊ a ḋ taoḃ ṡʒíaṫaṅ, cuiṙ a ʒ-cáṡ
"ʒo m-béiḋ ṡíaḋ oṙuiṅ, ṅíoṙ ṅáiṙe aiṙ bíṫ ḋúiṅe
"a ta 'ṅ-aṙ ṅ-Éiṙioṅaíʒ beaṙṫa é, ⁊ da ṙéiṙ ṡiṅ,
"ṅíoṙ ṁi-ċliú aiṙ bíṫ a ʒ-cuṙ 'ṅ-aṙ leiṫ. Naċ
"ḃ-ḟuil ṡʒíaṫaiṅ aiṙ ṅa h-aiṅʒliḃ ḟéiṅ!"

Iṡ móṙ aṅ t-aoíḃṅeaṡ, aiṙ uaiṙiḃ, ʒṙeaṅ tṙaṫ-aṁuil a ḋéaṅaṁ, ⁊ ċoṅaiṙc Staffoṙd ṡiṅ aiṙ aṅ uaiṙ ṡiṅ ʒo díṙeaċ: oiṙ d'imṫiʒ a ṅáiṙe a ṅ-ḋiaiʒ a ċéile, ⁊ ṅí ḋeaṙṅaiḋ Roiḃeaṙd ḟoṅaṁaḋ ḟaoi ṅíoṡ ḟaiḋe. "Ní raiḃ ṡmuaíṅeaḋ aʒam," aṙ ṡe, "ʒaḋ "é ċoṁ ḟuṙaṡ a'ṡ ta ṡe ṅáiṙe ċuṙ aiṙ Shacṡaṅaċ a-ʒcoṁlúaḋaṙ a ṁaiʒiṡtṙeaṡ."

Ba aṅ-aoíḃiṅ aṅ tṙaṫṅóṅa é ṡo aʒ Roṡaṅa, Taṙ éiṡ Róiṡi imṫeaċt aṡ aṅ ʒ-coṁlúaḋaṙ, ṅíḋ ḋo ṙiṅe ṡí ʒaṅ ṁaill ċum ʒṅoṫuiḋe aṅ tíʒe a ḋéaṅaṁ, ḋo laḃaiṙ a h-aṫaiṙ le Staffoṙd ʒo h-aṅ-tṡíḃíalta. "A Staffoiṙd," aṙ ṡe, "ma ḋeiṙ tu liom, ʒuṙ ḟéiḋiṙ "leat m'iṅʒiṅ ḋo ċoṅʒḃail ṡúaṡ a ṡlíʒe ḃeaṫa muṙ ta ṡí a-ṅoiṡ, ḃeaṙaḋ me ḋuit le póṡaḋ í." Do ṙéiṙ mo ḃaṙaṁuil-ṡe, (⁊ 'ṡ é ṡiṅ a céaḋḟaḋ-ṡa maṙ aṅ ʒ-céuḋṅa,) ṅí'l ṡlíʒe aiṙ bíṫ ḃeaṫa ṡaṅ doṁaṅ iṡ

feam 'na ,é ro, don dream a ċleaċdar e. B' feam
liom Róiri faicrin da fóraḋ le duine cearda falaṁtaċ
deaḡ-aiḡeantaċ ro-ṡiaṁta man ċu féin, a d' féudfaḋ
ṡí a ḡnaḋaḋ, na da m-béiḋ ṡí 'na mnaoí aḡ dune
ċoṁ oiṁḋeirc le Sir Ḃairint O Briain: oir do ṁéir
mo ḃaṗaṁnle, ní ḡníḋ re dune fona no ṡéunṁar,
móṗan faiḋḃrir a ḟealḃuḡaḋ. Saoilim go ḃ-fuil
me féin air an uair ro níor faiḋḃre na Sir Ḃairint;
oir ní'l dadaiḋ aḡ dune air bíḋ orm, ní'l maiḡirtir
air bíḋ orm aċt me féin, ⁊ ir féidir liom móṗan a
ḋéanaṁ do dune mṁṅteaṗaċ. Aċt ta tu a' ṡíor-
rmuaineaḋ air Róiri, ⁊ ní'l aire air bíḋ aḡad air
mo ċaint-re. So a ḃ-fuil le raḋ aḡam, bíḋ ṡí aḡad
ma 'r é a toil féin é; ⁊ a d-taoḃ an ċuid eile, cuir
a ḡ-cár naċ n-díolfaḋ O Briain leiṫ-ṡíḡin go deóiḋ
leat dod' ċuid airḡid, ní ċuirfeaḋ rin toirmearḡ air
bíḋ air do ḃainir. Ir maiṫ na buaċailliḋ mo ċlaṅ
mac-ra, ⁊ ní ḃéiḋ mearḃuḋ ort-ra no air Róiri ċoṁ
fada a'r bíor mullion Moraṅa air bun.

Do ruḡ an ṡéile ro buaiḋ go h-iomlán air Strafford.
Ir deiṁin ḡur dúal do na h-Éireoṅaiḡ a béiṫ ṡíal,
Chuir re ionḡnaḋ móir air an t-Sacranaċ d'ar
ḡnaṫaċ ṡíor-ċneartaċd ṡaiceal a mearḡ lucd a ṫíre
féin, aṅ a roiṅ le n-a ċéile; aċt ir aṅam a bí
cleaċdaḋ air bíḋ aiḡe air ṫear-ḡnaḋ mṁṅteaṗaċ
mur ro, no dune a' déanaṁ dearmaid d'a ṫairbe
féin mur ḡeall air dune eile. Afor féud re focal
a laḃairt air feaḋ tamul biḡ, aċt tar éis é laiṁ
a ċraṫaḋ go caṗṫanac le aṫair Róiri, (ní a ṫairb-
béunar ḡean móir a mearḡ na Sacranaċ,) dubairt
re leis, "Bheirim buḋeaċar ó ċroiḋe dut, a ṫaraiḋ,
"⁊ ma ṁairim ċoṁ fada le Yetúṡalem, ní déanaiḋ
"me dearmad dé ro. Aċt ní air do ṡaoṫar-ra no
"air ṡaoṫar do ċloiṅe ir ṁian liom-ra ṫeaċt ṡúar;
"níor roiṅ ċoṁṫrom í rin, ⁊ ní ṁeasaim go m-béiḋ
"re sirréaṁnaċ, do réir mur tuḡaḋ ṡúar me. Ir
"dólaraċ an níḋ liom naċ féidir leis an maiḡistir ro
"aḡam dadaiḋ ṫaḃairt dam air ron reirbir mo ṡeaċt
"m-bliaḋan, aċt an ḡreim beaḡ fairein ro," ar re,
aḡ breiṫ baṅa Shir Ḃairint ar a leaḃar pócaiḋ.
"Aċt ḡíḋ go b-fuil a neaṁ-ċlaonta féin aḡ mo
"ṁaċair a n-aḡaiḋ ṁṅṅtir na h-Éireann, ⁊ go ḃ-fuil

ṡí no ċeaṅ-dana 'na d-taob, agus m-béiṫ dí 'na mnaoi
" aorda nar ḟaḡ Sacran a-ṡíaṁ, no ḟiú an ṗaraisṫe
aṅ ar ṡuḡaḋ í, tar a ċeaṅ ṡin, ta ṡí 'na mnaoi
" ċarṫanaiḡ, ⁊ ní ḟéidir liom ṡmuaineaḋ ḡo n-diúltoċaḋ
" ṡí conḡnaṁ a ṫabairt dam, no ḡo ḡ-cuirfiḋ ṡí
" toirmeasḡ air bíṫ air mo ṗóraḋ, a núair a ġeabaiḋ
" ṡí a-máċ ḡo b-fuil mían aḡuṅ a ċur a ḡ-críċ.
" Aime ṡin ṡḡríobaḋ me ċuce ṡul a ḡ-codolaḋ me
" a-noċt, ⁊ b'ḟeaṁ liom ḡo m-b' ḟéidir liom ḡoṁaiḡ
" Róiṡi do ċur a-ṡteaċ ḟa ḟalaċ na líṡṫe, a béiḋ
" nísor ḟeaṁ na ar b' ḟéidir liom a naḋ 'na taob.
" Acht ní ṫiḡ le ḡoṁaiḡ air bíṫ ceart a déanaṁ dí.
" Aṁ milir-bríaṫra ir mían liom, aṁuil do ṡiṅe Sir
" Ḃáirint aḡ molaḋ a h-éudain; acht aṁain an
" ḟíriṅe ḡríain. 'Sé ir mían liom a naḋ, nar b' ḟeidir
" le ḡoṁaiḡ air bíṫ a ċur a ḡ-céill dom' ṁaṫair
" cnéud maiṫear, deiḡ-ṁéin, ⁊ modamlaċt Róiṡi.
" Ta móran de ṡeaṁċlaontaiḃ aḡ mo ṁaṫair; acht
" ta ṡí 'na mnaoi ṁaiṫ, ⁊ ní'l aṁṡur air bíṫ aḡam
" naċ m-béiḋ ṡí aṁluiḋ liom-sa."

Do ḡríoḃ Stafford líṡir ḟada ċum a ṁaṫair, ⁊ a ḡ-cioṅ caocaiḋire 'na diaiḡ ṡin, ḟuair se an ḟreaḡraḋ ḡeair so.

" A Sheóṡra ṁic,

Tuḡ me ḟur-ḟuaḡraḋ duit ḡan tuṫim a n-ḡraḋ le
" cairín Éirioṅaċ, ⁊ d'iṅir me duit nar b'ḟéidir liom
"aontuiḡeaḋ leir ḡo braċ. An leaba a ċoinneoċar
" tu duit féin, ir éiḡin duit luiḋe ṁiṫi. Ta do
" deirbḟiur Dorian da póraḋ mur an ḡ-céudna, ⁊
" air ṫí ṡiopaḋ ċur ṡuas a Warwick do ṡéir mo
" ċoṁairle féin: an ṁéid airḡid ir féidir liom a
" ḟabairt ir eiḡin dam a ṫabairt dí-ṡi a ta 'na leanḃ
" uṁal; ⁊ ta ṡúil aḡam, ma 'r toil le Dia é, deireaḋ
" mo ḟaoḡail do cairteaḋ 'na cuideaċt, ⁊ a b-ḟoċair
" a cloiṅe mar ir cóir, 'na b-fairisṫe so, an ár
" ar ṡuḡaḋ ⁊ tuḡaḋ súas me. Aḡ iarraiḋ mur
" aṫċuiḡe ḡan aḋḃar aiṫreaċair a beiṫ aḡaḋ, 'r
" ḡan ṁearḃuiḋ air bíṫ a béiṫ ort, ir mi-se

Do ṁaṫair ċumaṅaċ,

Dorian Stafford."

Do ċur an líṡir so buaiḋreaḋ móir air Stafford.

⁊ ṁearz rí zo mór a ṁiṫiṁ. Aṅ riu ṫuz re do Ghrae aṅ a laṁ í zan focal a raḋ, ⁊ aṅ riu ṫaṁaiṅz re a ṫaṫaoiṙ air riuḃal ó Róiṙi. D' ḟalaiż re a éadan le n-a laṁuḃ, ⁊ ṅíor labair re, no ṅíor ċualaiḋ re aon ḟocal amain d'ar laḃraḋ 'na ṫimċioll air ḟeaḋ leat-uair zo h-iomlán, no zur ṁúrzail a ċaṙaiḋ Roibeard ṙa ḋeiṙeaḋ é, da búalaḋ air a n-zuallain ⁊ az raḋ, "Lann, a Sraṙṙoiṙd, ní ḟożnaiḋ uaḃar "Sacraṅaċ duṅ-ne; ní'l aṅ ro zo leir aóc ċum "peaṅar a ṫabairt duṫ-re do ḃríż zur ḋiulcaiḋ tu "a ḃéiṫ ran-ṗáirteaċ lin-ne a mullean Roraṅa, nió "ir éizin duṫ a ḋéanaṁ a-noir air ron Róiṙi, muna "n-déanṙaḋ tu é mur żeall orrn-ne no ort ṙéin. "Naiṫ zo leor, abair zo b-ṙuil tu ráṙta."

Aíor b'ṙéidir do Sraṙṙord zan a ḃeiṫ comżże. Aí raiḃ duine de'n m-buaḋ aċt Róiṙi naó raiḃ az iarraiḋ air, rin do ḋéanaṁ; ⁊ zió nar labair rí-ri aon ḟocal, ir mó ċomżż rí é na iad-ran a ḃí az cainc. Bhí an dinéar réiḋ ullaṁ ⁊ curṫa air an m-bord, rul mar rocraiḋeaḋ an t-imrear muṅṫeaṙaċ ro. Dinéar! 'reaḋ, dinéar, Ir éizin do ḋaoiniḃ air uairiḃ ḋul ċum dinéir air lár na ṙráide ir ceimeaṁule; ⁊ air na láeċiḃ ir mo ruṁ ⁊ ir zuaraċ-taiż d'ar raożal curṫar an ṗróiṅ air an m-bord mur ir zuaṫaċ. Aí'l me raḋ zo dearḃṫa zur ṫ' Sraṙṙord oireaḋ an la ro a'r ba żuaṫaċ leir. Ba ṁían le Roibeard zo n-ólṙaḋ Sraṙṙord deoċ de leaṅ na h-Éiriṅ 'na ċudeaċt ṙéin ṙa ṫuairim rláinte Róiṙi, ⁊ le ronar a'r réun a ḃeiṫ air ṁullioṅ Roraṅa.

Bhí an zloine zo díreaċ líonta, ⁊ an t-rláinte air ṫí a h-ól, 'nuair ṫainic aon de luċd oibre Ghrae a-rteaċ, ⁊ é az cur allur ⁊ air cuṫaċ a mód naċ ṙéidir aiṫniṙ.

"A ṁaiżirtir Roibeird! a ṁaiżirtir Seóin! a "ṁaiżirtir! tamaoid rżriorta zo léir! an mullioṅ "⁊ uile!"

"An mullioṅ!"—ar zaċ uile duine az éiriż 'na rearaṁ zo h-oban.

"'Seaḋ an mullioṅ," ar reirean; "ta re ṫarc "zo deóiḋ, ⁊ rin-ne mur an z-céadna. Aí déanaiḋ "mullioṅ Roraṅa obair air biṫ zo braċ dam-ra "no ḋaoiḃ-re; ní ḋéanaiḋ," ar re, az zlanaḋ a

"ḃaḋaiṅ le ṅ-a laiṁ, ⁊ aḡ ḟalaċ a ḟúl do ḃí a ṡleaḋ
"ṅa n-deóiṅ.

"'Sé an bṫeaṁṅaċ ṡiṅ ḃoṙcinṙ iṙ cionṫaċ ḡo
"h-iomlán leiṙ. Gob-tóiḡḟeaḋ ḡaċ ṡle ḡiniḋ, ⁊ ḡaċ
"ṡle ṡḡilliuḡ, ⁊ ḡaċ ṡé-piḡine d'a n-ḡlacaḋ ṡe,
"boilḡ aiṙ a ṁéuṙaiḃ ó'n lá ṡo a-maċ ḡo bṙaċ."

"Aċt ḡad é niṅe ṡe aiṙ an mṡlliuṅ?" aṙ ṡíad-ṙaṅ.

"Óċ! mallaċt Dé ⁊ Mhuiṙe ⁊ ṅa naoṁ ḋó," aṙ
ṡeiṙean, "naṙ ḋéanaiḋ ṡe lá ḋa leaṙ, ⁊ naṙ ḟaicíḋ
"Día naċ aiṙ, ⁊ loṙḡaḋ a ċnoiḋe aiḡe, an bṫeaṁṅaċ
"bṙadaċ! Aċt ní ċiḡ liom loṙḡaḋ níoṙ meaṙa
"d'iaṙṙaiḋ ḋó ṅa ṫa aiḡe ċeaṅa aṅ ṡiṅ. Aṙ ċiḡ,
"ḡo deiṁiṅ; oiṙ ṫa ṡe ṡtte ṡúaṙ le iomṅuḡ ḟa ṡéuṅ
"ḋaoine eile, muṙ iṙ ḟollur do ḡaċ uile ḋuine a
"ḋeaṙcaṙ aiṙ a ṡúil; mí-ṡéuṅ aiṙ a lá aṅ aṙ ḟocṙuḋ
"ṡí aiṙ ṁuilliuṅ Moṙaṅa!"

"Aċt ḡo de niṅe ṡé aiṙ an muilliuṅ?" aṙṙa Gṙae,
"Glac ḡó ḟoiḡiḋeaċ é, ⁊ iṅiṙ ḋúṅ ḡo ḟocaiṙ é, ⁊
"ṅa bí aḡ earḡaine aiṙ an b-ḟeaṙ níoṙ mó."

"Ma ḃiaṁ aḡ earḡaine aiṙ an b-ḟeaṙ! Glac
"ḡo ḟocaiṙ é!" aṙ ṡeiṙean—"Ay é an t-ám a
"ḡlacaḋ ḡo ḟoiḡiḋeaċ, 'núaiṙ a ṫa ṡe aiṙ an úaiṙ
"ṡo a laċaiṙ aḡ taṙṙuiuḡ aiṙ ṡiuḃal ḡaċ uile ḃṙaon
"uiṙḡe ó'n t-ṡnuċaṅ do ḡluaiṙear ċum an ṁuilliṅ?
"La ṡe ṡiṅ, an cloḋaiṙe!"

Leiṙ ṡiṅ ṡéiṅ, d'éiniḡ Sṙaṙṙoṙd 'ṅa ṡearaṁ,
ṙuḡ ṡe aiṙ a ṁaiḋe daṙṅḋe, ⁊ ċuaiḋ ṡe d'ioṅṙaiḋ an
doṙuiṙ. Do leaṅ Moṙbeaṅd ⁊ Scóiṅ é ḡo taṙaiḋ;
aċt aiṙ ṅ-dul ṫaṙ a ṅ-aċaiṙ ḋóiḃ, leaḡ ṡe laṁ aiṙ
ḡaċ aoṅ aca, aḡuṙ d'iaṙṙ ṡe aiṙ Sṙaṙṙoṙd ḟaṅṁuiṅ
'ṅa ṡearaṁ. Loṁ luaṫ a'ṙ ċualaiḋ ṡíad é da ṅ-ḡaiṙṙṁ,
d'ḟaṅ ṡíad 'ṅa ṡearaṁ. "A ċlaṅ," aṙ ṡe, "cṙéud
"a ṫa ṡiḃ aiṙ ṡí a ḋéanaṁ? Ma déanaiḋ aiṅeaṙt
"aiṙ bíċ, a ḃuaċaillíḋ, ṅa déanaiḋ aiṅeaṙt aiṙ bíċ:
"ḡeabaiḋ ṡíḋ ceaṙt, ṅa biḋ ḟaicóiṙ oṙuiḋ. Aṙ
"léaḡḟaṁ ḋó éaḡcóiṙ a ḋéanaṁ oṙuiṅ. Da m-beiḋ
"Boṙcinṙ deiċ ṅ-uaiṙe ċoṁ móṙ a'ṙ ṫa ṡe, ⁊ ṡíċíḋ
"uaiṙ ċoṁ ṫiorṙaṅṫa, ḡeabaiḋ ṡíṅ ceaṙt aiṙ; aċt
"iṙ éiḡiṅ ḋúṅ aiṙe ṫabaiṙt ḋúṅ ṡéiṅ, 'ṙ ḡaṅ aoṅ
"níḋ a ḋéanaṁ ḡo dioṙṙuiṙḡeaċ. Aime ṡiṅ deiṙṙiṁ
"liḃ léiḡean daṁṙa labaiṙt leiṙ, ⁊ coṙḡaiḋ ṡíḃ
"ṡéiṅ, cíḋ b'é aiṙ bíċ ṫeaḡṁaṙ. B'ḟéidiṙ naċ

"ḃ-fuil aṅ fó' go léir acht meanḃal: b'féidir gur
"a' déanaṁ díoga d'a ṁóin-féur a ta Naiġirtir
"Horcior, no b' féidir go ḃ-fuil fe a' dul da
"ḟluċaḋ, 'r nać ḃ-fuil 'ḟior aige no go n-iṅríḋean
"ḋó é, go ḃ-fuil fe ag falṁuġaḋ fruċaiṅ an mṡllin."

"Ní féidir ḋó gan 'ḟior a ḃeiċ aige! ta fe géur
"go leór ⁊ no ġéur," arra Padruig, ag déanaṁ
dreantain leir féin, ⁊ é ain a d-torać d'ioṅruiḋ an
ṁuillin. Do lean Stafford ⁊ an dír deanḃraiṫreaċa
a n-aċain go moḃaṁuil a' déanam ionġnaḋ fa n-a
ṁacantar, ⁊ mian aca aiṫrir a ḋéanaṁ ain da
m-b'féidir leo.

Bhí Horcior 'na ṡuiḋe go h-ainneać ain ċeóran a
ċoda talṁan féin. "Súd é 'na ṡuiḋe ain ṁullać
an ċloiḋe, a' gabail rólair ar an droiċ-ḃeart a ríṅe
fe," arra Padruig. Agur éird! ta fe a' feadaoil,
"'r an fruċan ag iṁteact ain fiuḃal uaiṅ. Nar
"naiḃ me beo muna m-b' féam liom 'na an leine ir
"féam a ċuir me ain mo ḋruim a-ṡíam, a ċaiṫeaḋ
"a-fteać 'fa muirt ṡalać ain a móiṁéad fo ṡéir.
"mur ċuillíḋ fe! Agur muna m-béiḋ mur ġeall
"ain mo ṁaġistir aṅ fo, ḋéanfaiṅ rin ful ma
"d-tí ceaṅ móiṁeinte."

Bhí Padruig lán d'féinġ, ⁊ ir ain éigin a d'ḟéud
Gnae a ċorġ; ⁊ aṅ rin ag dul go fuaiṁneaḋ do Ghnae
d'ioṅruiḋ Horcior, dubairt fe leir go cúin macanta,
—"Go ciṅte, a Naġistir Horcior, ní féidir go
"ḃ-fuil tu ain tí díoḃail ċoṁ móir a ḋéanaṁ ḋúiṅ,
"a'r an muillioṅ a ċur 'na ċoṁnuiḋe."

"Aíor leaġ mi-fe méur ain do ṁuillioṅ," arra
Horcior, agur é a' déanaṁ mion-ġáire cneaṁarṫa.
"Da m-b'féidir le do ġiolla aṅ rin, (ag ríneaḋ a
"laim d'ioṅruiḋ Phadruig,) ċruċuġaḋ gur leaġ me
"méur ain, aṅ rin tiocfaḋ leat an dlíġe imirt orm;
"ać ní ġníṁ díoḃal do ḋuine ain bíḋ ain mo ċalaṁ
"féin, ⁊ ta ceart agam mo ṁóin-féir féin d'
"ḟluċaḋ: ⁊ or a ċioṅ rin, ta ṡíaḋnuire agam a
"ċruċoċar nać naiḃ fruċan an ṁuillin rin lán aṅ
"am ain bíḋ a g-caiṫeaḋ na n-deiċ m-bliaḋan fo
"ċuaiḋ ṫart, an feaḋ bí muillion Rofaṅa a reilb
"Shimeoin ui Dhoċartuiḋ' ⁊ mur an g-céadna,
"go naiḃ an muillion 'na ċoṁnuiḋe. Ríċean an

"ꝓuċan 'n-ur n-aġaiḋ, a ḋaoine uaiṙle, ⁊ ní luġa
"leir an dlíġe. La coṁaiṙle an luċd-dlíġe ir ꝓeam
"aṅ Éirinn agam le mo ċár a ꝓearaṁ, Déanaiḋ
"bur n-ḋíċċioll, beirim 'ur n-dúlan. Slán lib."

D'imċiġ Naiġirtir Ḃorcinn go déiṙeaċ gan éirdeaċt le ꝓocal níor mó; oir ḃí eagla ṁór 'noṁ' Ꝑadruig air. Ċhúalaiḋ re é ag bagairt, ⁊ ċoṅairc re a ꝓśle air dearg-laraḋ le ꝓeirg

"Na bíḋ droiċ-ṁéirneaċ orruiḃ, a buaċaillíḋ
"muirneaċa," arra Grae le n-a ċlaṅ a ḃí ag ꝓéuċain
go brónaċ air ġluaraċt ṁall an ꝓoċa-uirge. "Cuir
"an díalaoid air mo ċápall dam, a Séin, agur
"ullṁaiġíḋ rib ꝓéin le ċéile, ⁊ eigíḋ liom ċum an
"ċoṁairliġ Naoineau."

"Óċ! aċair," ar Séan, "ní'l maiṫ ḋwṅ a ḋul
"ċuige, oir ta 'ꝓior agad go b-ꝓuil re a' cur a-ꝓeaċ
"air ꝓon a ḃéiṫ 'n-aon d'uairliḃ na Ꝑairlemeint, e ⁊
"ta móran ḃóraiḋ ag Naiġirtir Ḃorcinn."

"Ir cuma rin," arra Grae, "déanaiḋ Naiġirtir
"Naoineau an ceart, 'r é rin mo baraṁuil-re 'na
"ṫaoḃ, Da m-ba duine air bíṫ eile a beiḋeaḋ aṅ,
"ní ċuirfiṅ buaiḋreaḋ orm ꝓéin ḋul ꝓo n-a ḋéin; no
"ní ḃeiḋiṅ ċoṁ uirísiol rin 'r go n-iarraiṅ coṁairle
"air bíṫ air; aċt 'r é mo baraṁuil nar b' ꝓúnaċ
"leir gníoṁ ꝓalaċ a ḋéanaṁ mur ġeall air ḃóra
"no rud air bíṫ eile. La me lan-ċíṅte naċ n-déan-
"ꝓaḋ re níḋ da laiġíod a n-aġaiḋ an ċeirt mur
"ġeall air a ṫairbe ꝓéin. Cuirfiḋ an díalaoid air
"an g-capall, a buaċaillíḋ."

Do ċuir na buaċaillíḋ an díalaoid an g-capall
⁊ air ꝓeaḋ an ḃealaiġ níor ṫainic coṁnuiḋe air
Ghrae, (⁊ é air marcaiġeaċt,) aċt ag iarraiḋ
méirniġ a ṫabairt d'a ċlaiṅ, 'r d'a ḋearḃuġaḋ ḋóib
da n-ġlacraḋ an coṁairleaċ Naoineau a g-cár a lam,
naċ m-béiḋ níor mó de ṫrioblóid aṅ. "Ní coṁuil
leir na gluairdíriḃ rioċċana é," ar reirean, "a
"ċuireat leat-ḋuirin de ḋaoiniḃ boċta a-ꝓeaċ a
"b-priorún gan ċóir gan ċeart. Ní duine é a
"ċéiḋear a-ꝓeaċ a b-Ꝑairlemeint ag raḋ néiṫe
"airiḋe, ⁊ ṫigear a-maċ ag raḋ néiṫe eile. Ní
"coṁuil le'r g-caraid Sir Ḃairint O Briain, é,
"d'ar b'éigin a ṫeanga, a inċiṅ, ⁊ a ċoġúar do

"ḋíol le n-a ċeañ do ċonzḃáil or cioñ uirze. A
"n-zeaṁ, ir duine ê naċ ḃ-fuil faitċíor air ê fêin
"d'iomċar, ⁊ mur an z-céadna le'r ḃ'fêidir ê fêin
"d'iomċar, añ aimrir toẓa mur ám air bíṫ eile;
"uime rin, ta muiníẓin azam ḋul d'a laṫair a-noir
"añ ar z-cruaḋoiz, zíḋ zo ḃ-fuil caraoiḋ le dêanam
"azam a n-aẓaiḋ ḋuine az a ḃ-fuil sê ḃóṫaiḋ a'r
"dá ḟíṫċid; oir 'r ê ro an uiṁir, do rêir mur deir
"ríad, a ta az Hopcins air a ċumar."

An feaḋ ḃí Grae a' dêanaṁ an ċoṁ-raiḋ ro ⁊ az molaḋ an ċoṁairliẓ Nolineau ċum rólár a ṫaḃairṫ do Sheóin ⁊ do Roibeard; ḃí Stafford az íaṁaiḋ mêirniẓ a ṫaḃairṫ do Róiri 'r d'a maṫair, a ḃí brónaċ dólárac fa'n muillion a ḃêiṫ 'na ċoṁ-nuiḋe. Bhí beaznaċ oireaḋ fêum az Starford ê fêin air mêirniẓ a'r ḃí aca-ran; oir do ċoñairc re nar ḃ'fêidir leir fêin ⁊ le Róiri ṫeaċt a z-ceañ a ċêile do laṫair mar ba ṁían leir. 'Sê a raiḃ az na dearḃraiṫreaċaiḃ fíalṁar le tairzrint dó, cioñ roña de'n muillioñ. Bhí feilm az a n-aṫair; aċt ní raiḃ rlíẓe air bíṫ eile leir an m-bunaḋ do ċonzḃáil rúar aċt rin, ⁊ cioñur a b'fêidir le Stafford a ḃêiṫ 'na ṁŵríṅ oṁṫa, ó ṫarla zo m-ba coṁuil dóiḃ a ḃêiṫ boċt anoir: oir níor ḃ'fêidir leir ḟaẓail ó n-a ċroiḋe a ḃêiṫ 'na úalaċ oṁṫa fiú a ṅúair a ḃí ríad raiḋḃir, az laḃairt zo h-iomarḃaiḋeaċ, do ḃaṁ air mur ḃí ríad a-noir.

AN LUIGEAḊ LAIBIDIT.

Bhí mí-ṡuaiṁnear mór iñtine air an m-buiḋeañ beaz 'ran z-cábán az rŵl leir a n-aṫair ⁊ le n-a ċlañ a ṫeaċt air air. Bhí Róiri 'na ruiḋe az an ḃ-fuiñeoz az faire dóiḃ; do rzur a maṫair da ḃeiṫ cnitreal, ⁊ riñe rí ornaḋ: ḃí Stafford 'na ṫoct, oir do riñe re móran cainte leo az íaṁaiḋ mêirniẓ ṫaḃairṫ dóiḃ, ⁊ ċoñairc re naċ raiḃ maiṫ dó añ.

"So íad a' teaċt!" ar reirean, "aċt ta ríad a'
"marcaiẓeact ċoṁ maill-tríallaċ rin ioñur zo ḃ-fuil
"me ciñte naċ ḃ-fuil núaiḋeaċd ṁaiṫ air bíṫ leo."

Aṁ naiḋ go deiṁin: ní ḟuair ríad núaiḋeaċd ṁaiṫ air aon ċoṁ. Ainḃe an coṁairleaċ Molyneau go dearḃċa gaċ ar b'ḟéidir le duine air bíṫ a ḋéanaṁ; dubairt se go n-gabfaḋ se do láiṁ a g-cúr do ḟearaṁ a g-cúirt-ḟiocċána air bíṫ air ḋruim na talṁan; ⁊ bí se ḟollaraċ go naiḃ mocuġaḋ feirge an-mór air a n-aġaiḋ uiṫċóide Ḃoscinn; aċt 'ran am ċéadna, dubairt se go ḟiriṅeaċ leis na Gnaer, da d-téiḋeaḋ ríad ċum dliġe leis an duine buaiḋeanṫa so, go m-b' ḟéidir dó díoḃál ṁór a ḋéanaṁ dóib ṡul a m-b' ḟéidir leo a g-ceart d'ḟaġail air air.

"Nairéaḋ ḟéudamaoid ḋul a ċoḋlaḋ a-noċt bróṅaċ "go leór," arsa Roibeard, "air m-béiṫ lan-dearḃċa "dúiṅ go b-fuil tosṁearg air ar muillioṅ, ⁊ go "b-fuil eiliom a n-dliġe fada agus le ḋul ṫríd sul "ar ḟéidir liṅ a ḟaicsiu air siúbal a-nís, ma "ḟaiceamaoid ċoiḋċe air siúbal é."

D'aṁarc Róisi ⁊ Stafford air a ċéile ⁊ siṅeadar orṡaḋ.

"Is feam ḋúiṅ gan a ḋul ċum dliġe air aon ċoṁ "leis an m-beagan a ta agus a ġailleamuin," arsa Naiġiroṡear Gnae.

"Is mian liom go b-fuiġeaḋ mo ċlaṅ ceart, a "ḃean," arr' an t-aċair go méirneaṁuil; "ní'l "dúil a n-dliġe agam, ta 'ḟior ag Dia; ní ḋeaċar "ċum dliġe le duine air bíṫ a-ríaṁ aṅ mo ṡaoġal; "ní'l duine air bíṫ le faġail is mó eagla roiṁ' níḋ "de'n t-rosṫ sin na mi-re; aċt ní'l fáiṫċíor air bíṫ "orm fearaṁ air ron mo ċloine, ⁊ an ċeisṫ. An "fad is fiú piġin fan domaṅ me, caiṫfiḋ me í le "ceart ḟaġail dóiḃ. Aṁ ċaillfeaḋ ríad a faoċair "air feaḋ a m-beaċa; ní baindfiġear a b-fuil aca "díoḃ le fóir-neart; ní ḟulóṅga me d'aon n-duine "beo éiriġ 'ran mullaċ oiṁċa, da ḟaiḋḃre ⁊ da "ċíorantaiġ e. Aṁ h-eagal liom a ċuid airgid no "a ġéur-ċúṡreaċt 'sa n-dliġe; oir glacaiḋ Naiġirtin "Molyneau do láiṁ ar g-car do ḟearaṁ é ḟéin, ⁊ sin "a b-fuil me iamaiḋ. Na téiḋean an ċúir 'n ar "n-aġaiḋ, ⁊ go d-tiocfaḋ léir-rgriosor oruiṅ, go "naiḃ ar léir-rgriosor air ċeaṅ an té is ciontaċ "leis. Gheabaiḋ me bar go ráṡta tar éis me mo "ḋíċéiolt a ḋéanaṁ le ceart ḟaġail dom' ċloiṅ."

Ꞇoṁ luaṫ a'r ḃí ꝓíor na ṅéiṫe ro coiṫċíoḋ, ḃí ġaċ uile ḋuine 'ran g-coṁaṗranaċd no ꝓúaṫṁar air Ḟoṗcinn, ⁊ ḃí tṗúaiġe aca go léir don ḋíṡ deaṗ-ḃraiṫṗeaċa, ⁊ d'aḋṁolaiḋ ṡíad meirneaċ a n-aṫar. Ní raiḃ duine air biṫ le ꝓaġail nar ṁían leis an cár a ḋul a n-aġaiḋ Ḟoṗcinn; aċt ḃí se coṁ eólġaċ sin air an dlíġe, ⁊ ċoṁ ṡéunṁar sin d'a ċoṡaint ꝓéin ó'n g-ceart, ⁊ a' ḋéanaṁ díoḃail d'a naiṁḋiḃ, air ṁoḋ go raiḃ eagla air gaċ uile ḋuine, gíḋ go raiḃ an ceart ag na Ġraeṡ, naċ m-b'ꝓéidir leo sin a ḋéanaṁ a-máċ do ṡéir ꝓoirm an dlíġe: ⁊ air an aḋḃar sin, is iomḋa duine ċuig coṁairle ḋóiḃ gan a ḋul air aġaiḋ leis an dlíġe air aon ċor; aċt do ꝓeas Ġrae a-máċ, ⁊ ḃí an coṁairleaċ Ṡoilseau díongṁalta air a ꝓocal do ꝓeasaṁ, ⁊ dubairt se go n-gaḃraḋ se do láṁ an ċúr do ꝓeasaṁ é féin a g-cuirt-dlíġe air biṫ.

Ċhuir Ḟoṗcinn cundar or íriol ċum an ċoṁairliġ, ag raḋ, da d-tugaḋ se díḋean no coṁairce air biṫ do na Ġraeṡ a g-cóir no a n-éagcóir, naċ raiḃ maiṫ dó ṡúl a ḃéiṫ aige leis na sé ḃóraiḋ a'r da ꝓíċċid a ḃí air a ċumas-san, ⁊ do ḃríġ go raiḃ an coṁtas a-noir beagnaċ meaḋ air ṁeaḋ, nar b'ꝓéidir dóiḃ gan an ṁeaḋ d'iomꝓóḋ aṅ a leiṫ-san. Ní ꝓor ċuir Ṡaiġirtir Ṡoilseau ruim air biṫ 'ran g-cundar so; aċt an lá céadna ꝓuair se é, ċuaiḋ se d' ꝓéuċain an ꝓeilmeoir Ġrae gur a ċaḃan: do ꝓiubal se 'n a ċuideaċta go muillioṅ Ṡoraṅa, ⁊ do leag se a-máċ cioṅur ba cóir an ċúr a ċur air aġaiḋ.

Ṡhóidiġ Ḟoṗcinn naċ n-géillꝓeaḋ se do ċortar air biṫ ċum uaḃar na n-Ġraeṡ mur aon le n-a n-díḋeanoir d'uṁluġaḋ; aċt ċarlaiḋ níḋ naċ raiḃ ṡúl leis. Ríṅe Ṡaiġirtir Ṡoilseau ꝓairtine go minic a d-taoḃ Ḟoṗcinn, .i. go g-cuirꝓeaḋ se a g-contaḃairt no ṁór é féin, aṁuil do ġníḋ daoine glice go minic; oir do ḃí 'ꝓíor aige créud an ꝓóir coinaḋ ba gnataċ leis a ḋéanaṁ le gaċ n-uile ċineal daoine d'ar b'ꝓéidir leis tairḃe a ḋéanaṁ aṅ aimsir na cruaḋoige.

D'iṅsir Ṡaiġirtir Ṡoilseau roirne rae go meallꝓuḋ fa ḋeireaḋ é le tiodal éigin neaṁ-éiꝓeaċdaċ a n-éinic a ṡlíġṫe cealgaċa féin; ⁊ a mearg an ṁuir

mhóir do rgrior re, go d-tarlocad duine éigin fa déiread air a deid cúiteac leir. Ir tre Shimeon ui Dochartuig do tarlaig ro, nió nach raoilfead duine air bíth. Ní raib Horcinn air a choimhéud air aon chor air, ach a roiph leir; oir bí dí-mear mór aige air dáoinib leirgeamha macanta: ⁊ go deimhin ní raib rún air bíth ag Simeon bocht a mheallad; acht tarlaig gur léar le ath-nuadad go brath bí 'fa léar a tuig re do Horcinn air an machaire a díol re leir. Bhí airtiogal reidhtigh eatorra ag ceangal an té do glac an léar, ath-nuadad a déanamh taob a-rtig d'aimrir airide tar éir bair gach aoin t-raogail; ⁊ muna n-déanfad re rin go m-b'fhéidir an léar do bhiread. Do léig Simeon fáim a b-fallighe an léar d'ath-nuadad tre léirge nadurtha, ⁊ nior chuimhnigh re amhain gur tuit an raogal. Bhí ríad ag ól a g-cródeacht a chéile an trath tuig re an léar do Horcinn, a gab cuige é go ro fhonmar, d'eagla go g-caillfead re an uain thráthamuil le crioch a chur air an margad le'r faoil re Simeon a mheallad, ⁊ 'ran am céadna meadon fagail an a cumar tre ar b'fhéidir leir a léir-díoghaltar ⁊ a fearg d'imirt air na Gnaer. Ir air mhaire a b-fhogur do mhillioñ Roraña tugad an léar ro, ⁊ do réir fhádhuire fean n-duine airide 'ran g-comhartranach rin faoil re go m-b'fhéidir leir a chrúdughad go raib an mhóin-fhéur ro folaighe le h-uirge anallod, 'r nach raib bhaon 'ran t-rhúdhanmuilliñ. Añ a uile ghníomhartaib 'na díaig rin, do choigbuid re é féin go cúramach, mar faoil re, air a cuid talmhan féin; acht do bhrig go raib cúir dlighe da tionrgnad 'n' agaid a-noir, mear re go raib re ríachdanach a tiodal féin a bhreathnugad, oir bí fior aige go n-déanfad Maighistir Molineau lorgairead díon air an g-car.

A núair a léig re an léar a fuair re ó Shimeon, tug re fa deara airtiogal cíñte ag cur b'ualach air an focaide ath-nuadad a déanamh taob a-rtig d'aimrir airide. Thainic laige chroide air! Bhí iongnad mór air ⁊ mí-faram leir féin do bhrig nar bhreathnuig re an léar nior gríñe rul ar chríochnuig re an margad Da m-béid roiñ aige le duine air bíth eile acht le Simeon, ní éireóchaid ro dó. Bhí re ro mí-fhaimhneach

a n-iūtin: d'imṡiġ se leis an rin ais lonn Shíméoin ionnus go m-béid 'ṡíos aige an naḃadas na saoġalta go leis beo. Duḃaiṙt Síméon ais d-tús leis, nać maiṫ a ḃí 'ṡíos aige cia h-iad na saoġalta, do ḃriġ go raiḃ ceo mór ais a ṁeaḃas: aċt ṙiñe se a-maċ ṡa ḋeisneaḋ go raiḃ aon aca marḃ ṫas an aimsir ċeart le aṫ-nuaḋaḋ a ḋéanaṁ. Duḃaiṙt se go raiḃ tíġeasiṅa na talṁan a m-Baile-aṫ-cliaṫ, 'r gur léig se a ḃ-ṡailliġe go cinte ṡgnisoḃaḋ ċuige ó Ám go h-Ám.

Ṁí Ḣoṙcinn ais cuṫać: ṫainic daṫ ḃain-ġneiṫeać ais le ṡeisg. Do ṙiñe Síméon mianṡaoisiḋ, ⁊ d' iarr se ais mur aṫċuinge gan buaiḋneaḋ a ḃéiṫ ais; "ois tas a ċeañ rin," ar se, "ta 'ṡíos agad gur "ḋaṁ-sa ḃíos an díoḃal. Aí ṡéidir liom mo ṁarġaḋ "a d-taoḃ an ṁaćaire so do ḋíol me leat do ċoiṁ-"líonaḋ, ois is tre mo neaṁ-aire ṡéin do ċaill me "é; aċt ní beanan rin duit-se, ois ta a ṡíos agad-sa "coṁ maiṫ liom-sa, go ḃ-ṡuiġeaḋ tu le gléur éigin "no eile síosa talṁan níos ṡeam de'n m-beaġán a "ta agam, go ḃ-ṡéuċaiḋ Dia orm!"

"Go ḃ-ṡéuċaiḋ Dia ort go deiṁin!" arsa Ḣoṙcinn, ag ṡéuċain ais ⁊ ag labairt go ṡeanġać mí-ṁear-aṁuil. "Iñsim duit, a ḋuine, gur ḋaṁ-sa ta an "díoḃal ⁊ nać duit-se; ⁊ nać ṡéidir le talaṁ ais "bíṫ d'a ḃ-ṡuil agad le díol, cúistúġaḋ ais bíṫ ṫabairt "daṁ-sa. Laillṡiḋ me m' eisiom dlíġe."

"O! hó!" arsa Síméon, "is mur rin is ṡeam "é. Lneud an ṁaiṫ do ḋuine ḋul ċum dliġe ais aon "ċos. Aí ṡéidir do ċaill droiċ-néiṫe mur rin, "doċais a ḋéanaṁ do ḋuine go braṫ."

"Aistċim ort, labais go céillsiḋe," arsa Ḣoṙcinn go neaṁ-ṡoiġideać, ⁊ é a' siaḃal súas 'r a-nuas ais ṡeaḋ an t-seóṁsa.

"Ḣé! hó! cuiġim an cás a-nois," arsa Síméon; "ta 'ṡíos agam cáis a ḃ-ṡuil tu a-nois; nać ais na "Gnaes a ta tu smuaíneaḋ? 'Seaḋ, rin an ċúis "ais a ḃ-ṡuil tu a' caint. Aċt a-nois, a Ṁhaiġistir "Ḣoṙcinn, is luġġais buḋ ċóir ḋuit a ḃéiṫ ort mur "ta orm-sa, ⁊ ní bróñ, do ḃriġ nać ḃ-ṡuil se aṅ do "ċumas doċais a ḋéanaṁ don m-buaḋ rin; ois "go deiṁin is daoine maiṫe iad, ⁊ ta an tsin go

"léir leo a'b' aźaiḋ-ra. Agur cuir a ʒ-cár ʒo
"m-buaḋóċaḋ do ċúir ḟíċċiḋ uair a n-díaiʒ a céile,
"ba h-é rin an cár céadna. Aníor b'ḟéidir leat
"d'éadan a ṫairbéunaḋ ʒo deóiḋ, ʒ air mo ṗoṅ ḟéin,
"níor b'ḟéidir dom' ċoʒuar maiṫeamnur a ṫabairt
"dam ʒo brać ra béiṫ mo ċroiḋ-ṗać air aon ċoṅ,
"'r ʒan rmuaineaḋ aʒam air, a ċur a'd' ċumar-ra
"a léiṫide éaʒcóir a ḋéanaṁ. Agur 'na ḋiaiʒ rin,
"ʒad é ċuir aṅ do ċeaṅ coinneaṗʒ a ċur air mullion
"Roraṅa; oir ní raiḃ triobloid 'ran domhan duit é
"ḃéiṫ air riubal?"

Aṅ rin do ṡeas Ḣorcinn ʒo h-oban, oir níor éirḋ
re le focal d'ar labair Simeon ó ṫur ʒo deireaḋ,
ʒ dubairt re leis 'rna bríaṫraiḃ ro ríor, a n-ʒuċ
mín ċeanra:

"Ta a ḟior aʒad, a Mhaiʒistir Doċartaiḋ, ʒo
"ḃ-fuil meas mór aʒam ort."

"B'ḟéidir rin," arra Simeon, "ʒiḋeaḋ ir mó
"rin na ir fearaċ dam a ḃéiṫ aʒaḋ a-riam do ḋúne
"air biṫ."

"Aisċim ort, bí tromḋa; deirim leat ʒo ḃ-fuil,
"ʒ ʒo d-tiubraiḋ me le tuʒrin dut é," arra Ḣorcinn.

"Ir mó ʒ ir mó an t-ionʒnaḋ rin, a Mhaiʒistir
"Ḣorcinn," arra Simeon.

"Agur níḋ ir ionʒantaiʒ na rin ʒo léir," arra
Ḣorcinn, "ḋeanaiḋ me d' ḟortún ma ʒníḋ tu comaoin
"beaʒ ʒan bríʒ dam."

"Rud air biṫ ran domhan nać d-tiubraiḋ mórran
"buaiḋreaḋ dam," arra Simeon.

"Ċ! ní ṫiubraiḋ ro buaiḋreaḋ da láiʒiod dut,
arra Ḣorcinn, "ʒeabaiḋ me an áit úd a d-tíʒ an
"ċurtum dut a ḃ-fuil tu aʒ ṡúl leir le ṗada, ʒ nać
"ḟéidir le Sir Ḣairint O Briain ṗaʒail ʒo brać
"ḋut. Geabaiḋ mi-re ḋut í rul na d-tí reaċdhmain
"ó 'niúʒ. Deirim ʒo d-tiubraiḋ me ciṅtear dut air
"ṗam' láṁ a-noir, na ḋéanaṅ tu an níḋ a ta me
"iarraiḋ ort."

"Dhéanṗad, ʒo ciṅte," arra Simeon, "muna
"ḃ-fuil re deacair a ḋéanaṁ: ʒad é an rud é?"

"Ní'l aṅ aċt ro," arra Ḣorcinn, "ní'l aṅ aċt ro
"ʒo díneaċ, ʒur b'éiʒin dut cumhniuʒaḋ, ní ḟéidir
"ḋut ʒan a ṫabairt ċum do ċumne, ʒur rʒríoḃ tu

a n-iṡtin: d'imṫiġ se leis an sin ais longs Shíméoin ionnus go m-béiḋ 'ṡior aige an naḃadas na saoġalta go leis beo. Dubairt Síméon ais d-tús leis, nać maiṫ a ḃí 'ṡior aige cia h-iad na saoġalta, do ḃríġ go raiḃ ceo mór ais a ṁeabas: acht nise se a-mać sa ḋeisneaḋ go raiḃ aon aca marḃ ṫas an aimsir ċeart le aṫ-nuaḋaḋ a ḋéanaṁ. Dubairt se go raiḃ tíġeairna na talṁan a m-Baile-aṫ-cliaṫ, 'r gur léig se a ḃ-fairlíġe go cinte sgniobaḋ ċuige ó am go h-am.

Bhí Sorcior ais cuṫać: ṫaimic daṫ ḃain-ġneiteać ais le feirg. Do nise Síméon mianṡaoisiḋ, ⁊ d' iarr se ais mur aṫċuinge gan buaiḋneaḋ a ḃéiṫ ais; "ois tar a ċeann sin," ar se, "ta 'ṡior agad gur "ḋaṁ-sa ḃíor an díoḃal. Aí ṡéidir liom mo ṁarġaḋ "a d-taoḃ an ṁaċaire so do ḋíol me leat do ċoiṁ-"líonaḋ, ois ir tre mo neaṁ-aire ṡéin do ċaill me "é; acht ní beanan sin duit-se, ois ta a ṡior agad-sa "coṁ maiṫ liom-sa, go ḃ-fuiġeaḋ tu le gléur éigin "no eile síora talṁan níor ṡeasc de'n m-beagan a "ta agam, go ḃ-féuċaiḋ Dia orm!"

"Go ḃ-féuċaiḋ Dia ort go deiṁin!" arsa Sorcior, ag féuċain ais ⁊ ag labairt go ṡearġaċ mí-ṁear-aṁuil. "Iṁṡim duit, a ḋuine, gur ḋaṁ-sa ta an "díoḃal ⁊ nać ḋuit-se; ⁊ nać ṡéidir le talaṁ ais "bíṫ d'a ḃ-fuil agad le díol, cúiṫiúġaḋ ais bíṫ ṫaḃairt "daṁ-sa. Cailleṡiḋ me m' eiliom díġe."

"O! hó!" arsa Síméon, "ir mur sin ir ṡeasc "é. Cneud an ṁaiṫ do ḋuine ḋul ċum díġe ais aon "ċor. Aí ṡéidir do ċaill droiċ-néiṫe mur sin, "doċair a ḋéanaṁ do ḋuine go bráṫ."

"Aiṫċim ort, laḃair go céilliḋe," arsa Sorcior go neaṁ-ṡoiġideaċ, ⁊ é a' siubal súas 'r a-nuas ais ṡeaḋ an t-seómra.

"Ḃé! hó! tuigim an cás a-noir," arsa Síméon; "ta 'ṡior agam cáis a ḃ-fuil tu a-noir; nać ais na "Graer a ta tu smuaineaḋ? 'Seaḋ, sin an ċúis "ais a ḃ-fuil tu a' cainnt. Acht a-noir, a Mhaiġistir "Sorcior, ir luġġair buḋ ċóir ḋuit a ḃéiṫ ort mur "ta orm-sa, ⁊ ní brón, do ḃríġ nać ḃ-fuil se aṁ do "ċumar doċair a ḋéanaṁ don m-buaḋ sin; ois "go deiṁin ir daoine maiṫe iad, ⁊ ta an tsin go

"lêir leo a'd' aġaid-sa. Agus cuir a g-câs go
"m-buaḋóċaḋ do ċúis fíṫċiḋ uair a n-díaiġ a cêile,
"ba h-ê sin an cás cêadna. Níor b'ḟêidir leat
"d'êadan a ṫaisbêunaḋ go deóiḋ, ⁊ air mo ṡon fêin,
"níor b'ḟêidir dom' ċoguas maiṫeaṁnus a ṫabairt
"dam go bṛaṫ fa bêiṫ mo ċioñ-faṫ air aon ċor,
"'s gan smuaineaḋ agam air, a ċur a'd' ċumas-sa
"a lêiṫide éagcóir a ḋêanaṁ. Agus 'na ḋiaiġ sin,
"gad ê ċuir añ do ċeañ toirmeasg a ċur air ṁullion
"Rosaña; oir ní raib triobló'd 'san doṁan duit ê
"bêiṫ air siubal?"

Añ sin do ṡeas Hopcins go h-oban, oir níor êisd
se le focal d'ar labair Símeon ó ṫus go deireaḋ,
⁊ dubairt se leis 'sna bríaṫruib so síos, a n-guṫ
ṁín ċeansa:

"Ta a ḟios agad, a Nhaiġistir Doċartuiḋ, go
"b-fuil meas mór agam ort."

"B'ḟêidir sin," arsa Símeon, "giḋeaḋ is mó
"sin ná is feasaċ daṁ a bêiṫ agaḋ a-riaṁ do ḋune
"air biṫ."

"Aiṫċim ort, bí tromḋa; deirim leat go b-fuil,
"⁊ go d-tiubṛaiḋ me le tugsin duṫ ê," arsa Hopcins.

"Is mó ⁊ is mó an t-íongnaḋ sin, a Nhaiġistir
"Hopcins," arsa Símeon.

"Agus níḋ is íongantaiġ ná sin go lêir," arsa
Hopcins, "ḋeanaiḋ me d' ḟortún ma ġníḋ tu comaoin
"beag gan bṛíġ daṁ."

"Rud air bíṫ san doṁan naċ d-tiubṛaiḋ móran
"buaiḋreaḋ ḋaṁ," arsa Símeon.

"Oċ! ní ṫiubṛaiḋ so buaiḋreaḋ da láiġiod duṫ,
arsa Hopcins, "ġeabaiḋ me an áit úd a d-tíġ an
"ċustum duṫ a b-fuil tu ag súil leis le fáda, ⁊ naċ
"fêidir le Sir Háisint O Bṛíain ḟaġail go bṛaṫ
"ḋuṫ. Geabaiḋ mi-se ḋuṫ í sul ma d-tí seaċdṁain
"ó 'niúġ. Deirim go d-tiubṛaiḋ me ciñteas duṫ air
"fam' láṁ a-nois, ma ḋêanañ tu an níḋ a ta me
"íaṁraiḋ ort."

"Dhêanfad, go ciñte," arsa Símeon, "muna
"b-fuil se deacair a ḋêanaṁ: gad ê an rud ê?"

"Ní'l añ aċt so," arsa Hopcins, "ní'l añ aċt so
"go díreaċ, gur b'êigin duṫ cuṁniuġaḋ, ní fêidir
"ḋuṫ gan a ṫabairt ċum do ċuṁne, gur sgríob tu

"ċum do ṫiġeapna talmhan aġ taiṙġriġt an lêaṙ
"d' aċ-ṅuaḋaḋ."

"Aṙ ċṁṁniġim aiṙ a leiṫiḋe de ṅíḋ aiṙ ċoṙ aiṙ
"bíṫ," aṙṙa Síṁeon ġo h-uaṫbaṙaċ.

"Ṁṁniġiṙ ġo deiṁiṅ, cṁṁniġiṙ ġo deiṁiṅ; aċt
"ṅíoṙ ṫuġ ṙe ṙṙeaġṙa aiṙ bíṫ ḋuiṫ, ta 'ṙíoṙ aġaḋ,"
aṙṙa Ḣoṙciṅṙ.

"Aċt deiṙiṁ leat, a ḋuine, naṙ ṙġṙíoḃ me a-ṙíaṁ
"aiṙ aoṅ ċoṙ," aṙṙa Síṁeon.

"Iṙ olc an ċuiṁṅe a ta aġaḋ, a Shíṁeóiṅ; ⁊
"b'ṙéiḋiṙ doḋ' líṫiṙ ġaṅ ḋul aiṙ a h-aġaiḋ. Aṙ'l
"ṅíḋ aiṙ bíṫ iṙ ṙimpliḋe 'ṅa ṙiṅ, ṅí'l ṅíḋ aiṙ bíṫ iṙ
"ṙo-ḋéanta, 'ṅa é," aṙṙa Ḣoṙciṅṙ.

"Aṙ'l, da m-béiḋ ṙe ṙíoṙ," aṙṙa Síṁeon.

"O! iṙ ṙéiḋiṙ a naḋ, cíḃ b' é aca ṙíoṙ ṅo bṙé-
"uġaċ é, ta 'ṙíoṙ aġaḋ," aṙṙa Ḣoṙciṅṙ.

"Aṙ le Síṁeon O Doċaṙtuiḋ, a Mhaiġiṙtiṙ
"Ḣoṙciṅṙ," aṙ ṙeiṙean.

"Féuċ, a Mhaiġiṙtiṙ Doċaṙtuiḋ, ta meaṙ mór
"aġam oṙt," aṙṙa Ḣoṙciṅṙ, d'a ċoṅġbail ġo daiṅġean,
"⁊ a' taiṙbéuṅaḋ leaḃaṙ póċaḋ láṅ d' aiṙġiod dó.

"Iṙ éiġiṅ dam," aṙ ṙe leiṙ ṙéiṅ, "bṙṙdim leiṙ aṅ
"baiṙlcíṅ ṙo, oiṙ ṫa me ġaḃċa aṅ a líoṅ a-ṅoiṙ. Ṫhím
"ġo b-ṙṙl ṙe 'ṅa ċṅeaṁaiṙṙe ṅíoṙ mó ṅa ta ṙe 'ṅ'ama-
daṅ." "Ṫṙġeamaoiḋ a ċéiṙle, a Shíṁeoiṅ, a ċaṙaiḋ
"ḋíliṙ. Iṅiṙ daṁ ġaḋ é ṫa tu ġaṙṙaiḋ, ⁊ taḃaiṙ
"ṙġṙíbiṅ ḃeaġ ġeaṙṙ ḋaṁ da ċġalluġaḋ ġuṙ laḃaiṙ
"tu leiṙ ṙa'ṅ lêaṙ d'aċ-ṅuaḋaḋ, ⁊ ġeaḃaiḋ tu d'aiṫ
"a d-tíġ an ċuṙtuiṁ muṙ an ġ-céadṅa."

"Aṙ'l ṙíoṙ aġaḋ cía leiṙ a b-ṙṙl tu a' caiṅt, a
"Mhaiġiṙtiṙ Ḣoṙciṅṙ," aṙṙa Síṁeon, ġo ṙúaṙ, dí-
ṁeaṙaṁṙl; "ní ġṅaċaċ le mṙṙciṙ Dhoċaṙtṙḋ mioṅa
"eiċiġ a ċaḃaiṙt, ⁊ iṙ buaiḋṅeaḋ é naċ ṅ-ġlacṙḋ oṙm
"ṙéiṅ do ḋṙṙe aiṙ bíṫ, cṙṙ a ġ-cáṙ ġo m-béiḋ ṙe 'ṅa
"aċaiṙ aġam; ní ġlaċṙḋ a leiṫiḋe ċúiṙ a láiṁ aiṙ
"ṙoṅ ġaċ bille d'aṙ ṁeall tu aṅ ciṅe daoṅa a-ṙíaṁ
"aṙ, a Mhaiġiṙtiṙ Ḣoṙciṅṙ. Ma bíoḋ ṙeaṙġ oṙt;
"ṅíoṙ laḃaiṙ me aiṙ ṁeallaḋ a-ṙíaṁ leat, ṅo ġuṙ
"ṫṙaċt tu aiṙ ṁioṅa eiċiġ líoṁ; ⁊ ṁṙṙṙiṅ ṙíoṙ a
"ṙtoiṙṙiḋ ṫu a ṅ-ḃiaiġ ṁullaiġ do ċiṅ, muṅa m-béiḋ
"naċ b-ṙuil aoṅ ṙtoiṙṙiḋ aṅ mo ṫeaċ, ⁊ da m-béiḋ
"ṙéiṅ, béiḋ ṙe ṅo ṫṙṙioblóḋeaċ aġam a ḋéaṅam.

"A-noir ta rúil agam, a Mhaigirtir Gorcior, go
"d-tuigeaṅ rin a ċéile go maiṫ."

D'imṫiġ Gorcior air riubal ag eargaine air féin
⁊ lan de naire. Bhí luṫġair mór air Shimeon o
Dhoċartuiḋ do bríġ go raiḃ nuaiḋeaċt maiṫ le inṫrin
aige; ume rin ċuaiḋ re go déirineaċ go Roraṅa, le
gaċ ar ṫarla aṡṫrir do na Gnaer, ⁊ ċum coṁ-luṫġair
a ḋéanaṁ leo tre a neaṁ-aire féin, mur dubairt re.

D'éird riad le rgéul Shimeon go luṫġaireaċ, ⁊ bí
rólar orra 'noir, do réir mar bí bróṅ ⁊ dólar orra
roime rin. A g-cioṅ leaṫ-uaire 'na díaiġ rin, ruair
riad líctir uiṅírioḷ ó Gorcior, da ġairiaḋ mur aṫċuṅge
orra gan a ċlú ⁊ a ṁear a baint dé, no mí-raṫ
cur 'ra t-raoġal air, ag cnaoḃ-rgaoileaḋ gaċa ar
ṫarla dóib: ⁊ dubairt re go d-tiubṙraḋ re air air
ċum a áit féin rnuṫan ṁuillin Roraṅa gan cordar
air bíṫ dóib-ran; ⁊ go d-tiubṙraḋ re cúiṫiuġaḋ
corṁuil airgid dóib, da ugeallaḋ riad dó naċ laḃaraḋ
focal a d-taoḃ ar ċáir.

Ir furar tuairim a ṫaḃairt gur ḋúlcaiḋ riad go
dí-ṁearaṁuil gaċ ar ṫairg re dóib: d'iṅir riad ar
t-iomlan dé do Mhaigirtir Molyneau, ⁊ la air na
ṁáraċ bí rior ag na coṁarranaiḃ go léir air; ⁊ bí
luṫġair mór ortha fa bíċbiṅeaċ, a bí a'déanaṁ
eagċóra air na daoiniḃ, d' fáġail a-maċ. Do ċuaiġ
na coṁarranaiḃ le ċéile ar t-urge ṫaḃairt air air
ċum rnuṫair ar ṁuillin, ⁊ far m-béiṫ do ṁuillion Ro-
raṅa air riubal a-rir, bíodar tiġṫe ar baile bíg air
na roillriuġaḋ, ⁊ ní'l fiú na b-fairdíḋe nar ṫairbéun
ar broid ⁊ ar luṫġair a bí ortha, oir niṅe riad
teiṅte cnaṁa mórra mur ġeall air na Gnaer.

Do ṫaiṫniġ cnearḋaċt Shimeoin ui Dhoċartuiḋ ran
g-cár ro ċoṁ mór rin le n-a ṫiġearna talmain, ioṅur
go d-tuig re léar úr nuaḋ dó air an móin-ṙéin, ⁊ rin
gan cáin air bíṫ; ⁊ ir mó na rin an luṫġair a bí
air Shimeon ḃoċt, 'núair a dubairt an ṙeilmeoir
Gnae leir go m-béiḋ airre aige féin air an d-talaṁ
a bí aṅ a ṙeilb go roill.

'San am ċéaḋna, uiṡor b'ṙéidir le Gorcior ḋul
a-maċ ar a ṫeaċ féin gan marlaḋ d'ṙáġail, no gan
eagla a béiṫ air go b-ṙuġeaḋ re tárcuṙne; ume rin,
d'ullmaiġ re é féin ċum an tír do ṫréigin. "Act

"ꝓul á n-ímṫíġ me aiꝛ ꝓiuḃal," aꝛ ꝛe, "ḃéiḋ an "oiꝛneaḋ ꝛin de ꝟaꝛaḋ a'ꝛ de ꝟóláꝛ aġam, an ċuḋ ꝛi "luġa ḋé, 'ꝛ ꝛo ġ-cuꝛꝛiḋ me d' ꝟíaċuḃ aiꝛ Mhaiġiꝛtiꝛ "Molꝛneau an toġa do ċaillеamuꝛ."

Go deiṁin ḃí ꝟaiꝛtíꝛ móꝛ aiꝛ na Gnaeꝛ, ꝛo n-éiꝛneoċaḋ caill móꝛ do Mhaiġiꝛtiꝛ Molꝛneau muꝛ ġeall aiꝛ an dídean cáinḋeamuil a ċuġ ꝛe ḋóib añ a ġ-cꝛuaḋoiġ. Bhí na ḃóꝛaiḋ beaġ naċ meaḋ aiꝛ ṁeaḋ 'ꝛan ġ-coṁḋae, ꝛ ċuiꝛꝛíḋ na ꝛé ḃóꝛaiḋ a'ꝛ da ꝟíṫċíḋ a ḃí aiꝛ ċumaꝛ Ḃoꝛciuꝛ an ṁeaḋ do leataoḃ: aċt an la noiṁ' an toġa, ċuġ Stafꝛoꝛd oꝛduġaḋ aiꝛ Ó Briain, ꝛ ġaḃ ꝛe é muꝛ ġeall aiꝛ ċuaꝛaꝛḋal a ḃí aiġe aiꝛ; ꝛ da ḃꝛíġ ꝛin, d'éiꝛiġ le Mhaiġiꝛtiꝛ Molꝛneau, ꝛ ꝛin ġan toiꝛṁeaꝛġ aiꝛ bíṫ.

Act ꝟilleamaoiḋ aiꝛ aiꝛ ó aṁġaꝛ ꝛ leatꝛom na neiṫe ꝛo ċum ꝛíoṫċain, ġnaiḋ ꝛ caꝛṫċanaiꝛ a ġ-cabaꝛ aoiḃin Koꝛaña. Aí naiḃ nuḃ aiꝛ bíṫ le toiꝛṁeaꝛġ a ċuꝛ a-noiꝛ aiꝛ ꝟóꝛaḋ Róiꝛi ꝛ Stafꝛoꝛd. Do ꝛiñeaḋ an ꝟóꝛaḋ le ġaċ uile ċaꝛꝛbéuꝛaḋ ꝛ coṁaꝛṫa aoiḃneiꝛ, muꝛ iꝛ ġnaṫaċ 'ꝛa ṫíꝛ. Bhí beañaċt a h-aṫaꝛ ċum-anaiġ ꝛ a maṫaꝛ aġ an mnaoí nuaḋ-ꝟóꝛṫa ꝛo, ꝛ coṁ-luṫġaiꝛeaḋ a beaꝛḃꝛaṫaꝛ ġnaḋṁaꝛ, ꝛ ꝛaꝛaḋ a h-iñtíne ꝟéin 'na ċeañ ꝛin aice. Naċ ꝟeaꝛꝛ na neiṫe ꝛo na ꝛnól ꝛ ꝛíoda, ꝛ na a ḃeiṫ a' maꝛcuġeaċt a "ġ-cóiꝛte áꝛda aiꝛ eaċnaiḋ baꝛa." Do ṁeaꝛ Róiꝛi ꝛin, ꝛ do ċꝛuṫaiġ a h-iomḋaꝛ 'na ḋíaiġ ꝛin naċ naiḃ ꝛí móꝛan aiꝛ ꝛeaċnaꝛ. Lamull a n-ḋiaiġ a ꝟóꝛta, ċuaiḋ Stafꝛoꝛd ꝛo Sacꝛan le n-a ṁnaoí aiꝛ ċuaiꝛꝛt ċum a ṁaṫaꝛ naċ naiḃ ꝛo ꝟaꝛta leiꝛ aiꝛ d-túꝛ muꝛ ġeall aiꝛ é ꝟóꝛaḋ ġan a ceaḋ; aċt ċeana, ꝛiñe ꝛí muiꝛneaꝛaꝛ ġan ṁalll leiꝛ ꝟéin, ꝛ le n-a ṁnaoí Éiꝛꝛioñaiġ. Do ꝛuġ a ḃéuꝛa ceañꝛa-ꝛa, ꝛ a h-uṁlaċt buaiḋ ꝛo h-iomlaṁ aiꝛ a ꝛeaṁ-ċlaonta mí-ꝟéaꝛúnta. Duḃaiꝛt ꝛean Mhaiġiꝛtꝛeaꝛ Stafꝛoꝛd le n-a mac, an tan a ḃí ꝛe aiꝛ cí ċeaċt aiꝛ aiꝛ, ꝛo naiḃ taiṫ-neaṁ coṁ móꝛ ꝛin aice aiꝛ a ṁnaoí a-noiꝛ, d'aiṁ-ḋeóin an ꝟuaċ a ḃí aice uiꝛꝛi aiꝛ d-tuꝛ, ꝛoñuꝛ da m-b'ꝟéiḋiꝛ leꝛ ċeaċt ꝛo h-Éiꝛiñ ġan ḋul ṫꝛíḋ an ḃ-ꝟaiꝛꝛe ꝛo naċꝟaḋ ꝛí añ ꝛo ciñce, 'ꝛ ꝛo ġ-caiꝛꝟeaḋ ꝛí bliaḋan 'na ċuiḋeact-ꝟan, ꝛ a ḃ-ꝟoċaiꝛ na n-Gnaeꝛ aġ Koꝛaña.

Ennioċ.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

In the neighbourhood of a seaport-town in the west of England, there lived a gardener, who had one son called Maurice, of whom he was very fond. One day his father sent him to the neighbouring town, to purchase some garden seeds for him. When Maurice got to the seed-shop, it was full of people, who were all impatient to be served; first a great tall man, and next a great fat woman pushed before him, and he stood quietly beside the counter, waiting till somebody should be at leisure to attend to him. At length, when all the other people who were in the shop had got what they wanted, the shopman turned to Maurice—"And what do you want, my patient little fellow?" said he.

"I want all these seeds for my father," said Maurice, putting a list of seeds into the shopman's hand; "and I have brought money to pay for them all."

The seedsman looked out all the seeds that Maurice wanted, and packed them up in paper: he was folding up some painted lady peas, when, from a door at the back of the shop, there came in a square, rough-faced man, who exclaimed, the moment he came in, "Are the seeds I ordered ready?—The wind's fair—they ought to have been aboard yesterday. And my china jar, is it packed up and directed? where is it?"

"It is up there on the shelf over your head, sir," answered the seedsman—"it is very safe, you see, but we have not had time to pack it yet—it shall be done to-day; and we will get the seeds ready for you, sir, immediately."

"Immediately!—then stir about it—the seeds will not pack themselves up—make haste, pray."

"Immediately, sir, as soon as I have done up the parcel for this little boy."

"What signifies the parcel for this little boy? he can wait, and I cannot—wind and tide wait for no man. Here, my good lad, take your parcel, and sheer off," said the impatient man; and, as he spoke, he took up the parcel of seeds from the counter, as the shopman stooped to look for a sheet of thick brown paper and packthread, to tie it up.

The parcel was but loosely folded up, and as the impatient man lifted it, the weight of the peas which were within-side of it, burst the paper, and all the seeds fell out upon the floor, whilst Maurice in vain held his hands to catch them. The

peas rolled to all parts of the shop, the impatient man swore at them, but Maurice, without being out of humour, set about collecting them as fast as possible. Whilst he was busied in this manner, the man got what seeds he wanted, and as he was talking about them, a sailor came into the shop, and said, "Captain, the wind has changed within these five minutes, and it looks as if we should have ugly weather."

"Well, I'm glad of it," replied the rough-faced man, who was the captain of the ship. "I am glad to have a day longer to stay ashore, and I've business enough on my hands."

The captain pushed forward towards the shop-door. Maurice, who was kneeling on the floor, picking up his seeds, saw that the captain's foot was entangled in some packthread, which hung down from the shelf, on which the china jar stood. Maurice saw that, if the captain took one more step forward, he must pull the string so that it would throw down the jar, round the bottom of which the packthread was entangled. He immediately caught hold of the captain's leg and stopped him—"Stay! stand still, sir!" said he, "or you will break your china jar."

The man stood still, looked, and saw how the packthread had caught in his shoe-buckle, and how it was near dragging down his beautiful china jar;—"I am really very much obliged to you, my little fellow," said he; "you have saved my jar, which I would not have broken for ten guineas; for it is for my wife, and I've brought it safe from abroad many a league; it would have been a pity if I had broken it just when it was safe landed. I am really much obliged to you, my little fellow: this was returning good for evil. I am sorry I threw down your seeds, as you are such a good-natured, forgiving boy. Be so kind," continued he, turning to the shopman, "as to reach down that china jar for me."

The shopman lifted down the jar very carefully, and the captain took off the cover, and pulled out some tulip-roots; "You seem, by the quantity of seed you have got, to belong to a gardener. Are you fond of gardening?" said he to Maurice.

"Yes, sir," replied Maurice, "very fond of it; for my father is a gardener, and he lets me help him at his work, and he has given me a little garden of my own."

"Then here are a couple of tulip-roots for you; and if you take care of them, I'll promise you, that you will have the finest tulips in England in your little garden. These tulips were given to me by a Dutch merchant, who told me, that they were some of the rarest and finest in Holland. They will prosper with you, I'm sure, wind and weather permitting."

Maurice thanked the gentleman, and returned home, eager to shew his precious tulip-roots to his father, and to a companion of his, the son of a nurseryman, who lived near him. Arthur was the name of the nurseryman's son.

The first thing Maurice did, after shewing his tulip-roots to his father, was to run to Arthur's garden in search of him. Their gardens were separated only by a low wall of loose stones. "Arthur! Arthur! where are you? Are you in your garden? I want you." But Arthur made no answer, and did not, as usual, come running to meet his friend. "I know where you are," continued Maurice, "and I'm coming to you as fast as the raspberry bushes will let me. I have good news for you—something you'll be delighted to see, I am sure," said poor Maurice, who, when he had got through the raspberry bushes, and had got in sight of his own garden, beheld his bell-glass—his beloved bell-glass, under which his cucumbers were growing so finely—his only bell-glass broken to pieces!

"I am sorry for it," said Arthur, who stood leaning upon his spade in his own garden: "I am afraid you will be very angry with me."

"Why, was it you, Arthur, broke my bell-glass? O, how could you do so!"

"I was throwing weeds and rubbish over the wall, and, by accident, a great lump of couch grass, with stones hanging to the roots, fell upon your bell-glass, and broke it as you see."

Maurice lifted up the lump of couch grass which had fallen through the broken glass upon his cucumbers, and he looked at his cucumbers for a moment in silence—"O, my poor cucumbers! you must all die now; I shall see all your yellow flowers withered to-morrow: but it is done, and it cannot be helped; so, Arthur, let us say no more about it."

"You are very good; I thought you would have been angry. I am sure I should have been exceedingly angry, if you had broken the glass, had it been mine."

"O, forgive and forget, as my father always says; that's the best way. Look what I have got for you." Then he told Arthur the story of the captain of the ship and the china jar; of the seeds having been thrown down, and of the fine tulip-roots which had been given to him; and Maurice concluded by offering one of the precious roots to Arthur, who thanked him with great joy, and repeatedly said, "How good you were, not to be angry with me for breaking your bell-glass: I am much more sorry for it than if you had been in a passion with me!"

Arthur now went to plant his tulip-root; and Maurice looked at the beds which his companion had been digging, and at all the things which were coming up in his garden.

"I don't know how it is," said Arthur, "but you always seem as glad to see the things in my garden coming up and doing well, as if they were all your own. I am much happier since my father came to live here, and since you and I have been allowed to work and to play together, than I ever was before; for you must know, before we came to live here, I had a cousin in the house with me, who used to plague me: he was not nearly so good-natured as you are: he never took pleasure in looking at my garden, or at any thing that I did, that was well done; and he never gave me a share of any thing that he had; and so I did not like him; how could I? But I believe, that hating people makes us unhappy; for I know I never was happy when I was quarrelling with him; and I am always happy with you, Maurice; you know we never quarrel."

It would be well for all the world, if they could be convinced, like Arthur, that to live in friendship is better than to quarrel; it would be well for all the world if they followed Maurice's maxim of "Forgive and forget," when they receive, or when they imagine that they receive, an injury.

Arthur's father, Mr. Oakly the nurseryman, was apt to take offence at trifles; and when he thought that any of his neighbours disobliged him, he was too proud to ask them to explain their conduct; therefore he was often mistaken in his judgment of them. He thought that it shewed *spirit* to remember and to resent an injury; and therefore, though he was not an ill-natured man, he was sometimes led, by this mistaken idea of *spirit*, to do ill-natured things. "A warm friend and a bitter enemy," was one of his maxims; and he had many more enemies than friends. He was not very rich, but he was proud; and his favourite proverb was, "Better live in spite than in pity."

When first he settled near Mr. Grant, the gardener, he felt inclined to dislike him, because he was told that Mr. Grant was a Scotchman, and he had a prejudice against Scotchmen, all of whom he believed to be cunning and avaricious, because he had once been over-reached by a Scotch pedlar. Grant's friendly manners, in some degree, conquered this prepossession; but still he secretly suspected that "*this civility*," as he said, "*was all show*," and "*that he was not, nor could not, being a Scotchman, be such a hearty friend as a true born Englishman.*"

Grant had some remarkably fine raspberries. The fruit

was so large, as to be quite a curiosity. When it was in season, many strangers came from the neighbouring town, which was a sea-bathing place, to look at these raspberries, which obtained the name of *Brobdignag* raspberries.

"How came you, pray, neighbour Grant, if a man may ask, by these wonderful fine raspberries?" said Mr. Oakly, one evening, to the gardener.

"That's a secret," replied Grant, with an arch smile.

"O, in case it's a secret, I've no more to say; for I never meddle with any man's secrets, that he does not choose to trust me with. But I wish, neighbour Grant, you would put down that book. You are always poring over some book or another, when a man comes to see you, which is not, according to my notions, (being a plain, *unlearned* Englishman bred and born) so civil and neighbourly as might be."

Mr. Grant hastily shut his book, but remarked, with a shrewd glance at his son, that it was in that book he found his Brobdignag raspberries.

"You are pleased to be pleasant upon them that have not the luck to be as book-*larned* as yourself, Mr. Grant; but I take it, being only a plain-spoken Englishman, as I observed afore, that one is to the full as like to find a raspberry in one's garden, as in one's book, Mr. Grant."

Grant, observing that his neighbour spoke rather in a surly tone, did not contradict him: being a religious man and well versed in the Bible (as to their honour most Scotchmen are) he knew that "a soft word turneth away wrath," and he answered, in a good-humoured voice, "I hear, neighbour Oakly, you are likely to make a great deal of money of your nursery this year. Here's to the health of you and yours, not forgetting the seedling larch, which I see are coming on finely."

"Thank ye, neighbour, kindly: the larch are coming on tolerably well, that's certain; and here's to your good health, Mr. Grant—you and yours, not forgetting your what d'ye call 'em raspberries".....*(drinks)*.....and, after a pause, resumes—"I'm not apt to be a beggar, neighbour, but if you could give me——

Here Mr. Oakly was interrupted by the entrance of some strangers, and he did not finish making his request. Mr. Oakly was not, as he said of himself, apt to ask favours, and nothing but Grant's cordiality could have conquered his prejudices, so far as to tempt him to ask a favour from a Scotchman. He was going to have asked for some of the Brobdignag raspberry plants. The next day the thought of the raspberry plants recurred to his memory; but being a bashful man, he

did not like to go himself on purpose to make his petition, and he desired his wife, who was just setting out to market, to call at Grant's gate, and, if he was at work in his garden, to ask him for a few plants of his raspberries.

The answer which Oakly's wife brought to him was, that Mr. Grant had not a raspberry plant in the world to give him, and that if he had ever so many he would not give one away, except to his own son. Oakly flew into a passion when he received this message, declared it was just such a mean shabby trick as might have been expected from a Scotchman—called himself a booby, a dupe, and a blockhead, for ever having trusted to the civil speeches of a Scotchman, swore that he would die in the parish work-house, before he would ever ask another favour, be it never so small, from a Scotchman—related for the hundredth time to his wife, the way in which he had been taken in by the Scotch pedlar ten years ago, and concluded by forswearing all further intercourse with Mr. Grant and all belonging to him.

"Son Arthur," said he, addressing himself to the boy, who had just then come in from work—"Son Arthur, do you hear me, let me never again see you with Grant's son."

"With Maurice, father?"

"With Maurice Grant, I say;—I forbid you from this day and hour forward to have any thing to do with him."

"O, why, dear father?"

"Ask no questions, but do as I bid you."

Arthur burst out a crying, and only said, "Yes, father, I'll do as you bid me, to be sure."

"Why now, what does the boy cry for? is there no other boy, simpleton, think you, to play with, but this Scotchman's son? I'll find out another playfellow for ye, child, if that be all."

"That's not all, father," said Arthur, trying to stop himself from sobbing: "but the thing is, I shall never have such another playfellow; I shall never have such another friend as Maurice Grant."

"Ah, poor fool!" said his father, pressing his son's head to him, "thee bee'st just such another as thy father—ready to be taken in by a fair word or so. But when you've lived as long as I have, you'll find that friends are not as plenty as blackberries, and don't grow upon every bush."

"No, indeed, I don't think they do," said Arthur; "I never had a friend before, and I shall never have such another as Maurice Grant."

"Like father like son—you may think yourself well off to have done with him."

"Done with him! O, father, and shall I never go again to work in his garden, and may not he come to mine?"

"No," replied Oakly, sturdily;—"his father has used me uncivil, and no man shall use me uncivil twice.—I say no.—Wife, sweep up this hearth.—Boy, don't take on like a fool, but eat thy bacon and greens, and let's hear no more of Maurice Grant." Arthur promised to obey his father, he only begged, that he might once more speak to Maurice, and tell him, that it was by his father's orders he acted. This request was granted; but when Arthur further begged to know what reason he might give for this separation, his father refused to tell his reasons.

The two friends took leave of one another very sorrowfully.

Mr. Grant, when he heard of all this, endeavoured to discover what could have offended his neighbour; but all explanation was prevented by the obstinate silence of Oakly.

Now the message which Grant really sent about the Brobdignag raspberries, was somewhat different from that which Mr. Oakly received. The message was, that the raspberries were not Mr. Grant's, that therefore he had no right to give them away—that they belonged to his son Maurice, and that this was not the right time of year for planting them. This message had been unluckily misunderstood. Grant gave his answer to his wife; she to a Welsh servant girl, who did not perfectly comprehend her mistress's broad Scotch; and she in her turn could not make herself intelligible to Mrs. Oakly, who hated the Welsh accent, and whose attention, when the servant girl delivered the message, was principally engrossed by the management of her own horse. The horse on which Mrs. Oakly rode this day being ill broken, would not stand still quietly at the gate, and she was extremely impatient to receive her answer, and to ride on to market. On such slight things do the quarrels of neighbours depend.

Oakly, when he had once resolved to dislike his neighbour Grant, could not long remain without finding out fresh causes of complaint. There was in Grant's garden a plum-tree, which was planted close to the loose stone wall that divided the garden from the nursery. The soil in which the plum-tree was planted happened not to be quite so good as that which was on the opposite side of the wall, and the root of the plum-tree had forced its way thro' the wall, and gradually had taken possession of the ground which it liked best. Oakly thought the plum-tree, as it belonged to Mr. Grant, had no right to make its appearance on his ground; an attorney told him, that he might oblige Grant to cut it down; but Mr. Grant refused to cut down his

plum-tree at the attorney's desire, and the attorney persuaded Oakly to go to law about the business, and the law-suit went on for some months. The attorney, at the end of this time, came to Oakly with a demand for money to carry on his suit, assuring him that in a short time it would be determined in his favour. Oakly paid his attorney ten golden guineas, remarked that it was a great sum for him to pay, and that nothing but the love of justice could make him persevere in this law-suit about a bit of ground, "which, after all," said he, "is not worth two-pence. The plum-tree does me little or no damage, but I don't like to be imposed upon by a Scotchman."

The attorney saw and took advantage of Oakly's prejudice against the natives of Scotland; and he persuaded him, that, to shew the *spirit* of a true born Englishman, it was necessary, whatever it might cost him, to persist in this law-suit.

It was soon after this conversation with the attorney, that Mr. Oakly walked with resolute steps towards the plum-tree, saying to himself, "If it cost me a hundred pound, I will not let this cunning Scotchman get the better of me."

Arthur interrupted his father's reverie, by pointing to a book and some young plants, which lay upon the wall. "I fancy, father," said he, "those things are for you, for there is a little note directed to you in Maurice's hand-writing:—shall I bring it to you?"

"Yes, let me read it child, since I must."

It contained these words:

"Dear Mr. Oakly,

"I don't know why you have quarreled with us; I am very sorry for it. But though you are angry with me, I am not angry with you. I hope you will not refuse some of my Brobdignag raspberry plants, which you asked for a great while ago, when we were all good friends. It was not the right time of the year to plant them then, which was the reason they were not sent to you: but it is just the right time to plant them now; and I send you the book, in which you will find the reason why we always put sea-weed ashes about their roots: and I have got some sea-weed ashes for you. You will find the ashes in the flower-pot upon the wall. I have never spoken to Arthur, nor he to me, since you bid us not. So wishing your Brobdignag raspberries may turn out as well as ours, and longing to be all friends again, I am, with love to dear Arthur and self, your affectionate neighbour's son,

"MAURICE GRANT."

P. S. It is now four months since the quarrel began; and that is a very long while."

A great part of the effect of this letter was lost upon Oakly, because he was not very expert at reading writing, and it cost him much trouble to spell it, and put it together. However, he seemed touched by it, and said, "I believe this Maurice loves you well enough, Arthur, and he seems a good sort of a boy: but as to the raspberries, I believe all that he says about them is but an excuse; and, at any rate, as I could not get 'em when I asked for them, I'll not have them now. Do you hear me, I say, Arthur? What are you reading there?"

Arthur was reading the page that was doubled down in the book, which Maurice had left along with the raspberry plants upon the wall. Arthur read aloud as follows.

(Monthly Magazine, Dec. 28, page 421.)

"There is a sort of strawberry cultivated at Jersey, which is almost covered with sea-weed in the winter, in like manner as many plants in England are with litter from the stable. These strawberries are usually of the largeness of a middle-sized apricot, and the flavour is particularly grateful. In Jersey and Guernsey, situate scarcely one degree farther south than Cornwall, all kinds of fruit, pulse, and vegetables, are produced in their seasons a fortnight or three weeks sooner than in England, even on the southern shores; and snow will scarcely remain twenty-four hours on the earth. Although this may be attributed to these islands being surrounded with a salt and consequently with a moist atmosphere, yet the ashes (sea-weed ashes) made use of as manure, may also have their portion of influence*."

"And here," continued Arthur, "is something written with a pencil, on a slip of paper, and it is Maurice's writing. I will read it to you."

"When I read in this book what is said about the strawberries growing as large as apricots, after they had been covered over with sea-weed, I thought that, perhaps, sea-weed ashes might be good for my father's raspberries; and I asked him if he would give me leave to try them. He gave me leave, and I went directly and gathered together some sea-weed that had been cast on shore; and I dried it, and burned it, and then I manured the raspberries with it, and the year afterwards the raspberries grew to the size that you have seen. Now the reason I tell you this is; first, that you may know how to manage your raspberries, and next, because I remember you looked very grave, and as if you were not pleased with my father, when he told you that the way by which he came by his Brobdignag

* It is necessary to observe, that this experiment has never been actually tried upon raspberry plants.

raspberries was a secret. Perhaps this was the thing that has made you so angry with us all; for you never have come to see father since that evening. Now I have told you all I know; and so I hope you will not be angry with us any longer."

Mr. Oakly was much pleased by this openness and said, "Why now, Arthur, this is something like—this is telling one the thing one wants to know, without fine speeches. This is like an Englishman more than a Scotchman. Pray, Arthur, do you know whether your friend Maurice was born in England or in Scotland?"

"No indeed, sir, I don't know—I never asked—I did not think it signified. All I know is, that wherever he was born he is *very* good. Look, papa, my tulip is blowing."

"Upon my word this will be a beautiful tulip."

"It was given to me by Maurice."

"And did you give him nothing for it?"

"Nothing in the world; and he gave it to me just at the time when he had good cause to be very angry with me, just when I had broken his bell-glass."

"I have a great mind to let you play together again," said Arthur's father.

"O, if you would," cried Arthur, clapping his hands, "how happy we should be; do you know father, I have often sat for an hour at a time up in that crab-tree, looking at Maurice at work in his garden, and wishing that I was at work with him. My garden, look ye, father, is not nearly in such good order as it used to be; but every thing would go right again if——"

Here Arthur was interrupted by the attorney, who came to ask Mr. Oakly some question about the law-suit concerning the plum-tree. Oakly shewed him Maurice's letter; and, to Arthur's extreme astonishment, the attorney had no sooner read it, than he exclaimed, "What an artful little gentleman this is! I never, in the course of all my practice, met with any thing better. Why, this the most cunning letter I ever read."

"Where's the cunning?" said Oakly, and he put on his spectacles.

"My good sir, don't you see that all this stuff about Brobdignag raspberries is to ward off your suit about the plum-tree? They know—that is, Mr. Grant, who is sharp enough, knows—that he will be worsted in that suit; that he must, in short, pay you a good round sum for damages, if it goes on."

"Damages!" said Oakly, staring round him at the plum-tree: "but I don't know what you mean. I mean nothing but what's honest. I don't mean to ask for any good round sum; for the plum-tree has done me no great harm by coming

into my garden; but only I don't choose it should come there without my leave."

"Well well," said the attorney, "I understand all that; but what I want to make you, Mr. Oakly, understand, is, that this Grant and his son only want to make up matters with you, and prevent the thing's coming to a fair trial, by sending you, in this underhand sort of a way, a bribe of a few raspberries."

"A bribe!" exclaimed Oakly, "I never took a bribe, and I never will;" and, with sudden indignation, he pulled the raspberry plants from the ground in which Arthur was planting them; and he threw them over the wall into Grant's garden.

Maurice had put his tulip, which was beginning to blow, in a flower-pot, on the top of the wall, in hopes that his friend Arthur would see it from day to day.

Alas! he knew not in what a dangerous situation he had placed it. One of his own Brobdignag raspberry plants, swung by the angry arm of Oakly, struck off the head of his precious tulip.

Arthur, who was full of the thought of convincing his father that the attorney was mistaken in his judgment of poor Maurice, did not observe the fall of the tulip.

The next day, when Maurice saw his raspberry plants scattered upon the ground, and his favourite tulip broken, he was in much astonishment, and, for some moments, angry; but anger, with him, never lasted long. He was convinced that all this must be owing to some accident or mistake; he could not believe that any one could be so malicious as to injure him on purpose. "And even if they did all this on purpose to vex me," said he to himself, "the best thing I can do, is not to let it vex me.—Forgive and forget."

This temper of mind Maurice was more happy in enjoying, than he could have been made without it, by the possession of all the tulips in Holland.

Tulips were at this time things of great consequence in the estimation of the country, several miles round, where Maurice and Arthur lived.

There was a florist's feast to be held at the neighbouring town, at which a prize of a handsome set of gardening tools was to be given to the person who could produce the finest flower of its kind. A tulip was the flower which was thought the finest the preceding year, and, consequently, numbers of people afterwards endeavoured to procure tulip-roots, in hopes of obtaining the prize this year.

Arthur's tulip was beautiful. As he examined it from day to day, and every day, thought it improving, he longed to thank his friend Maurice for it; and he often mounted into his crab-tree, to look into Maurice's garden, in hopes of seeing his tulip also in full bloom and beauty. He never could see it.

The day of the florist's feast arrived, and Oakly went with his son and the fine tulip to the place of meeting. It was on a spacious bowling-green. All the flowers, of various sorts, were ranged upon a terrace at the upper end of the bowling-green; and, amongst all this gay variety, the tulip which Maurice had given to Arthur appeared conspicuously beautiful. To the owner of this tulip the prize was adjudged; and, as the handsome garden-tools were delivered to Arthur, he heard a well-known voice wish him joy. He turned, looked about him, and saw his friend Maurice.

"But, Maurice, where is your own tulip?" said Mr. Oakly, "I thought, Arthur, you told me that he kept one for himself."

"So I did," said Maurice; "but somebody (I suppose by accident) broke it."

"Somebody! who?" cried Arthur and Mr. Oakly at once.

"Somebody who threw the raspberry plants back again over the wall," replied Maurice.

"That was me—that somebody was me," said Oakly. I scorn to deny it; but I did not intend to break your tulip, Maurice."

"Dear Maurice," said Arthur—"you know I may call him dear Maurice—now you are by, papa—Here are all the garden-tools; take them, and welcome."

"Not one of them," said Maurice, drawing back.

"Offer them to the father—offer them to Mr. Grant," whispered Oakly; "he'll take them, I'll answer for it."

Mr. Oakly was mistaken: the father would not accept of the tools.

Mr. Oakly stood surprised. "Certainly," said he to himself, "this cannot be such a miser as I took him for;" and he walked immediately up to Grant, and bluntly said to him, "Mr. Grant, your son has behaved very handsome to my son; and you seem to be glad of it."

"To be sure I am," said Grant.

"Which," continued Oakly, "gives me a better opinion of you than ever I had before—I mean, than ever I had since the day you sent me the shabby answer about those foolish, what d'ye call 'em, cursed raspberries."

"What shabby answer?" said Grant, with surprise; Oakly repeated exactly the message which he received; and Grant

declared that he never sent any such message. He repeated exactly the answer which he really sent, and Oakly immediately stretched out his hand to him, saying, "I believe you: no more need be said; "I'm only sorry I did not ask you about this four months ago; and so I should have done if you had not been a Scotchman. Till now, I never rightly liked a Scotchman. We may thank this good little fellow," continued he, turning to Maurice, "for our coming at last to a right understanding:—there was no holding out against his good nature. I'm sure, from the bottom of my heart, I'm sorry I broke his tulip. Shake hands, boys; I'm glad to see you, Arthur, look so happy again, and hope Mr. Grant will forgive——"

"O, forgive and forget," said Grant and his son at the same moment; and from this time forward, the two families lived in friendship with each other.

Oakly laughed at his own folly, in having been persuaded to go to law about the plum-tree; and, in process of time, he so completely conquered his early prejudice against Scotchmen, that he and Grant became partners in business. Mr. Grant's book-*larning* and knowledge of arithmetic he found highly useful to him; and he, on his side, possessed a great many active, good qualities, which became serviceable to his partner.

The two boys rejoiced in this family union; and Arthur often declared that they owed all their happiness to Maurice's favourite maxim, "Forgive and forget."

ROSANNA.

CHAPTER I.

There are two sorts of content; one is connected with exertion, the other with habits of indolence: the first is a virtue, the second a vice. Examples of both may be found in abundance in Ireland. There you may sometimes see a man, in sound health, submitting day after day to evils which a few hours' labour would remedy: and you are provoked to hear him say:

'It will do well enough for me. Didn't it do for my father before me? I can make a shift with things for my time: any how, I'm content.'

This kind of content is indeed the bane of industry. But instances of a different sort may be found, in various of the Irish peasantry. Amongst them we may behold men struggling with adversity, with all the strongest powers of mind and body; and supporting irremediable evils, with a degree of cheerful fortitude which must excite at once our pity and admiration.

In a pleasant village in the province of Leinster there lives a family of the name of Gray. Whether or not they are any way related to Old Robin Gray, history does not determine; but it is very possible that they are, because they came, it is said, originally, from the north of Ireland, and one of the sons is actually called Robin. Leaving this point, however, in the obscurity which involves the early history of the most ancient and illustrious families, we proceed to less disputable and perhaps more useful facts. It is well known, that is, by all his neighbours, that farmer Gray began life with no very encouraging prospects: he was the youngest of a large family, and the portion of his father's property that fell to his share was but just sufficient to maintain his wife and three children. At his father's death, he had but one hundred pounds in ready money, and he was obliged to go into a poor mudwalled cabin, facing the door of which there was a green pool of stagnant water; and before the window, of one pane, a dunghill that, reaching to the thatch of the roof, shut out the light, and filled the house with the most noisome smell. The ground sloped towards the house door; so that in rainy weather, when the pond was full, the kitchen was overflowed;

and at all times the floor was so damp and soft, that the print of the nails of brogues was left in it, wherever the wearer set down his foot. To be sure these nail-marks could scarcely be seen, except just near the door, or where the light of the fire immediately shone; because, elsewhere, the smoke was so thick that the pig might have been within a foot of you without your seeing him. The former inhabitants of this mansion had, it seems, been content without a chimney, and, indeed, almost without a roof; the couples and purloins of the roof, having once given way, had never been repaired, and swagged down by the weight of the thatch, so that the ends threatened the wigs of the unwary.

The prospect without doors was scarcely more encouraging to our hero than the scene within: the farm consisted of about forty acres; and the fences of the grazing-land were so bad, that the neighbours' cattle took possession of it frequently by day, and always by night. The tillage-ground had been so ill managed by his predecessor, that the land was what is called quite out of heart.

If farmer Gray had also been out of heart, he and his family might at this hour have been beggars. His situation was thought desperate by many of his neighbours; and a few days after his father's decease, many came to condole with him. Amongst the rest was easy Simon, or, as some called him, soft Simon, on account of his unresisting disposition, and contented, or, as we should rather name it, reckless temper. He was a sort of a half or a half quarter gentleman, had a small patrimony of a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds a year, a place in the Excise worth fifty more, and a mill, which might have been worth another hundred annually, had it not been suffered to stand still for many a year.

'Wheugh! Wheugh! What a bustle we are in! and what a world of trouble is here!' cried Simon when he came to Gray's house, and found him on the ladder taking off the decayed thatch; whilst one of his sons, a lad of about fourteen, was hard at work filling a cart from the dunghill which blockaded the window. His youngest son, a boy of twelve, with a face and neck red with heat, was making a drain to carry off the water from the green pond; and Rose, the sister, a girl of ten years old, was collecting the ducks, which her mother was going to carry to her landlord's to sell.

'Wheugh! Wheugh! Wheugh! Why what a world of bustle and trouble is here! Troth, Jemmy Gray, you're in a bad way sure enough! Poor cratur! Poor cratur!'

'No man,' replied Gray, 'deserves to be called poor, that has

his health and the use of his limbs. Besides,' continued he, 'have not I a good wife and good children; and, with those blessings, has not a man sufficient reason to be content?'

'Ay, to be sure: that's the only way to get through this world,' said Simon; 'whatever comes, just to take it easy, and be content. Content and a warm chimney-corner is all in all, according to my notion.'

'Yes, Simon,' said Gray, laughing: 'but your kind of content would never do for me. Content, that sits down in the chimney-corner, and does nothing but smoke his pipe, will soon have the house about his ears; and then what will become of Content?'

'Time enough to think of that when it comes,' said Simon; 'fretting never propped a house yet; and, if it did, I would rather see it fall than fret.'

'But could not you prop the house,' said Gray, 'without fretting?'

'Is it by putting my shoulders to it,' said Simon. 'My shoulders have never been used to hard work, and don't like it any way. As long as I can eat, drink, and sleep, and have a coat to my back, what matter for the rest? Let the world go as it will, I'm content. Shoo! Shoo! The button is off the neck of this great coat of mine, and how *will* I keep it on? A pin sure will do as well as a button, and better. Mrs. Gray, or Miss Rose, I'll thank you kindly for a pin.'

He stuck the pin in the place of the button, to fasten the great coat round his throat, and walked off: it pricked his chin about a dozen times before the day was over; but he forgot the next day, and the next, and the next, to have the button sewed on. He was content to make shift, as he called it, with the pin. This is precisely the species of content which leads to beggary.

Not such the temper of our friend Gray. Not an inconvenience that he could remedy, by industry or ingenuity, was he content to endure; but necessary evils he bore with unshaken patience and fortitude. His house was soon new roofed and new thatched; the dunghill was removed, and spread over that part of his land which most wanted manure; the putrescent water of the standing pool was drained off, and fertilized a meadow; and the kitchen was never again overflowed in rainy weather, because the labour of half a day made a narrow trench which carried off the water. The prints of the shoe-nails were no longer visible in the floor; for the two boys trod dry mill seeds into the clay, and beat the floor well, till they rendered it quite hard and even. The rooms also were

cleared of smoke, for Gray built a chimney; and the kitchen-window, which had formerly been stuffed up, when the wind blew too hard, with an old or new hat, was glazed. There was now light in the house. Light! the great friend of cleanliness and order. The pig could now no longer walk in and out, unseen and unreproved; he ceased to be an inmate of the kitchen.

The kitchen was indeed so altered from what it had been, during the reign of the last master, that he did not know it again. It was not in the least like a pig-stye. The walls were whitewashed; and shelves were put up, on which clean wooden and pewter utensils were ranged. There were no heaps of forlorn rubbish in the corners of the room; nor even an old basket, or a blanket, or a cloak, or a great coat thrown down, just for a minute, out of the girl's way. No: Rose was a girl who always put every thing in its place: and she found it almost as easy to hang a coat, or a cloak, upon a peg, as to throw it down on the floor. She thought it as convenient to put the basket and turf-kish out of her way, when her brothers had brought in the potatoes and fuel, as to let them lie in the middle of the kitchen, to be stumbled over by herself and her mother, or to be gnawed and clawed by cat and dog. These may seem trifles, unworthy the notice of the historian; but trifles such as these contribute much to the comfort of a poor family, and therefore deserve a place in their simple annals.

It was matter of surprise and censure to some of farmer Gray's neighbours, that he began by laying out it could not be less than ten pounds (a great sum for him!) on his house and garden at the first setting out; when, to be sure, the land would have paid him better if the money had been laid out there. And why could not he make a shift to live on in the old cabin for a while, as others had done before his time well enough? A poor man should be *contented* with a poor house. Where was the use, said they, of laying out the good ready penny in a way that would bring nothing in?

Farmer Gray calculated that he could not have laid out his money to better advantage; for, by these ten pounds, he had probably saved his wife, his children, and himself, from a putrid fever, or from the rheumatism. The former inhabitants of this house, who had been content to live with the dunghill close to the window, and the green pool overflowing the kitchen, and the sharp wind blowing in through the broken panes, had, in the course of a few years, lost their health. The father of the family had been crippled by the rheumatism, two children

died of the fever, and the mother had such an inflammation in her eyes that she could not see to work, spin, or do any thing. Now the whole that was lost by the family sickness, the doctor's bill, and the burying of the two children, all together came in three years to nearly three times ten pounds. Therefore Mr. Gray was, if we only consider money, a very prudent man. What could he or any body do without health? Money is not the first thing to be thought of in this world; for there are many things that money cannot buy, and health is one of them. 'Health can make money, but money cannot make health,' said our wise farmer. 'And then for the value of a few shillings, say pounds, we have light to see what we are doing, and shelves, and a press to hold our clothes in. Why now this will be all so much saved to us, by and bye; for the clothes will last the longer, and the things about us will not go to wreck; and when I and the boys can come home after our day's work to a house like this, we may be content.'

Having thus ensured, as far as it was in his power, health, cleanliness and comfort in his house, our hero and his sons turned their attention to the farm. They set about to repair all the fences; for the boys, though they were young, were able to help their father in the farm: they were willing to work, and happy to work with him. John, the eldest lad, could set potatoes, and Robin was able to hold the plough: so that Gray did not hire any servant-boy to help him; nor did Mrs. Gray hire a maid. 'Rose and I,' said she, 'can manage very well to look after the two cows, and milk them, and make the butter, and get something, too, by our spinning. We must do without servants, and may be happy and content to serve ourselves.'

'Times will grow better; that is, we shall make them better every year: we must have the roughest first,' said Gray.

The first year, to be sure, it was rough enough; and, do what they could, they could not do more than make the rent of the farm, which rent amounted to forty pounds. The landlord was a Mr. Hopkins, an agent to a gentleman who resided in England. Mr. Hopkins insisted upon having the rent paid up to the day, and so it was. Gray contented himself by thinking that this was perhaps for the best. 'When the rent is once paid,' said he, 'it cannot be called for again, and I am in no man's power; that's a great comfort. To be sure, if the half-year's rent was left in my hands for a few months, it might have been of service: but it is better not to be under an obligation to such a man as Mr. Hopkins, who would make us pay for it in some shape or other, when we least expected it.'

Mr. Hopkins was what is called in Ireland a middle-man; one that takes land from great proprietors, to set it again at an advanced, and often an exorbitant, price to the poor. Gray had his land at a fair rent, because it was not from Mr. Hopkins his father had taken the lease, but from the gentleman to whom this man was agent. Mr. Hopkins designed to buy the land which Gray farmed; and he therefore wished to make it appear as unprofitable as possible to his landlord, who, living in England, knew but little of his own estate. 'If these Grays don't pay the rent,' said he to his *driver*, 'pound their cattle, and sell at the end of eight days. If they break and run away, I shall have the land clear, and may make a compliment of it to tenants and friends of my own, after it comes into my hands.'

He was rather disappointed, when the rent was paid to the day. 'But,' said he, 'it won't be so next year: the man is laying out his money on the ground, on draining and fencing, and that won't pay suddenly. We'll leave the rent in his hands for a year or so, and bring down an ejectment upon him, if he once gets into our power, as he surely will. Then all that he has done to the house will be so much in my way. What a fool he was to lay out his money so!'

It happened, however, that the money which Gray had laid out in making his house comfortable and neat, was of the greatest advantage to him, and at a time and in a way, which he least expected. His cottage was within sight of the high road that led to a town, from which it was about a mile distant. A regiment of English arrived, to be quartered in the town; and the wives of some of the soldiers came a few hours after their husbands. One of these women, a serjeant's wife, was taken suddenly in labour, before they reached the town; and the soldier who conducted the baggage-cart in which she was, drew up to the first amongst a row of miserable cabins that were by the road-side, to ask the people if they would give her lodging: but the sick woman was shocked at the sight of the smoke and dirt of this cabin, and begged to be carried on to the neat whitewashed cottage that she saw at a little distance.—This was Gray's house.

His wife received the stranger with the greatest kindness and hospitality; she was able to offer her a neat bed, and a room that was perfectly dry and clean. The serjeant's wife was brought to bed soon after her arrival, and remained with Mrs. Gray till she recovered her strength. She was grateful for the kindness that was shown to her by Mrs. Gray; and so was her husband, the serjeant. He came one evening to the cottage, and in his blunt English fashion said,

'Mr. Gray, you know I, or my wife, which is the same thing, have cause to be obliged to you, or your wife, which comes also to the same thing: now one good turn deserves another. Our colonel has ordered me, I being quarter-master, to sell off by auction some of the cast horses belonging to the regiment: now I have bought in the best for a trifle, and have brought him here with me, to beg you'll accept of him, by way of some sort of a return for the civilities you and your wife, that being, as I said, the same thing, showed me and mine.'

Gray replied he was obliged to him for this offer of the horse, but that he could not think of accepting it: that he was very glad his wife had been able to show any kindness or hospitality to a stranger; but that, as they did not keep a public-house, they could not take any thing in the way of payment.

The serjeant was more and more pleased by farmer Gray's generosity. 'Well,' said he, 'I heard, before I came to Ireland, that the Irish were the most hospitable people on the face of the earth; and so I find it come true, and I shall always say so wherever I'm quartered hereafter. And now do pray answer me, is there any the least thing I can ever do to oblige you? for, if the truth must be told of me, I don't like to lie under an obligation any more than another, where I can help it.'

'To show you that I do not want to lay you under one,' said Gray, 'I'll tell you how you can do as much for me, and ten times as much, as I have done for you; and this without hurting yourself or any of your employers a penny.'

'Say how, and it shall be done.'

'By letting me have the dung of the barracks, which will make my land and me rich, without making you poorer; for I'll give you the fair price, whatever it is. I don't ask you to wrong your employers of a farthing.'

The serjeant promised this should be done, and rejoiced that he had found some means of serving his friend. Gray covered ten acres with the manure brought from the barrack; and the next year these acres were in excellent heart. This was sufficient for the grazing of ten cows: he had three, and he bought seven more; and, with what remained of his hundred pounds, after paying for the cows, he built a shed and a cow-house. His wife and daughter, Rose, who was now about fourteen, were excellent managers of the dairy. They made, by butter and buttermilk, about four pounds each cow within the year. The butter they salted and took to market at the neighbouring town; the buttermilk they sold to the country

people, who, according to the custom of the neighbourhood, came to the house for it.

Beside this, they reared five calves, which, at a year old, they sold for fifteen guineas and a half. The dairy did not, however, employ all the time of this industrious mother and daughter; they had time for spinning, and by this cleared six guineas. They also made some little matter by poultry; but that was only during the first year: afterward Mr. Hopkins sent notice that they must pay all the *duty-fowl*, and *duty-geese*, and *turkies**, charged in the lease, or compound with him by paying two guineas a year. This gentleman had many methods of squeezing money out of poor tenants; and he was not inclined to spare the Grays, whose farm he now more than ever wished to possess; because its value had been considerably increased by the judicious industry of the farmer and his sons.

Young as they were, both farmer Gray's sons had a share in these improvements. The eldest had drained a small field, which used to be called the rushy field, from its having been quite covered with rushes. Now there was not a rush to be found upon it, and his father gave him the profits of the field, and said that it should be called by his name. Robin, the youngest son, had, by his father's advice, tried a little experiment, which many of his neighbours ridiculed at first, and admired at last. The spring which used to supply the duck-pond, that often flooded the house, was at the head of a meadow that sloped with a fall sufficient to let the water run off. Robin flooded the meadow at the proper season of the year, and it produced afterward a crop such as never had been seen there before. His father called this meadow Robin's meadow, and gave him the value of the hay that was made upon it.

'Now, my dear boys,' said this good father, 'you have made a few guineas for yourselves; and here are a few more for you, all that I can spare; let us see what you can do with this money. I shall take a pride in seeing you get forward by your own industry and cleverness; I don't want you to slave for me all your best days; but shall always be ready, as a father should be, to give you a helping hand.

The sons had scarcely a word in answer to this, for their hearts were full; but that night, when they were by themselves, one said to the other,

'Brother, did you see Jack Reel's letter to his father? They say he has sent home ten guineas to him. Is there any truth in it, think you?'

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* See a very curious anecdote in the Statistical Survey of the Queen's County.

'Yes; I saw the letter, and a kinder never was written from son to father*. The ten guineas I saw paid into the old man's hand; and, at that same minute, I wished it was I that was doing the same by my own father.'

'That was just what I was thinking of, when I asked you if you saw the letter. Why, Jack Reel had nothing when he went abroad with the army to Egypt last year. Well, I never had a liking myself to follow the drum: but it's almost enough to tempt one to it. If I thought I could send home ten guineas to my father, I would *list* to-morrow.'

'That would not be well done of you, Robin,' said John; 'for my father would rather have *you*, a great deal, than the ten guineas, I am sure: to say nothing of my poor mother, and Rose, and myself, who would be sorry enough to hear of your being knocked on the head, as is the fate, sooner or later, of them that follow the army. Besides, I don't relish the trade of blood. I would rather be of any other trade, for my part. I would rather be any of the trades that hurt nobody, and do good to a many along with myself, as father said t'other day. Then, what a man makes so, he makes with a safe conscience, and he can enjoy it.'

'You are right, John, and I was wrong to talk of '*listing*,' said Robin: 'but it was only Jack Reel's letter, and the ten guineas sent to his father, that put it into my head. As you say, any trade is better than the trade of blood. I may make as much for my father by staying at home, and minding my business. So now, good night to you,; I'll go to sleep, and we can talk more about it all to-morrow.'

The next morning, as these two youths were setting potatoes for the family, and considering to what they should turn their hands when the potatoes were all set, they were interrupted by a little *gossoon*, who came running up as hard as he could, crying:

'Murder! Murder! Simon O'Dougherty wants you. For the love of God, cross the bog in all haste, to help to pull out his horse, that has tumbled into the old tanpit, there beyond, in the night.'

The two brothers immediately followed the boy, carrying with them a rope and a halter, as they guessed that *soft Simon* would not have either. They found him wringing his hands beside the tanpit, in which his horse lay smothering. A little ragged boy was tugging at the horse's head with a short bit of a hay-rope. 'Oh, murder! murder! What *will* I do for a

* This is fact.

halter? Sure the horse will be lost for want of a halter; and where in the wide world *will* I look for one,' cried Simon, without stirring one inch from the spot. 'Oh, the blessing of heaven be with you, lads,' continued he, turning at the sight of the Grays; 'You've brought us a halter. But see! it's just over with the poor beast. All the world put together will not get him alive out of that. I must put up with the loss, and be content. He cost me fifteen good guineas, and he could leap better than any horse in the county. Oh, what a pity on him! what a pity! But, take it easy; that's all we have for it! Poor *cratur!* Poor *cratur!*'

Without listening to Simon's lamentations, the active lads, by the help of Simon and the two boys, pulled the horse out of the pit. The poor animal was nearly exhausted by struggling; but, after some time, he stretched himself, and, by degrees, recovered sufficiently to stand. One of his legs, however, was so much hurt, that he could scarcely walk; and Simon said he would surely go lame for life.

'Who now would ever have thought of his straying into such an ugly place, of all others?' continued he; 'I know, for my share, the spot is so overgrown with grass and rubbish of one kind or other, and it's so long since any of the tanning business was going on here, in my uncle O'Haggarty's time, that I quite forgot there were such things as tanpits, or any manner of pits, in my possession; and I wish these had been far enough off, before my own little famous Sir Hyacinth O'Brien had strayed into them, laming himself for life, like a blockhead; for the case was this: I came home late last night, not as sober as a judge; and, finding no one up but the girl, I gave her the horse to put into the stable, and she forgot the door after her, which wants a lock; and there being but a scanty feed of oats, owing to the boy's negligence, and no halter to secure the beast, my poor Sir Hyacinth strayed out here, as ill-luck would have it, into the tanpit. Bad luck to my uncle, O'Haggarty, that had the tanyard here at all. He might have lived as became him, without dirtying his hands with the tanning of dirty hides.'

'I was just going,' said John Gray, 'to comfort you, Simon, for the laming of your horse, by observing that, if you had your tanyard in order again, you could soon make up the price of another horse.'

'Ohoo! I would not be bothered with any thing of the kind. There's the mill of Rosanna there, beyond, was the plague of my life till it stopped; and I was glad to have fairly done with it. Them that come after me may set it a-going

again, and welcome. I have enough just to serve my time, and am content any way.'

'But, if you could get a fair rent for the tanyard, would you set it?' said John.

'To that I should make no objection in life, provided I had no trouble with it,' replied Simon.

'And if you could get somebody to keep the mill of Rosanna going, without giving you any trouble, you would not object to that, would you?' said Robin.

'Not I, to be sure,' replied Simon, laughing. 'Whatever God sends, be it more or less, I am content. But I would not have you think me a fool for all I talk so easy about the matter; I know very well what I might have got for the mill some years ago, when first it stopped, if I would have set it to the man that proposed for it; but though he was as substantial a tenant as you could see, yet he affronted me once at the last election, by calling a freeholder of mine over the coals; and so I was proud of an opportunity to show him I did not forget. So I refused to let him the mill on any terms; and I made him a speech for his pride to digest at the same time. "Mr. Hopkins," said I, "the lands of Rosanna have been in my family these two hundred years and upwards; and though, now-a-days, many men think that every thing is to be done for money, and though you, Mr. Hopkins, have made as much money as most men could in the same time, all which I don't envy you, yet I must make bold to tell you, that the lands of Rosanna, or any part or parcel thereof, is what you'll never have whilst I'm alive, Mr. Hopkins, for love or money." The spirit of the O'Doughertys was up within me; and, though all the world calls me easy Simon, I have my own share of proper spirit. These mushroom money-makers, that start up from the very dirt under one's feet, I can't for my part swallow them. Now I should be happy to give you a lease of the mill of Rosanna, after refusing Hopkins; for you and your father before you, lads, have been always very civil to me. My tanpits and all I'm ready to talk to you about, and thank you for pulling my horse out for me this morning. Will you walk up and look at the mill? I would attend you myself, but must go to the farrier about Sir Hyacinth's leg, instead of standing talking here any longer. Good morning to you kindly. The girl will give you the key of the mill, and show you every thing the same as myself.'

Simon gathered his great coat about him, and walked away to the farrier; whilst the two brothers rejoiced that they should see the mill, without hearing him talk the whole time. Simon,

having nothing to do all day long but to talk, was an indefatigable gossip. When the lands of Rosanna were in question, or when his pride was touched, he was terribly fluent.

CHAPTER II.

Upon examining the mill, which was a common oat-mill, John Gray found that the upper millstone was lodged upon the lower; and that this was all which prevented the mill from going. No other part of it was damaged, or out of repair. As to the tanyard, it was in great disorder; but it was very conveniently situate, was abundantly supplied with water on one side, and had an oak copse at the back, so that tan could readily be procured. It is true that the bark of these oak trees, which had been planted by his careful uncle O'Haggarty, had been much damaged since Simon came into possession; for he had, with his customary negligence, suffered cattle to get amongst them. He had also, to supply himself with ready money, occasionally cut down a great deal of the best timber before it arrived at its full growth; and, at this time, the Grays found every tree of tolerable size, marked for destruction, with the initials of Simon O'Dougherty's name.

Before they said any thing more about the mill or the tanyard to Simon, these prudent brothers consulted their father: he advised them to begin cautiously, by offering to manage the mill and the tanyard, during the ensuing year, for Simon, for a certain share in the profits; and then, if they should find the business likely to succeed, they might take a lease of the whole. Simon willingly made this agreement; and there was no danger in dealing with him, because, though careless and indolent, he was honest, and would keep his engagements. It was settled that John and Robin should have the power, at the end of the year, either to hold or give up all concern in the mill and tanyard; and, in the mean time, they were to manage the business for Simon; and to have such a share in the profits, as would pay them reasonably for their time and labour.

They succeeded beyond their expectations in the management of the mill and tanyard, during their year of probation; and Simon, at the end of that time, was extremely glad to give them a long lease of the premises, upon their paying him down, by way of fine, the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. This sum their father, who had good credit, and who could

give excellent security upon his farm, which was now in a flourishing condition, raised for them; and they determined to repay him the money by regular yearly portions out of their profits.

Success did not render these young men presumptuous, or negligent: they went on steadily with business, were contented to live frugally, and work hard for some years. Many of the sons of neighbouring tradesmen and farmers, who were able perhaps to buy a horse or two, or three good coats in a year, and who set up for gentlemen, and spent their days in hunting, shooting, or cockfighting, thought that the Grays were poorspirited fellows for sticking so close to business. They prophesied that, even when these brothers should have made a fortune, they would not have the liberality to spend or enjoy it; but this prediction was not verified. The Grays had not been brought up to place their happiness merely in the scraping together pounds, shillings, and pence; they valued money for money's worth, not for money's sake; and, amongst the pleasures it could purchase, they thought that of contributing to the happiness of their parents and friends the greatest. When they had paid their father the hundred and fifty pounds he had advanced, their next object was to build a neat cottage for him, near the wood and mill of Rosanna, on a beautiful spot, upon which they had once heard him say that he should like to have a house.

We mentioned that Mr. Hopkins, the agent, had a view to this farm; and that he was desirous of getting rid of the Grays: but this he found it no easy matter to accomplish, because the rent was always punctually paid: there was no pretence for *driving*, even for the duty fowls; Mrs. Gray always had them ready at the proper time. Mr. Hopkins was further provoked by seeing the rich improvements, which our farmer made every year on his land: his envy, which could be moved by the meanest objects of gain, was continually excited by his neighbour's successful industry. To-day he envied him his green meadows; and to-morrow the crocks of butter, packed on the car for Dublin. Farmer Gray's ten cows, which regularly passed by Mr. Hopkins's window, morning and evening, were a sight that often spoiled his breakfast and supper; but that which grieved this envious man the most was the barrack manure! He would stand at his window, and, with a heavy heart, count the car loads that went by to Gray's farm.

Once he made an attempt to ruin Gray's friend, the serjeant, by accusing him secretly of being bribed to sell the barrack

manure to Gray, for less than he had been offered for it by others; but the officer, to whom Mr. Hopkins made this complaint, was fortunately a man who did not like secret informations; he publicly inquired into the truth of the matter, and the serjeant's honesty and Mr. Hopkins's meanness were clearly proved and contrasted. The consequence of this malicious interference was beneficial to Gray; for the officer told the story to the colonel of the regiment, which was next quartered in the town, and he to the officer who succeeded him; so that, year after year, Mr. Hopkins applied in vain for the barrack manure. Farmer Gray had always the preference, and the hatred of Mr. Hopkins knew no bounds; that is, no bounds but the letter of the law, of which he was ever mindful, because law-suits are expensive.

At length, however, he devised a legal mode of *annoying* his enemy. Some land, belonging to Mr. Hopkins, lay between Gray's farm and the only bog in the neighbourhood: now he would not permit Mr. Gray, or any body belonging to him, to draw turf upon his bog-road; and he absolutely forbade his own wretched tenants to sell turf to the object of his envy. By these means, he flattered himself he should literally starve the enemy out of house and home.

Things were in this situation when John and Robin Gray determined to build a house for their father at Rosanna. They made no secret to him of their intentions; for they did not want to surprise but to please him, and to do every thing in the manner that would be most convenient to him and their mother. Their sister, Rose, was in all their counsels; and it had been for the last three years one of her chief delights to go, after her day's work was done, to the mill at Rosanna, to see how her brothers were going on. How happy are those families where there is no envy, or jealousy; but in which each individual takes an interest in the prosperity of the whole! Farmer Gray was heartily pleased with the gratitude and generosity of his boys, as he still continued to call them: though by the bye John was now three and twenty, and his brother only two years younger.

'My dear boys,' said he, 'nothing could be more agreeable, to me and your mother, than to have a snug cottage near you both, on the very spot which you say I pitched upon two years ago. This cabin that we now live in, after all I have tried to do to prop it up, and notwithstanding all Rose does to keep it neat and clean withinside, is but a crazy sort of a place. We are able now to have a better house, and I shall be glad

to be out of the reach of Mr. Hopkins's persecution. Therefore, let us set about and build the new house. 'You shall contribute your share, my boys; but only a share: mind, I say only a share. And I hope next year to contribute my share towards building a house for each of you: it is time you should think of marrying, and settling: it is no bad thing to have a house ready for a bride. We shall have quite a little colony of our own at Rosanna. Who knows but I may live to see my grandchildren, ay, and my great grandchildren, settled there all round me, industrious and contented.'

Good-will is almost as expeditious and effectual as Aladdin's lamp. The new cottage, for farmer Gray, was built at Rosanna; and he took possession of it the ensuing spring. They next made a garden, and furnished it with all sorts of useful vegetables and some pretty flowers. Rose had great pleasure in taking care of this garden. Her brothers also laid out a small green lawn before the door; and planted the boundaries with whitethorn, crabtrees, lilacs, and laburnums. The lawn sloped down to the water side; and the mill and copse behind it were seen from the parlour windows. A prettier cottage, indeed so pretty a one, was never before seen in this county.

But what was better far than the pretty cottage, or the neat garden, or the green lawn, or the whitethorn, the crabtrees, the lilacs, and the laburnums, was the content that smiled amongst them.

Many, who have hundreds and thousands, are miserable, because they still desire more; or, rather, because they know not what they would have. For instance, Mr. Hopkins, the rich Mr. Hopkins, who had scraped together in about fifteen years, above twenty thousand, some said thirty thousand pounds, had never been happy for a single day; either whilst he was making this fortune, or when he had made it; for he was of an avaricious discontented temper. The more he had the more he desired. He could not bear the prosperity of his neighbours; and if his envy made him industrious, yet it at the same time rendered him miserable. Though he was what the world calls a remarkably fortunate man, yet the feelings of his own mind prevented him from enjoying his success. He had no wife, no children, to share his wealth. He would not marry, because a wife is expensive; and children are worse than taxes. His whole soul was absorbed in the love of gain. He denied himself not only the comforts, but the common necessaries of life. He was alone in the world. He

was conscious that no human being loved him. He read his history in the eyes of all his neighbours.

It was known that he had risen upon the ruin of others; and, the higher he had risen, the more conspicuous became the faults of his character. Whenever any man grew negligent of his affairs, or by misfortune was reduced to distress, Hopkins was at hand to take advantage of his necessities. His first approaches were always made under the semblance of friendship; but his victims soon repented their imprudent confidence, when they felt themselves in his power. Unrestrained by a sense of honour, or the feelings of humanity, he felt no scruple in pursuing his interest to the very verge of what the law would call fraud. Even his own relations complained that he duped them without scruple; and none but strangers to his character, or persons compelled by necessity, would have any dealings with this man. Of what advantage to him, or to any one else, were the thousands he had accumulated?

It may be said that such beings are necessary in society; that their industry is productive; and that, therefore, they ought to be preferred to the idle unproductive members of the community; but wealth and happiness are not the same things. Perhaps, at some future period, enlightened politicians may think the happiness of nations more important than their wealth. In this point of view, they would consider all the members of society, who are productive of happiness, as neither useless nor despicable; and, on the contrary, they would contemn and discourage those who merely accumulate money, without enjoying or dispensing happiness. But some centuries must probably elapse before such a philosophic race of politicians can arise. In the mean time let us go on with our story.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Hopkins was enraged, when he found that his expected victim escaped his snares. He saw the pretty cottage rise, and the mill of Rosanna work, in despite of his malevolence. He long brooded over his malice in silence. As he stood one day on the top of a high mount on his own estate, from which he had a view of the surrounding country, his eyes fixed upon the little Paradise in the possession of his enemies. He always called those his enemies of whom he was the enemy: this is no uncommon mistake, in the language of the passions.

'The Rosanna mill shall be stopped before this day twelve-month, or my name is not Hopkins,' said he to himself. 'I have sworn vengeance against those Grays; and I will humble them to the dust, before I have done with them. I shall never sleep in peace, till I have driven those people from the country.'

It was however no easy matter to drive from the country such inoffensive inhabitants. The first thing Mr. Hopkins resolved upon was to purchase, from Simon O'Dougherty, the field adjoining to that in which the mill stood. The brook flowed through this field; and Mr. Hopkins saw, with malicious satisfaction, that he could at a small expense turn the course of the stream, and cut off the water from the mill. Poor Simon, by this time, had reduced himself to a situation in which his pride was compelled to yield to pecuniary considerations. Within the last three years, his circumstances had been materially changed. Whilst he was a bachelor, his income had been sufficient to maintain him in idleness.

Soft Simon, however, at last, took it into his head to marry; or, rather, a cunning damsel, who had been his mistress for some years, took it into her head to make him marry. She was skilled in the arts both of wheedling and scolding: to resist these united powers was too much to be expected from a man of Simon's easy temper.

He argued thus with himself:—'She has cost me more, as she is, than if she had been my wife twice over: for she has no interest in looking after any thing belonging to me, but only just living on from day to day, and making the most for herself and her children. And the children too, all in the same way, snatching what they can make sure of for themselves. Now, if I make her my lawful wife, as she desires, the property will be hers, as well as mine; and it will be her interest to look after all. She is a stirring notable woman, and will save me a world of trouble, and make the best of every thing or her children's sake; and they, being then all acknowledged by me, will make my interest their own, as she says; and, besides, this is the only way left me to have peace.'

To avoid the cares and plagues of matrimony, and that worst of plagues a wife's tongue, Simon first was induced to keep a mistress, and now, to silence his mistress, he made her his wife. She assured him that, till she was his lawful lady, she never should have peace or quietness; nor could she, in conscience, suffer him to have a moment's rest.

Simon married her, to use his own phrase, out of hand; but the marriage was only the beginning of new troubles.

The bride had hordes and clans of relations, who came pouring in, from all quarters, to pay their respects to Mistress O'Dougherty. Her good easy man could not shut his doors against any one; the O'Doughertys were above a hundred years, ay two hundred years ago, famous for hospitality; and it was incumbent upon Simon O'Dougherty to keep up the honour of the family. His four children were now to be maintained in idleness; for they, like their father, had an insurmountable aversion to business. The public opinion of Simon suddenly changed. Those who were any way related to the O'Doughertys, and who dreaded that he and his children should apply to them for pecuniary assistance, began the cry against him of—'What a shame it is * that the man does not do something for himself and his family! How can those expect to be helped who won't help themselves? He is contented indeed! Yes, and he must soon be contented to sell the lands that have been in the family so long; and then, by and bye, he must be content, if he does not bestir himself, to be carried to jail. It is a sin for any one to be content to eat the bread of idleness!'

These and similar reproaches were uttered often, in our idle hero's presence. They would perhaps have excited him to some sort of exertion, if his friend, Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, had not, in consequence of certain electioneering services, and in consideration of his being one of the best sportsmen in the county, and of Simon's having named a horse after him, procured for him a place of about fifty pounds a year in the revenue. Upon the profits of this place Simon contrived to live, in a shambling sort of way.

How long he might have shuffled on is a problem, which must now for ever remain unsolved; for his indolence was not permitted to take its natural course: his ruin was accelerated, by the secret operation of an active and malignant power. Mr. Hopkins, who had determined to get that field which joined to Gray's mill, and who well knew that the pride of the O'Doughertys would resist the idea of selling to him any part or parcel of the lands of Rosanna, devised a scheme to reduce Simon to immediate and inextricable distress. Simon was, as it might have been foreseen, negligent in discharging the duties of his office; which was that of a supervisor.

He either did not know or connived at the practices of sundry illegal distillers in his neighbourhood. Malicious

* Essay on Charity Schools.

tongues did not scruple to say that he took money, upon some occasions, from the delinquents; but this he positively denied. Possibly his wife and sons knew more of this matter than he did. They sold certain scraps of paper, called protections, to several petty distillers, whose safest protection would have been Simon's indolence. One of the scraps of paper, to which there was O'Dougherty's signature, fell into the hands of Mr. Hopkins.

That nothing might be omitted to ensure his disgrace, Hopkins sent a person, on whom he could depend, to give Simon notice that there was an illegal still at such a house, naming the house for which the protection was granted. Soft Simon received the information with his customary carelessness, said it was too late to think of going to seize the still that evening, and declared he would have it seized the next day; but the next day he put it off, and the day afterwards he forgot it, and the day after that he received a letter from the collector of excise, summoning him to answer to an information which had been laid against him for misconduct. In this emergency, he resolved to have recourse to his friend Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, who, he thought, could make interest to skreen him from justice. Sir Hyacinth gave him a letter to the collector, who happened to be in the country. Away he went with the letter: he was met on the road by a friend, who advised him to ride as hard after the collector as he could, to overtake him before he should reach Counsellor Quin's, where he was engaged to dine. Counsellor Quin was candidate for the county, in opposition to Sir Hyacinth O'Brien; and it was well understood that whomever the one favoured the other hated. It behoved Simon therefore to overtake the collector, before he should be within the enemy's gates. Simon whipped and spurred, and puffed and fretted, but all in vain; for he was mounted upon the horse which, as the reader may remember, fell into the tanpit. The collector reached Counsellor Quin's long before Simon arrived; and, when he presented Sir Hyacinth's letter, it was received in a manner that showed it came too late. Simon lost his place and his fifty pounds a year; but what he found most trying to his temper were the reproaches of his wife, which were loud, bitter, and unceasing. He knew, from experience, that nothing could silence her but letting her "have all the plea;" so he suffered her to rail till she was quite out of breath, and he very nearly asleep, and then said, 'What you have been observing is all very just, no doubt; but, since a thing past

can't be recalled, and those that are upon the ground, as our proverb says, can go no lower, that's a great comfort; so we may be content.'

'Content, in troth! Is it content to live upon potatoes and salt? I, that am your lawful wife! And you that are an O'Dougherty too, to let your lady be demeaned and looked down upon, as she will be now, even by them that are sprung up from nothing since yesterday. There's Mrs. Gray, over yonder at Rosanna, living on your own land: look at her and look at me! and see what a difference there is!'

'Some difference there surely is,' said Simon.

'Some difference there surely is,' repeated Mrs. O'Dougherty, raising her voice to the shrillest note of objurgation; for she was provoked by a sigh that escaped Simon, as he pronounced his reply, or rather his acceding sentence. Nothing, in some cases, provokes a female so much as agreeing with her.

'And, if there is some difference betwixt me and Mrs. Gray, I should be glad to know whose fault that is?'

'So should I, Mrs. O'Dougherty.'

'Then I'll tell you, instantly, whose fault it is, Mr. O'Dougherty: the fault is your own, Mr. O'Dougherty. No, the fault is mine, Mr. O'Dougherty, for marrying you, or consorting with you at all. If I had been matched to an active industrious man, like Mr. Gray, I might have been as well in the world, and better than Mrs. Gray; for I should become a fortune better than she, or any of her seed, breed, or generation; and it's a scandal in the face of the world, and all the world says so, it's a scandal to see them Grays flourishing and settling a colony, there at Rosanna, at our expense.'

'Not at our expense, my dear; for you know we made nothing of either tanyard or mill; and now they pay us thirty pounds a year, and that punctually too. What should we do without it, now we have lost the place in the revenue? I am sure I think we were very lucky to get such tenants as the Grays.'

'In truth I think no such thing; for, if you had been blessed with the sense of a midge, you might have done all that they have done yourself: and then what a different way your lawful wife and family would have been in! I am sure I wish it had pleased the saints above to have married me, when they were about it, to such a man as farmer Gray or his sons.'

'As for the sons,' said Simon, 'they are a little out the way in point of age: but to Farmer Gray I see no objection in life; and, if he sees none and will change wives, I'm sure, Ally, I shall be content.'

The sort of composure and dry humour with which Simon made this last speech, overcame the small remains of Mrs. O'Dougherty's patience: she burst into a passion of tears; and, from this hour, it being now past eleven o'clock at night, from this hour till six in the morning, she never ceased weeping, wailing, and upbraiding.

Simon rose from his sleepless bed, saying, 'The saints above, as you call them, must take care of you now, Ally, any how; for I'm fairly tired out: so I must go a hunting or a shooting with my friend, Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, to recruit my spirits.'

The unfortunate Simon found, to his mortification, that his horse was so lame he could scarcely walk. Whilst he was considering where he could borrow a horse, just for the day's hunt, Mr. Hopkins rode into his yard, mounted upon a fine hunter. Though naturally supercilious, this gentleman could stoop to conquer: he was well aware of Simon's dislike to him, but he also knew that Simon was in distress for money. Even the strongest passions of those who involve themselves in pecuniary difficulties must yield to the exigencies of the moment. Easy Simon's indolence had now reduced him to a situation, in which his pride was obliged to bend to his interest. Mr. Hopkins had once been repulsed with haughtiness, by the representative of the O'Dougherty family, when he offered to purchase some of the family estate; but his proposal was now better timed, and was made with all the address of which he was master. He began by begging Simon to give him his opinion of the horse, on which he was mounted, as he knew Mr. O'Dougherty was a particularly good judge of a hunter; and he would not buy it from Counsellor Quin's groom, without having a skilful friend's advice. Then he asked whether it was true that Simon and the collector had quarrelled, exclaimed against the malice and officiousness of the informer, whoever he might be, and finished by observing, that, if the loss of his place put Simon to any inconvenience, there was a ready way of supplying himself with money, by the sale of any of the lands of Rosanna. The immediate want of a horse, and the comparison he made, at this moment, between the lame animal on which he was leaning and the fine hunter upon which Hopkins was mounted, had more effect upon Simon than all the rest. Before they parted, Mr. Hopkins concluded a bargain for the field on which he had set his heart: he obtained it for less than its value by three years' purchase. The hunter was part of the valuable consideration he gave to Simon.

The moment that Hopkins was in possession of this field adjoining to Gray's mill, he began to execute a malignant project, which he had long been contriving.

We shall leave him to his operations; matters of higher import claims our attention. One morning, as Rose was on the little lawn before the house-door, gathering the first snow-drops of the year, a servant in a handsome livery rode up, and asked if Mr. Gray or any of the family were at home. Her father and brothers were out in the fields, at some distance; but she said she would run and call them. 'There is no occasion, Miss,' said the servant; 'for the business is only to leave these cards for the ladies of the family.'

He put two cards into Rose's hand, and gallopped off with the air of a man who had a vast deal of business of importance to transact. The cards contained an invitation to an election ball, which Sir Hyacinth O'Brien was going to give to the secondary class of gentry in the county.

Rose took the cards to her mother; and whilst they were reading them over for the second time, in came farmer Gray to breakfast. 'What have we here, child?' said he, taking up one of the cards. He looked at his wife and daughter with some anxiety, for a moment; and then, as if he did not wish to restrain them, turned the conversation to another subject, and nothing was said of the ball till breakfast was over.

Mrs. Gray then bade Rose go and put her flowers into water; and, as soon as she was out of the room, said, 'My dear, I see you don't like that we should go to this ball, so I am glad I did not say what I thought of it to Rose, before you came in: for, you must know, I had a mother's foolish vanity about me; and, the minute I saw the card, I pictured to myself our Rose dressed like any of the best of the ladies, and looking handsomer than most of them, and every body admiring her! But perhaps the girl is better as she is, having not been bred to be a lady. And yet, now we are as well in the world as many that set up for and are reckoned gentlefolk, why should not our girl take this opportunity of rising a step in life?'

Mrs. Gray spoke with some confusion and hesitation. 'My dear,' replied farmer Gray, in a gentle yet firm tone, 'it is very natural that you, being the mother of such a girl as our Rose, should be proud of her, and eager to shew her to the best advantage; but the main point is to make her happy, not to do just what will please our own vanity for the minute. Now I am not at all sure that raising her a step in life, even

if we could do it by sending her to this ball, would be for her happiness. Are not we happy as we are?—Come in, Rose, love; come in; I should be glad for you to hear what we are saying, and judge for yourself; you are old enough, and wise enough, I am sure. I was going to ask, are not we all happy in the way we live together now?'

'Yes! Oh yes! That we are, indeed,' said both the wife and daughter.

'Then should not we be content, and not wish to alter our condition?'

'But to go to only one ball, papa, would not alter our condition, would it?' said Rose, timidly.

'If we begin once to set up for gentry, we shall not like to go back again to be what we are now: so, before we begin, we had best consider what we have to gain by a change. We have meat, drink, clothes, and fire: what more could we have, if we were gentry? We have enough to do and not too much. We are all well pleased with ourselves, and with one another. We have health and good consciences: what more could we have, if we were to set up to be gentry? Or, rather, to put the question closer, could we in that case have all these comforts? No, I think not: for, in the first place, we should be straitened for want of money; because a world of baubles, that we don't feel the want of now, would become as necessary to us as our daily bread. We should be ashamed not to have all the things that gentlefolks have; though these don't signify a straw, nor half a straw, in point of any real pleasure they give, still they must be had. Then, we should be ashamed of the work by which we must make money to pay for all these nick-nacks. John and Robin would blush up to the eyes then, if they were to be caught by the genteel folks in their mill, heaving up sacks of flour, and covered all over with meal: or if they were to be found, with their arms bare beyond the elbows, in the tanyard. And you, Rose, would hurry your spinning-wheel out of sight, and be afraid to be caught cooking my dinner. Yet there is no shame in any of these things, and now we are all proud of doing them.'

'And long may we be so!' cried Mrs. Gray. 'You are right, and I spoke like a foolish woman. Rose, my child, throw these cards into the fire. We are happy and contented; and, if we change, we shall be discontented and unhappy, as so many of what they call our betters are. There! the cards are burnt; now let us think no more about them.'

'Rose, I hope, is not disappointed about this ball; are you,

my little Rose?' said her father, drawing her towards him, and seating her on his knee.

'There was one reason, papa,' said Rose, blushing, 'there was one reason, and only one, why I wished to have gone to this ball.'

'Well, let us hear it. You shall do as you please, I promise you beforehand. But tell us the reason. I believe you have found it somewhere at the bottom of that snowdrop, which you have been examining this last quarter of an hour. Come, let me have a peep,' added he, laughing.

'The only reason, papa, *is*,—*was*, I mean,' said Rose.—'But look! Oh, I can't tell you now. See who is coming.'

It was Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, in his gig; and with him his English servant, Stafford, whose staid and sober demeanour was a perfect contrast to the dash and bustle of his master's appearance. This was an electioneering visit. Sir Hyacinth was canvassing the country—a business in which he took great delight, and in which he was said to excel. He possessed all the requisite qualifications, and was certainly excited by a sufficiently strong motive; for he knew that, if he should lose his election, he should at the same time lose his liberty; as the privilege of a member of parliament was necessary to protect him from being arrested. He had a large estate, yet he was one of the poorest men in the county; for, no matter what a person's fortune may be, if he spend more than his income, he must be poor. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien not only spent more than his income, but desired that his rent-roll should be thought to be at least double what it really was: of course, he was obliged to live up to the fortune which he affected to possess; and this idle vanity early in life entangled him in difficulties, from which he had never sufficient strength of mind to extricate himself. He was ambitious to be the leading man in his county, studied all the arts of popularity, and found them extremely expensive, and stood a contested election. He succeeded; but his success cost him several thousands. All was to be set to rights by his talents as a public speaker; and these were considerable. He had eloquence, wit, humour, and sufficient assurance to place them all in the fullest light. His speeches in parliament were much admired, and the passion of ambition was now kindled in his mind: he determined to be a leading man in the senate; and, whilst he pursued this object with enthusiasm, his private affairs were entirely neglected. Ambition and economy never can agree. Sir Hyacinth, however, found it

necessary to the happiness, that is, to the splendour of his existence, to supply, by some means or other, the want of what he called the paltry, selfish, counterfeit virtue—economy. Nothing less would do than the sacrifice of that which had been once in his estimation the most noble and generous of human virtues—patriotism. The sacrifice was painful, but he could not avoid making it; because, after living upon five thousand a year, he could not live upon five hundred. So, from a flaming patriot, he sunk into a pensioned placeman.

He then employed all his powers of wit and sophistry, to ridicule the principles which he had abandoned. In short, he affected to glory in a species of political profligacy; and laughed or sneered at public virtue, as if it could only be the madness of enthusiasm, or the meanness of hypocrisy. By the brilliancy of his conversation, and the gaiety of his manners, Sir Hyacinth sometimes succeeded in persuading others that he was in the right; but, alas! there was one person whom he could never deceive; and that was himself. He despised himself, and nothing could make him amends for the self-complacency that he had lost. Without self-approbation all the luxuries of life are tasteless.

Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, however, was for some years thought, by those who could see only the outward man, to be happy; and it was not till the derangement of his affairs became public, that the world began at once to pity and blame him. He had a lucrative place; but he was, or thought himself, obliged to live in a style suited to it; and he was not one shilling the richer for his place. He endeavoured to repair his shattered fortunes by marrying a rich heiress; but the heiress was, or thought herself, obliged to live up to her fortune; and, of course, her husband was not one shilling the richer for his marriage. When Sir Hyacinth was occasionally distressed for money, his agent, who managed all affairs in his absence, borrowed money with as much expedition as possible; and expedition, in matters of business, must, as every body knows, be paid for exorbitantly. There are men who, upon such terms, will be as expeditious in lending money as extravagance and ambition united can desire. Mr. Hopkins was one of these; and he was the money-lender, who supplied the baronet's real and imaginary wants. Sir Hyacinth did not know the extreme disorder of his own affairs, till a sudden dissolution of parliament obliged him to prepare for the expense of a new election. When he went into the country, he was at once beset with duns and constituents, who

claimed from him favours and promises. Miserable is the man who courts popularity, if he be not rich enough to purchase what he covets.

Our baronet endeavoured to laugh off with a good grace his apostacy from the popular party; and whilst he could laugh at the head of a plentiful table, he could not fail to find many who would laugh with him; but there was a strong party formed against him in the county. Two other candidates were his competitors; one of them was Counsellor Quin, a man of vulgar manners and mean abilities, but yet one who could drink and cajole electors full as well as Sir Hyacinth with all his wit and elegance. The other candidate, Mr. Molyneux, was still more formidable; not as an electioneerer, but as a man of talents and unimpeached integrity, which had been successfully exerted in the service of his country. He was no demagogue, but the friend of justice and of the poor, whom he would not suffer to be oppressed by the hand of power, or persecuted by the malice of party spirit. A large number of grateful independent constituents united to support this gentleman. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien had reason to tremble for his fate; it was to him a desperate game. He canvassed the county with the most keen activity; and took care to engage in his interest all those *underlings* who delight in galloping round the country to electioneer, and who think themselves paid by the momentary consequence they enjoy, and the bustle they create.

Amongst these busybodies was Simon O'Dougherty: indolent in all his own concerns, he was remarkably active in managing the affairs of others. His home being now insufferable to him, he was glad to stroll about the country; and to him Sir Hyacinth O'Brien left all the dirty work of the canvass. Soft Simon had reduced himself to the lowest class of *stalkoes* or *walking gentlemen*, as they are termed; men who have nothing to do, and no fortune to support them, but who style themselves esquire; and who, to use their own mode of expression, are jealous of that title, and of their claims to family antiquity. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien knew how at once to flatter Simon's pride, and to lure him on by promises. Soft Simon believed that the baronet, if he gained his election, would procure him a place in the customs, equivalent to that of which he had been lately deprived. Upon the faith of this promise, Simon worked harder for his patron than he ever was known to do upon any previous occasion; and he was not deficient in that essential characteristic of an

electioneerer—boasting. He carried this habit sometimes rather too far, for he not only boasted so as to bully the opposite party, but so as to deceive his friends: over his bottle, he often persuaded his patron that he could command voters, with whom he had no manner of influence. For instance: he told Sir Hyacinth O'Brien that he was certain all the Grays would vote for him; and it was in consequence of this assurance, that the cards of invitation to the ball had been sent to Rose and her mother, and that the baronet was now come in person to pay his respects at Rosanna.

We have kept him waiting an unconscionable time at the cottage-door; we must now show him in.

CHAPTER IV.

The beauty of Rose was the first thing that struck him upon his entrance. The impression was so sudden, and so lively, that, for a few minutes, the election, and all that belonged to it, vanished from his memory. The politeness of a county candidate made him appear, in other houses, charmed with father, mother, son, and daughter; but in this cottage there was no occasion for dissimulation; he was really pleased with each individual of the family. The natural feelings of the heart were touched. The ambitious man forgot all his schemes, and all his cares, in the contemplation of this humble picture of happiness and content; and the baronet conversed a full quarter of an hour with farmer Gray, before he relapsed into himself.

'How much happier,' thought he, 'are these people than I am; or than I ever have been! They are contented in obscurity: I was discontented even in the full blaze of celebrity. But my fate is fixed. I embarked on the sea of politics as thoughtlessly as if it were only on a party of pleasure: now I am chained to the oar, and a galley-slave cannot be more wretched.'

Perhaps the beauty of Rose had some share in exciting Sir Hyacinth's sudden taste for rural felicity. It is certain he at first expressed more disappointment, at hearing she would not go to the ball, than at being told her father and brothers could not vote for him. Farmer Gray, who was as independent in his principles as in his circumstances, honestly answered the baronet, that he thought Mr. Molyneux the fittest man to represent the county; and that it was for him he should.

therefore vote. Sir Hyacinth tried all his powers of persuasion in vain; and he left the cottage mortified and melancholy.

He met Simon O'Dougherty when he had driven a few miles from the door; and, in a tone of much pique and displeasure, reproached him for having deceived him into a belief that the Grays were his friends. Simon was rather embarrassed; but the genius of gossiping had luckily just supplied him with a hint, by which he could extricate himself from this difficulty.

'The fault is all your own, if I may make so free as to tell you so. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien,' said he, 'as capital an electioneerer as you are, I'll engage I'll find one that shall outdo you here. Send me and Stafford back again this minute to Rosanna, and we'll bring you the three votes as dead as crows in an hour's time, or my name is not O'Dougherty now.'

'I protest, Mr. O'Dougherty, I do not understand you.'

'Then let me whisper half a word in your ear, Sir Hyacinth, and I'll make you sensible I'm right.' Simon winked most significantly, and looked wondrous wise; then stretching himself half off his horse into the gig, to gain Sir Hyacinth's ear, he whispered that he knew, from the best authority, Stafford was in love with Gray's pretty daughter, Rose; and that Rose had no dislike to him; that she was all to her father and brothers, and of course could and would secure their votes, if properly spoke to.'

This intelligence did not immediately produce the pleasing change of countenance which might have been expected. Sir Hyacinth coldly replied, he could not spare Stafford at present, and drove on. The genius of gossiping, according to her usual custom, had exaggerated considerably in her report. Stafford was attached to Rose, but had never yet told her so; and as to Rose, we might perhaps have known all her mind, if Sir Hyacinth's gig had not appeared just as she was seated on her father's knee, and going to tell him her reason for wishing to go to the ball.

Stafford acted in the capacity of house-steward to the baronet; and had the management of all his master's unmanageable servants. He had brought with him, from England, ideas of order and punctuality, which were somewhat new, and extremely troublesome to the domestics at Hyacinth-hall: consequently he was much disliked by them; and not only by them, but by most of the country people in the neighbourhood, who imagined he had a strong predilection in favour of every thing that was English, and an undisguised contempt

for all that was Irish. They however perceived, that this prejudice against the Irish admitted of exceptions: the family of the Grays, Stafford acknowledged, were almost as orderly, punctual, industrious, and agreeable, as if they had been born in England. This was matter of so much surprise to him that he could not forbear going at every leisure hour to the mill, or the cottage of Rosanna, to convince himself that such things could actually be in Ireland. He bought all the flour for the hall at Rosanna-mill; and Rose supplied the housekeeper constantly with poultry; so that his master's business continually obliged Stafford to repeat his visits; and every time he went to Gray's cottage, he thought it more and more like an English farm-house, and imagined Rose every day looked more like an Englishwoman than any thing else. What a pity she was not born on the other side of the water; for then his mother and friends, in Warwickshire, could never have made any objection to her. But, she being an Irishwoman, they would for certain never fancy her. He had oftentimes heard them as good as say, that it would break their hearts, if he was to marry and settle amongst the bogs, and the wild Irish.

This recollection of his friends' prejudices at first deterred Stafford from thinking of marrying Rose; but it sometimes happens, that reflection upon the prejudices of others shows us the folly of our own, and so it was in the present instance. Stafford wrote frequently to his friends in Warwickshire, to assure them that they had quite wrong notions of Ireland; 'that all Ireland was not a bog; that there were several well-grown trees in the parts he had visited; that there were some as pretty villages as you could wish to see any where, only that they called them towns; that the men, though some of them still wear brogues, were more hospitable to strangers than the English; and that the women, when not smoke-dried, were some of the handsomest he had seen, especially one Rose or Rosamond Gray, who was also the best and most agreeable girl he had ever known; though it was almost a sin to say so much of one who was not an Englishwoman born.'

Much more in the same strain Stafford wrote to his mother; who, in reply to these letters, 'besought him to consider well what he was about, before he suffered himself to begin falling desperately in love with this Rose or Rosamond Gray, or any Irishwoman whatsoever; who, having been bred in a mud-walled cabin, could never be expected to turn out at the long run equal to a true-born Englishwoman, bred in a slated house.'

Stafford's notions had been so much enlarged by his travel, that he could not avoid smiling at some passages in his mother's epistle; yet he so far agreed with her in opinion as to think it prudent not to begin falling desperately in love with any woman, whether Irish or English, till he was thoroughly acquainted with her temper and disposition. He therefore prudently forbore, that is to say, as much as he could forbear, to show any signs of his attachment to Rose, till he had full opportunity of forming a decisive judgment of her character.

This he had now in his power. He saw that his master was struck with the fair Rosamond's charms; and he knew that Sir Hyacinth would pursue his purpose with no common perseverance. His heart beat with joy, when the card which brought her refusal arrived. He read it over and over again; and at last put it into his bosom, close to his heart. 'Rose is a good daughter,' said he to himself; 'and that is a sign that she will make a good wife. She is too innocent to see, or suspect, that master has taken a fancy to her, but she is right to do as her prudent, affectionate father advises. I never loved that farmer Gray so well, in all my whole life, as at this instant.'

Stafford was interrupted in his reverie by his master; who, in an angry voice, called for him to inquire why he had not, according to his orders, served out some oats for his horses the preceding day. The truth was, that anxiety about Rose and the ball had made him totally forget the oats. Stafford coloured a good deal, confessed that he had done very wrong to forget the oats, but that he would go to the granary immediately, and serve them out to the groom. Perhaps Stafford's usual exactness might have rendered his omission pardonable to any less irritable and peremptory master than Sir H. O'Brien.

When Sterne once heard a master severely reprimanding a servant for some trifling fault, he said to the gentleman, 'My dear Sir, we should not expect to have every virtue under the sun for twenty pounds a year.'

Sir Hyacinth O'Brien expected to have them for merely the promise of twenty pounds a year. Though he never punctually paid his servants' wages, he abused them most insolently whenever he was in a passion. Upon the present occasion, his ill-humour was heightened by jealousy.

'I wish, Sir,' cried he to Stafford, after pouring forth a volley of oaths, 'you would mind your business, and not run after objects that are not fit for you. You are become good for nothing of late; careless, insolent, and not fit to be trusted.'

Stafford bore all that his master said till he came to the words not fit to be trusted; but the moment those were uttered, he could no longer command himself; he threw down the great key of the granary, which he held in his hand, and exclaimed, 'Not fit to be trusted! Is this the reward of all my services? Not fit to be trusted! Then I have no business here.'

'The sooner you go the better, Sir,' cried the angry baronet, who, at this instant, desired nothing more than to get him out of his way. 'You had best set off for England directly; I have no further occasion for your services.'

Stafford said not a word more, but retired from his master's presence, to conceal his emotion; and when he was alone, burst into tears, repeating to himself, 'So this is the reward of all my services!'

When Sir Hyacinth's passion cooled, he reflected that seven years' wages were due to Stafford; and, as it was not convenient to him at this election time to part with so much ready money, he resolved to compromise. It was not from any sense of justice; therefore it must be said he had the meanness to apologize to his steward, and to hint that he was welcome to remain, if he pleased, in his service.

'Sir,' replied Stafford, 'as you say you did not mean I was not fit to be trusted, which were the words that neither I deserved, nor could put up with, I am satisfied. I shall be happy to remain with you, provided I may make bold to speak to you on another point; and to inquire whether you would make any objections to my thinking of poor Rose Gray for a wife?'

'Objections! not I,' said Sir Hyacinth, commanding his countenance with a promptitude which defied the plain Englishman's penetration. 'Why should I make any objection to your marrying Rose Gray?'

'I don't know; I can't say, Sir,' answered Stafford, ashamed of his own suspicions: 'only I thought, the day you went to Rosanna, you seemed to take particular notice of her being so handsome; and yesterday you bid me not run after objects that were not fit for me.'

'Is there no other object in the world but Rose Gray? And why should you imagine I think she is not fit for you?' cried Sir Hyacinth, laughing. 'As to the praises I bestowed on her, the day I went to Rosanna, they were electioneering compliments; nothing more.'

Satisfied, and more than satisfied, by this explanation, and

by the condescension with which it was given, Stafford's affection for his master returned with all its wonted force; and he resumed his former occupations, about the house, with redoubled activity. He waited only till his master could spare him, for a day, to go to Rosanna, and make his proposal for Rose. Her behaviour, concerning the ball, convinced him that his mother's prejudices against Irishwomen were ill-founded. Whilst his mind was in this state, his master one morning sent for him, and told him that it was absolutely necessary he should go to a neighbouring county, to some persons who were freeholders, and whose votes might turn the election. The business would only occupy a few days, Sir Hyacinth said; and Stafford willingly undertook it.

The gentlemen, to whom Stafford had letters, were not at home; and he was detained above a fortnight. When he returned, he took a road which led by Rosanna, that he might at least have the pleasure of seeing Rose for a few minutes; but, when he called at the cottage, to his utter surprise, he was refused admittance. Being naturally of a warm temper, and not deficient in pride, his first impulse was to turn his horse's head, and gallop off; but, checking his emotion, he determined not to leave the place till he should discover the cause of this change of conduct. He considered that none of this family had formerly treated him with caprice or duplicity; it was therefore improbable they should suddenly alter their conduct towards him, unless they had reason to believe that they had some sufficient cause. He rode immediately to a field where he saw some labourers at work. Farmer Gray was with them. Stafford leaped from his horse, and, with an air of friendly honesty, held out his hand, saying, 'I can't believe you mean to affront me: tell me what is the reason I am not to be let into your house, my good friend?'

Gray leaned upon his stick, and, after looking at him for a moment, replied, 'We have been too hasty, I see: we have had no cause of quarrel with you, Stafford: you could never look at me with that honest countenance, if you had any hand in this business.'

'What business?' cried Stafford.

'Walk home with me, out of the hearing of these people, and you shall know.'

As they walked towards the cottage, Gray took out his great leather pocketbook, and searched for a letter. 'Pray, Stafford,' said he, 'did you, about ten days ago, send my girl a melon?'

'Yes; one of my own raising. I left it with the gardener,

to be sent to her with my best respects and services; and a message intimating to say that I was sorry master's business required I should take a journey, and could not see her for a few days, or something that way.'

'No such message came; only your services, the melon, and this note. I declare, continued Gray, looking at Stafford whilst he read the letter, 'he turns as pale as my wife herself did, when I showed it to her!'

Stafford indeed grew pale with anger. It was a billet-doux from his master to Rose, which Sir Hyacinth intreated might be kept secret, promising to make her fortune and marry her well, if she would only have compassion upon a man who adored and was dying for her, &c.

'I will never see my master again,' exclaimed Stafford. 'I could not see him without the danger of doing something that I might not forgive myself. He a gentleman! He a gentleman! I'll gallop off and leave his letters, and his horse, with some of his people. I'll never see him again. If he does not pay me a farthing of my seven years' wages I don't care; I will not sleep in his house another night. He a gentleman!'

Farmer Gray was delighted by Stafford's generous indignation; which appeared the more striking as Stafford's manner was usually sober and remarkably civil.

All this happened at two o'clock in the afternoon; and the evening of the same day he returned to Rosanna. Rose was sitting at work, in the seat of the cottage window. When she saw him at the little white gate, her colour gave notice to her brothers who was coming, and they ran out to meet him.

'You ought to shut your doors against me now, instead of running out to meet me,' said he; 'for I am not clear that I have a farthing in the world, except what is in this portmanteau. I have been fool enough to leave all I have earned in the hands of *a gentleman*, who can give me only his bond for my wages. But I am glad I am out of his house, at any rate.'

'And I am glad you are in mine,' said farmer Gray, receiving him with a warmth of hospitality, which brought tears of gratitude into Stafford's eyes. Rose smiled upon her father, and said nothing, but set him his arm-chair, and was very busy arranging the tea table. Mrs. Gray beckoned to her guest, and made him sit down beside her; telling him he should have as good tea at Rosanna, as ever he had in Warwickshire; 'and out of Staffordshire ware, too,'

said she, taking her best Wedgewood tea cups and saucers out of a cupboard.

Robin, who was naturally gay and fond of rallying his friends, could not forbear affecting to express his surprise at Stafford's preferring an Irishwoman, of all women in the world. 'Are you quite sure, Stafford,' said he, 'that you are not mistaken? Are you sure my sister has not wings on her shoulders?'

'Have you done now, Robin?' said his mother; who saw that Stafford was a good deal abashed, and had no answer ready. 'If Mr. Stafford had a prejudice against us Irish, so much the more honourable for my Rose to have conquered it; and, as to wings, they would have been no shame to us natives, supposing we had them; and of course it was no affront to attribute them to us. Have not the angels themselves wings?'

A timely joke is, sometimes, a real blessing; and so Stafford felt it, at this instant: his bashfulness vanished by degrees, and Robin rallied him no more. 'I had no idea,' said he, 'how easy it is to put an Englishman out of countenance, in the company of his mistress.'

This was a most happy evening at Rosanna. After Rose retired, which she soon did, to see after the household affairs, her father spoke in the kindest manner to Stafford. 'Mr. Stafford,' said he, 'if you tell me that you are able to maintain my girl in the way of life she is now, you shall have her: this, in my opinion, and in hers, is the happiest way of life, for those who have been bred to it. I would rather see Rose matched to an honest, industrious, good-humoured man, like yourself, whom she can love, than see her the wife of a man as grand as Sir Hyacinth O'Brien. For, to the best of my opinion, it is not the being born to a great estate that can make a man content, or even rich: I think myself a richer man this minute than Sir Hyacinth: for I owe no man any thing, am my own master, and can give a little matter both to child and stranger. But your head is very naturally running upon Rose, and not not upon my moralizing. All I have to say is, win her and wear her; and, as to the rest, even if Sir Hyacinth never pays you your own, that shall not stop your wedding. My sons are good lads, and you and Rose shall never want, whilst the mill of Rosanna is going.'

This generosity quite overpowered Stafford. Generosity is one of the characteristics of the Irish. It not only touched but surprised the Englishman; who, amongst the same rank

of his own countrymen, had been accustomed to strict honesty in their dealings, but seldom to this warmth of friendship, and forgetfulness of all selfish considerations. It was some minutes before he could articulate a syllable; but, after shaking his intended father-in-law's hand, with that violence which expresses so much to English feelings, he said, 'I thank you heartily; and, if I live to the age of Methusalem, shall never forget this. A friend in need is a friend indeed. But I will not live upon yours or your good sons' earnings; that would not be fair dealing, or like what I've been bred up to think handsome. It is a sad thing for me that this master of mine can give me nothing, for my seven years' service, but this scrap of paper: (taking out of his pocketbook a bond of Sir Hyacinth's.) But my mother, though she has her prejudices, and is very stiff about them, being an elderly woman, and never going out of England, or even beyond the parish in which she was born, yet she is kind-hearted; and I cannot think will refuse to help me, or that she will cross me in marriage, when she knows the thing is determined; so I shall write to her before I sleep, and wish I could but enclose in the cover of my letter the picture of Rose, which would be better than all I could say. But no picture would do her justice. I don't mean a compliment, like them Sir Hyacinth paid to her face; but only the plain truth. I mean that a picture could never make my mother understand how good, and sweet-tempered, and modest, Rose is. Mother has a world of prejudices; but she is a good woman; and will prove herself so to me, I make no doubt.'

Stafford wrote to his mother a long letter, and received, in a fortnight afterwards, this short answer:

"Son George, I warned you not to fall in love with an Irishwoman, to which I told you I could never give my consent.

"As you bake, so you must brew. Your sister Dolly is marrying too, and setting up a shop in Warwick, by my advice and consent: all the money I can spare I must give, as in reason, to her who is a dutiful child; and mean, with her and grandchildren, if God please, to pass my latter days, as fitting, in this parish of Little Sonchy, in Old England, where I was born and bred. Wishing you may not repent, or starve, or so forth, which please to let me know,

"I am your affectionate mother,

"DOROTHY STAFFORD."

All Stafford's hopes were confounded by this letter: he put it into farmer Gray's hands, without saying a word; then drew his chair away from Rose, hid his face in his hands, and never spoke or heard one word that was saying round about him for full half an hour; till, at last, he was roused by his friend Robin, who, clapping him on his back, said, 'Come, Stafford, English pride won't do with us; this is all to punish you for refusing to share and share alike with us in the mill of Rosanna, which is what you must and shall do now, for Rose's sake, if not for ours or your own. Come, say done.'

Stafford could not help being moved. All the family, except Rose, joined in these generous entreaties; and her silence said even more than their words. Dinner was on the table before this amicable contest was settled. Dinner! Yes, dinner. In the midst of the most sentimental scenes people must sometimes go to dinner; and, on the most important and critical days of life, dinner comes upon the table as usual. It is not said, I grant, that Stafford ate as much as usual this day. Robin insisted upon his drinking a toast with him in Irish ale; which was, "Rose Gray, and Rosanna-mill."

The glass was just filled, and the toast pronounced, when in came one of Gray's workmen, in an indescribable perspiration and rage.

'Master Robin, Master John! Master,' cried he, 'we are all ruined! The mill and all—'

'The mill! exclaimed every body, starting up.

'Ay, the mill: it's all over with it, and with us: not a turn more will Rosanna-mill ever take for me or you; not a turn,' continued he, wiping his forehead with his arm, and hiding by the same motion his eyes, which ran over with tears.

'It's all that thief Hopkins's doing. May every guinea he touches, and every shilling, and tester, and penny itself, blister his fingers, from this day forward and for evermore.'

'But what has he done to the mill?'

'May every guinea, shilling, tester, and penny he looks upon, from this day forth forth for evermore, be a blight to his eyes, and a canker to his heart! But I can't wish him a worse canker than what he has there already. Yes, he has the canker at heart! Is not he eaten up with envy? as all who look at him may read in that evil eye. Bad luck to the hour when it fixed on the mill of Rosanna!'

'But what has he done to the mill? Take it patiently, and tell us quietly,' said farmer Gray, 'and do not curse the man any more.'

'Not curse the man! Take it quietly, master! Is it time to take it quietly, when he is at this present minute carrying off every drop of water from our mill-course? so he is, the villain!'

At these words, Stafford seized his oak stick, and sprang towards the door. Robin and John eagerly followed; but, as they passed their father, he laid a hand on each, and called to Stafford to stop. At his respected voice they all paused. 'My children,' said he, 'what are you going to do? No violence. No violence. You shall have justice, boys, depend upon it; we will not let ourselves be oppressed. If Mr. Hopkins were ten times as great, and twenty times as tyrannical as he is, we shall have justice; the laws will reach him; but we must take care and do nothing in anger. Therefore, I charge you, let me speak to him, and do you keep your tempers, whatever passes. May be, all this is only a mistake: perhaps Mr. Hopkins is only making drains for his own meadow; or, may be, is going to flood it, and does not know, till we tell him, that he is emptying our water-course.'

'He can't but know it! He can't but know it! He's 'cute enough, and too 'cute,' muttered Paddy, as he led the way to the mill. Stafford and the two brothers followed their father respectfully; admiring his moderation, and resolving to imitate it if they possibly could.

Mr. Hopkins was stationed cautiously on the boundary of his own land. 'There he is, mounted on the back of the ditch, enjoying the mischief all he can!' cried Paddy. 'And hark! He is whistling, whilst our stream is running away from us. May I never cross myself again, if I would not, rather than the best shirt ever I had to my back, push him into the mud, as he deserves, this very minute! And, if it wasn't for my master here, it's what I'd do, before I drew breath again.'

Farmer Gray restrained Paddy's indignation with some difficulty; and, advancing calmly towards Mr. Hopkins, he remonstrated with him in a mild tone. 'Surely Mr. Hopkins,' said he, 'you cannot mean to do us such an injury as to stop our mill?'

'I have not laid a finger on your mill,' replied Hopkins, with a malicious smile. 'If your man there,' pointing to Paddy, 'could prove my having laid a finger upon it, you might have your action of trespass; but I am no trespasser; I stand on my own land, and have a right to water my own meadow: and moreover, have witnesses to prove that, for ten

years last past, whilst the mill of Rosanna was in Simon O'Dougherty's hands, the water-course was never full, and the mill was in disuse. The stream runs against you now, and so does the law, gentlemen. I have the best counsel's opinion in Ireland to back me. Take your remedy when and where you can find it. Good morning to you.'

Without listening to one word more, Mr. Hopkins hastily withdrew; for he had no small apprehensions that Paddy, whose threats he had overheard, and whose eyes sparkled with rage, might execute upon him that species of prompt justice which no quibbling can evade.

'Do not be disheartened, my dear boys,' said Farmer Gray to his sons; who were watching, with mournful earnestness, the slackened motion of their water-wheel. 'Saddle my horse for me John; and get yourselves ready, both of you, to come with me to Counsellor Molyneux.'

'Oh! father,' said John, 'there is no use in going to him; for he is one of the candidates, you know, and Mr. Hopkins has a great many votes.'

'No matter for that,' said Gray; 'Mr. Molyneux will do justice; that is my opinion of him. If he was another sort of a man, I would not trouble myself to go near him, nor stoop to ask his advice; but my opinion of him is, that he is above doing a dirty action, for votes or any thing else; and I am convinced his own interest will not weigh a grain of dust in the balance, against justice. Saddle the horses, boys.'

His sons saddled the horses; and all the way the farmer was riding, he continued trying to keep up the spirits of his sons, by assurances, that if Counsellor Molyneux would take their affair in hand, there would be an end of all difficulty.

'He is not one of those justices of the peace,' continued he, 'who will huddle half a dozen poor fellows into jail without law or equity. He is not a man who goes into parliament saying one thing, and who comes out saying another. He is not, like our friend, Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, forced to sell tongue, and brains, and conscience, to keep his head above water. In short, he is a man who dares to be the same, and can moreover afford to be the same, at election time as at any other time; for which reason, I dare to go to him now in this our distress, although I have to complain of a man who has forty-six votes, which is the number they say, Mr. Hopkins can command.'

Whilst farmer Gray was thus pronouncing a panegyric on Counsellor Molyneux, for the comfort of John and Robin,

Stafford was trying to console Rose and her mother, who were struck with sorrow and dismay, at the news of the mill's being stopped. Stafford had himself almost as much need of consolation as they; for he foresaw it was impossible he should, at present, be united to his dear Rose. All that her generous brothers had to offer was a share in the mill. The father had his farm, but this must serve for the support of the whole family; and how could Stafford become a burden to them, now that they would be poor, when he could not bring himself to be dependant upon them, even when they were, comparatively speaking, rich?

CHAPTER V.

With anxious hearts the little party at the cottage expected the return of the father and his sons. Rose sat at the window, watching for them: her mother laid down her knitting, and sighed; and Stafford was silent, for he had exhausted all his consolatory eloquence, and saw and felt it had no effect.

'Here they come! But they ride so slow, that I am sure they bring us no good news.'

No: there was not any good news. Counsellor Molyneux had indeed behaved as well as man could do: he had declared that he would undertake to manage and plead their cause in any court of justice on earth; and had expressed the strongest indignation against the villany of Hopkins; but, at the same time, he had fairly told the Grays that this litigious man, if they commenced a suit, might ruin them, by law, before they could recover their rights.

'So we may go to-bed this night melancholy enough,' said Robin; 'with the certainty that our mill is stopped, and that we have a long lawsuit to go through, before we can see it going again—if ever we do.'

Rose and Stafford looked at one another, and sighed.

'We had better not go to law, to lose the little we have left, at any rate,' said Mrs. Gray.

'Wife, I am determined my boys shall have justice,' said the father firmly. 'I am not fond of law, God knows: I never had a lawsuit in my life; nobody dreads such things more than I do; but I dread nothing, in defence of my sons and justice. Whilst I have a penny left in the world, I'll spend it to obtain them justice. The labour of their lives shall not be in vain: they shall not be robbed of all they have; they shall

not be trampled upon by any one living, let him be ever so rich, or ever so litigious. I fear neither his money nor his quirks of law. Plain sense is the same, for him and for me; and justice my boys shall have. Mr. Molyneux will plead our cause himself—I desire no more. If we fail and are ruined, our ruin be upon the head of him who works it. I shall die content, when I have done all I can to obtain justice for my children.' As soon as the facts were known, every body in the neighbourhood felt extreme indignation against Hopkins; and all joined in pitying the two brothers, and applauding the spirit of their father. There was not an individual who did not wish that Hopkins might be punished; but he had been engaged in so many lawsuits, and had been so successful in skreening himself from justice, and in ruining his opponents, that every body feared, the Grays, though they were so much in the right, would never be able to make this appear, according to the forms of law: many, therefore, advised that it might not be brought to trial; but farmer Gray persisted, and Counsellor Molyneux steadily abided by his word, and declared he would plead the cause himself.

Mr. Hopkins sent the Counsellor a private hint, that if he directly or indirectly protected the Grays, he must give up all hopes of the forty-six votes which, as the county was now nearly balanced, must turn the election. Mr. Molyneux paid no attention to this hint; but, the very day on which he received it, visited farmer Gray in his cottage, walked with him to Rosanna-mill, and settled how the suit should be carried on.

Hopkins swore he would spare no expense to humble the pride both of the Grays and their protector: an unexpected circumstance, however, occurred. It had often been prophesied by Mr. Molyneux, who knew the species of bargains which Hopkins drove, with all manner of people by whose distresses he could make money, that he would sooner or later overshoot his mark; as cunning persons often do. Mr. Molyneux predicted that, amongst the medley of his fraudulent purchases, he would at length be the dupe of some unsound title; and that, amongst the multitudes whom he ruined, he would at last meet with some one who would ruin him. The person who was the means of accomplishing this prophecy was indeed the last that would have been guessed—soft Simon O'Dougherty! In dealing with him, Mr. Hopkins, who thoroughly despised indolent honesty, was quite off his guard: and, in truth, poor Simon had no design

to cheat him; but it happened that the lease, which he made over to Hopkins, as his title to the field that he sold, was a lease renewable for ever; with a strict clause, binding the lessee to renew, within a certain time after the failure of each life, under penalty of forfeiting the lease. From the natural laziness of easy Simon, he had neglected to renew, and had even forgotten that the life was dropped: he assigned his lease over a bottle to Mr. Hopkins; who seized it with avidity, lest he should lose the lucky moment to conclude a bargain, in which he thought, he had at once overreached Simon, and had secured to himself the means of wreaking his vengeance upon the Grays. This lease was of the field adjoining to Rosanna-mill; and, by the testimony of some old people in the neighbourhood, he fancied he could prove that this meadow was anciently flooded, and that the mill-course had gone into disuse. In all his subsequent operations, he had carefully kept himself, as he thought, upon his own lands; but, now that a suit against him was instituted, it was necessary to look to his own title, into which he knew Mr. Molyneux would examine.

Upon reading over the lease assigned to him by Simon, he noticed the strict clause, binding the tenant to renew within a certain time. A qualm came over him! He was astonished at himself for not having more carefully perused the lease, before he concluded the bargain. Had it been with any one but soft Simon, this could not have happened. He hastened in search of Simon with the utmost anxiety, to inquire whether all the lives were in being. Simon at first said he had such a mist over his memory, that he could not exactly recollect who the lives were; but, at last, he made out that one of them had been dead beyond the time for renewal. The gentleman, his landlord, he said was in Dublin; and he had neglected, sure enough, to write to him from post to post.

The rage of Mr. Hopkins was excessive: he grew white with anger! Easy Simon yawned, and begged him not to take the thing so to heart: 'for, after all,' said he, 'you know the loss must be mine. I can't make good the sale of this field to you, as I have lost it by my own carelessness; but that's nothing to you; for you know, as well as I do, that to make good the deficiency, you will, somehow or other, get a better piece of ground out of the small remains of patrimony I have left, God help me.'

'God help *you*, indeed!' cried Hopkins, with a look and accent of mingled rage and contempt. 'I tell you, man, the

loss is mine; and no other land you have, to sell or give, can make me any amends. I shall lose my lawsuit!'

'Wheugh! Wheugh! Why so much the better. Where's the use of having lawsuits? The loss of such bad things can never be great!'

'No trifling, pray,' said Hopkins, with impatience, as he walked up and down the room, and repeatedly struck his forehead.

'Ho! ho! ho! I begin to comprehend. I know whereabouts you are now,' cried Simon. 'Is not it the Grays you are thinking of? Ay, that's the suit you are talking about. But now, Mr. Hopkins, you ought to rejoice as I do, instead of grieving, that it is out of your power to ruin that family; for, in truth, they are good people, and have the voice of the country with them against you; and, if you were to win your suit twenty times over, that would still be the same. You would never be able to show your face; and, for my own part, my conscience would never forgive me for being instrumental, unknown to myself, in giving you the power to do this mischief. And, after all, what put it into your head to stop Rosanna-mill, when its going gave you no trouble in life?'

Hopkins, who had not listened to one syllable Simon was saying, at this instant suddenly stopped walking; and, in a soft insinuating voice, addressed him in these words:

'Mr. O'Dougherty, you know I have a great regard for you.'

'May be so,' said Simon; 'though that is more than I ever knew you to have for any body.'

'Pray be serious. I tell you I have, and will prove it.'

'That is more and more surprising, Mr. Hopkins.'

'And which is more surprising still, I will make your fortune, if you will do a trifling kindness for me.'

'Any thing in nature, that won't give me an unreasonable deal of trouble.'

'Oh, this will give you no sort of trouble.' said Hopkins. 'I will get you, before this day se'nnight, that place in the revenue, that you have been wishing for so long, and that Sir Hyacinth O'Brien will never get for you. I say I will insure it to you under my hand, this minute, if you will do what I want of you.'

'To be sure I will, if it's no trouble. What is it?'

'Only just,' said Hopkins, hesitating; 'only just—You must remember—you cannot but recollect that you wrote to your landlord, to offer to renew?'

'I remember to recollect no such thing,' said Simon, surprised.

'Yes, yes,' said Hopkins; 'but he gave you no answer, you know.'

'But, I tell you, I never wrote to him at all.'

'Pshaw! You have a bad memory, Simon; and your letter might have miscarried. There's nothing simpler than that; nothing more easily said.'

'If it were but true,' said Simon.

'True or not, it may be said, you know.'

'Not by Simon O'Dougherty, Mr. Hopkins.'

'Look you, Mr. O'Dougherty, I have a great regard for you,' continued Hopkins, holding him fast, and producing a pocket-book full of bank-notes. I must, thought he, come up to this scoundrel's price, for he has me now. He is more knave than fool, I see. 'Let us understand one another, my good friend Simon. Name your sum, and make me but a short affidavit, purporting that you did apply for this renewal, and you have your place in the revenue snug besides.'

'You don't know whom you are speaking to, Mr. Hopkins,' said Simon, looking over his shoulder, with cool and easy contempt. 'The O'Dougherty's are not accustomed to perjuring themselves; and it's a trouble I would not take for any man, if he were my own father even; no, not for all the places in the revenue that ever were created, nor for all the bank-notes ever you cheated mankind out of, Mr. Hopkins, into the bargain. No offence. I never talked of cheating, till you named perjury to me; for which I do not kick you down stairs, in the first place, because there are no stairs, I believe, to my house; next, because, if there were ever so many, it would be beneath me to make use of them upon any such occasion; and lastly, it would be quite too much trouble. Now we comprehend one another perfectly, I hope, Mr. Hopkins.'

Cursing himself, and overwhelmed with confusion, Mr. Hopkins withdrew. Proud of himself, and having a story to tell, Simon O'Dougherty hastened to Rosanna, to relate all that had happened to the Grays, and to congratulate them, as he said, upon his own carelessness.

The joy with which they listened to Simon's story was great; and in proportion to the anxiety they had suffered. In less than half an hour's time, they received a mean supplicating letter from Hopkins, intreating they would not ruin his reputation, and all his prospects in life, by divulging what

had passed; and promising that the mill-stream of Rosanna should be returned to its proper channel, without any expense to them, and that he would make a suitable compensation in money, if they would bind themselves to secrecy.

It will easily be guessed that they rejected all his offers with disdain: the whole affair was told by them to Mr. Molyneux; and the next day all the neighbourhood knew it, and triumphed in the detection of a villain, who had long been the oppressor of the poor. The neighbours all joined in restoring the water to the mill-course; and when Rosanna-mill was once more at work, the village houses were illuminated, and even the children showed their sympathy for the family of the Grays, by huge bonfires and loud huzzas.

Simon O'Dougherty's landlord was so much pleased by the honesty he had shown in this affair, that he renewed the lease of the meadow, instead of insisting upon the forfeiture; and farmer Gray delighted poor Simon still more, by promising to overlook for him the management of the land, which still remained in his possession.

In the mean time, Mr. Hopkins, who could not go out of his own house without being insulted, or without fearing to be insulted, prepared to quit the country. 'But, before I go,' said he, 'I shall have the pleasure and triumph, at least, of making Mr. Molyneux lose his election.'

The Grays feared Mr. Molyneux would indeed be a sufferer for the generous protection he had afforded them in their distress. The votes were nearly balanced in the county; and the forty-six votes which Hopkins could command would decide the contest. There are often in real life instances of what is called poetical justice. The day before the election, Sir Hyacinth was arrested at the suit of Stafford; who chose his opportunity so well, that the sheriff, though he was a fast friend of the baronet's, could not refuse to do his duty. The sheriff had such a number of writs immediately put into his hands, that bail could not be found; and Mr. Molyneux was elected without opposition.

But, let us return, from the misery of arrests and elections, to peace, industry, family union and love, in the happy cottage of Rosanna. No obstacles now prevented the marriage of Stafford and Rose: it was celebrated with every simple demonstration of rural felicity. The bride had the blessings of her fond father and mother, the congratulations of her beloved brothers, and the applause of her own heart. Are not these better things than even forty fine wedding-gowns; or a

coach of Leader's best workmanship? Rose thought so, and her future life proved she was not much mistaken. Stafford some time after his marriage took his wife to England, to see his mother, who was soon reconciled to him and her Irish daughter-in-law, whose gentle manners and willing obedience overcame her unreasonable dislike. Old Mrs. Stafford declared to her son, when he was returning, that she had so far got the better of what he called her prejudices, that, if she could but travel to Ireland without crossing the sea, she verily believed she would go and spend a year with him and the Grays at Rosanna.*

Feb. 1802.

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* Having heard, from good judges, that the language used by *Farmer Gray* in this story, appears superior to his condition, we insert a letter which we lately received from him: matter, manner, and orthography *his own.*

"To R. L. EDGEWORTH, Esq.

"HON. SIR,

"I HAVE read your valuable present with care, so has also the whole family; its design is excelent, it breaths forth a spirit of virtue and industry, and in a word, all the social virtues which constitute human happiness. Its other characters are admirably adapted to expose vice in all its hideous forms, and gives us a view of those banefull principles which terminate in certain misery, and proves beyond a doubt that many of mankind are the authors of their own calamaties, and frequently involve others in the same, or similar unhappy circumstances.

"Thrice happy are they who in affluence endeavour thus to amend the morals of mankind, it's they only who enjoy true felicity—their example and their precepts have a powerfull influence on all around them, and never fails to excite a virtuous emulation, except among the utterly abandoned and profligate.

"On the contrary, families in elevated situations of life, who devote their time to dissipation and its sensual allurements are the pest of society—the vices and crimes of the great are frequently imitated by the lower ranks—they all die, and no memorial left behind but that of folly and an ill-spent life.

"May that life of virtue so strongly recommended be long the shining ornament of you and your family and its end be rewarded with a crown of eternal happiness, which is the joint wish of the family of—

"FARMER GRAY.

"*July 1st*, 1804."

Mairs, Printer, Belfast.